

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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THE AMERICA THAT USED TO BE

FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN DAVIS LONG

EDITED BY LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO

FATHER IN HEAVEN, BLESS HIM: GRANT HIM LIFE AND HEALTH AND GUIDANCE BY THY SPIRIT; DO FOR HIM, I BESEECH THEE, INFINITELY MORE THAN AN EARTHLY FATHER CAN DO. SAVE HIM FROM THE PERNICIOUS EFFECTS OF ANY EXAMPLE WHICH THOU DOST NOT APPROVE; LEAD HIM IN PATHS OF WISDOM, VIRTUE, USEFULNESS, PEACE, JOY, THAT HIS LIFE MAY BE SPENT IN HIGH AND NOBLE ACTS OF OBEDIENCE TO THEE, AND LOVE TO MAN. GRANT, O GOD, THIS MY HUMBLE FERVENT PETITION FOR THY GOODNESS' SAKE.

[Written by ZADOC LONG in his son's boyhood Journal.]

I, JOHN DAVIS LONG, son of Zadoc Long, of Buckfield, in the county of Oxford, and State of Maine, being nine years old, this day commence a journal of my life. I hope my life will be so, by the help of my Father in Heaven, that I shall have to record no important crimes or errors in my conduct. I like to keep a journal, and hope it will be useful to me. I shall keep account of the weather, and of family occurrences, and of matters and things which shall seem most interesting and worthy of the remembrance. The weather, this winter, has been very mild, and we have had but little snow. 'T is good sleighing now

retary of the Navy, and was for almost two generations a favorite figure in the life of New England. His father, Zadoc Long, was one of the leading men in the little town of Buckfield, and the family lived in a comfortable, two-and-a-half storied house, of the kind that is happily so common throughout the older settled parts of the northeastern states. Having kept a store in the village for a number of years, Zadoc Long had retired at an early age, in easy circumstances, but with uncertain health.

For a while thereafter he turned his attention to politics. In 1838 the Whigs in his district nominated him for Congress, but failed to elect him. Two years later, however, he was chosen a presidential elector, and cast his vote for 'Tippecanoe and Tyler, too.' The Democrats in Oxford County so greatly outnumbered the Whigs, that it is

These words were written by a small boy in a large book, on the morning of Sunday, February 13, 1848. In later years this small boy became successively Governor of Massachusetts and Sec-

doubtful if Mr. Long could ever have succeeded in politics there. He was interested in public affairs, but he was no politician. He was content to be a conservative, useful, upright citizen of Buckfield, recognized to be one of the most cultivated men in the State of Maine. He read thoughtfully, talked easily, and now and then wrote verses which appeared in the papers.

John's middle name came from his mother, who was Julia Temple Davis before her marriage. At the time when the diary begins, the household consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Long, their younger daughter Persis Seaver, — aged nineteen, — and the two boys, Zadoc, Jr., and John Davis. An elder daughter, Julia Davis, had recently married, and now made her home in Winchendon, Massachusetts. This is, perhaps, sufficient introduction to Buckfield in general, and to the Long family in particular. How they lived and what they talked about will be revealed in the small boy's journal.

Not content with the impressive preamble which he composed that winter morning in 1848, John returned to his congenial task in the afternoon.

'I have been to church. Mr. Foster, universalist, preaches. I attend school, and study grammar, arithmetic, and geography. My sister Julia Davis was married last Dec. I have read the Bible almost through, in course. I read a chapter every day, and three every Sunday; and when I get through, mother is to give me a knife, a wallet, and a sack coat for next summer. Father is to give me a dollar.

Monday, February 14, 1848. — Very pleasant morning. Zadoc has gone after the washwoman, and wears father's buffalo sack. I am reading Esq. John Loring's library. Father is not willing I should read novels until I shall have read very many other books, and until I am older. I shall read Scott's *Ivanhoe*

next summer. Old Mrs. Cole died yesterday. She has been sick with the consumption for several years; her funeral will be at 1 o'clock, at the meeting-house, this afternoon, and I am going with mother to the funeral.

Afternoon. — Aunt Persis Gross and cousin Newton Gross came here in a sleigh this afternoon. Aunt Persis will go to the funeral.

Monday Evening, February 14. — Have been to the funeral. Mr. Haze, Freewill Baptist, preached the funeral sermon. Mr. Butler took tea with Mr. Lincoln Cummings here. Persis Seaver and Mr. Cummings have gone to a dance at the hall.

Tuesday, February 15. — A clear and windy morning. Mr. Lincoln Cummings and Persis Seaver are playing Backgammon. Mr. Brown and his wife are gone to Bangor to see their daughter Mary Ann and her little boy. The folloing rhymes I sent to my sister Julia. Father helped me compose them.

Mother's making me a jacket,
And first she has to baste and tack it;
Then fits it all about me tight,
And asks me if the length is right.
'T is made of Dad's old coat, you see,
That answers well enough for me.
Turned inside out, I must confess,
It makes a very tidy dress.
O, what a wardrobe I possess;
'T will beat the Governor's, I guess;
If sold by weight, I will be bound,
'T will bring at least 3 cents a pound.
My garments are of varied hue,
Of green, and red, and navy blue.
My pants are darn'd and mended neat
With air-proof patches on the seat;
And when I've worn them all threadbare,
Till they are wholly past repair,
They're washed and pack'd away in bags,
And barter'd off as paper rags,
For pins and needles, hooks and rings,
And various other little things.

Afternoon. — I did not go to school this afternoon. I have been sawing wood, and mother says I sawed her a nice parsel. Last night one of Luton

Farrar's horses got loose and Zadoc had to get up and hitch the horse again. Lincoln Cummings has gone home to Paris.

Wednesday, February 18. — A very pleasant morning. Father says, 'Fear not to have every action of your life open to inspection of mankind. A nicer observer than man sees all that you do.' Father says I must remember this. I think I shall go to Paris this afternoon.

Afternoon. I shall not go to Paris, for father says it is too cold for me. I was next to the foot this forenoon in my class at school and I got next to the head spelling the word despair.

Thursday, February 17. — A clear, cool, beautiful, healthy morning. Father is going into his woods, this morning, to see the loggers. This afternoon, he and mother will go down to Uncle Isaac Ellis's in Turner. It is good sleighing. It has been good sleighing, now, about 2 weeks. Before that, almost all the time, people traveled with wheels. Father has not got any wood this winter, but expects to get some next week off of his own lot. I saw wood sometimes for the cook-stove. Mr. Hesekiah Atwood keeps our school. Mr. Zury Robinson, who kept it the first part of the winter, was sick & went home. I liked him for a school-master. I like Mr. Atwood, too.

Afternoon. . . . Zadoc has gone to school now, to recite his French lesson to Mr. Atwood, and has left the whole house to me, and I have built a fire, waiting for mother and father to come home and warm them. There is a cotillion school to-night. Mr. Eliot plays. The managers are Oscar Gardiner and Orville Bridghum. The cotillion school was to keep twelve evenings, and now it is most done. I shall go into the cotillion school to-night.

Friday, February 18. — A morning like a number which we have had, most

delightful. Mr. Benjamin Cummings called here last night, and we expect him here this morning to take a note to Persis, who is at Paris. It is good sleighing now, but I don't think it will be long unless we have another snow-storm pretty soon. The little school finished yesterday, and I think ours will to-day or to-morrow.

Saturday, February 19. — The good weather, and good sleighing are continued. Father is churning, and mother is clearing away the breakfast. Zadoc has gone to Mr. Jonathan Buck's, to get a tripe. Persis Seaver is at Mr. Stephen Emery's at Paris. Our school closed yesterday. . . .

The United States are at war with the Republic of Mexico. James H. Polk is President of the United States, Elected by the Democratic party, or the Loco-foco party, as it is reproachfully called. The whig, or federal party, as it is sometimes called by the Democratic party, are opposed to the war. Father is opposed to the war, and says it is unjust and wicked, and that it will prove a curse to this nation. John W. Dana is Governor of this State, chosen by the Loco-foco party. The whigs talk about Henry Clay for the next president.

Sunday, February 20. — A pleasant morning. It looks some like snow. We have had so many warm days, the sleighing is almost gone. I have written a letter to my sister Julia, who lives in Winchendon, Massachusetts. I have read in the Bible, and in the 19th Chapter of Acts it says that miracles were performed by Paul, by which diseases were healed and evil spirits cast out. Some of the bad Jews undertook to do the same things, calling over them possessed of evil spirits the name of Jesus. And the evil spirit said, Jesus I know, Paul I know, but who are ye? And the man that had the evil spirit leaped upon the vagabond Jews and

overcame them, and they fled naked and wounded. I love to read the Bible. It is the best book in the world, because it is the word of God our Lord.

Monday, February 21. — The snow fell last night, two inches deep, and will help the sleighing. The storm has cleared away, and the weather is very pleasant again. Zadoc has gone to the west part of the town to get some lard for mother, and James Jewett has gone with him, to hold the horse. There are 225 inhabitants in this village. There are 36 dwelling houses in this village, 1 church, 1 common schoolhouse, one High School house, six stores, 2 blacksmith's shops, 1 carpenter's shop, 2 wagon shops in which the machinery goes by water, 1 cabinet shop with water machinery, 1 Tin shop, a room for making powder kegs by water, 8 shoemaker's shops, 2 tailor's shops, 1 grist mill with four running stones, 1 starch factory, 1 Hoe factory in which the machinery goes by water, 1 tavern, 2 saw mills, 1 clothing shop, 1 carding shop, 3 lawyer's offices. The Portland stage comes here 3 times a week, and the stage from Augusta to Friburg passes through here four times a week. 400 dozen of hoes are made here this winter. Uncle and Aunt Ellis came here with a horse and sleigh. I have been splitting wood this forenoon, and Zadoc sawed some. I like to split wood.

Tuesday, February 22. — Cloudy and warm. Last night the Northern Lights shone out as if a house was on fire. There is a Temperance meeting.

Wednesday, February 23. — Cloudy and damp. It snows a little and is very warm. Father has bought a suit of clothes for Zadoc; broadcloth for a sack coat, kersemere for some pants, and a silk vest. Persis Seaver is still at Paris. We received a letter from Julia last night, and she has had a tooth out. Father has not got any wood out yet,

but expects some to-morrow. Father cut my hair this morning.

Thursday, February 24. — A change in the weather; very pleasant, but colder. Father has borrowed me an little axe of my cousin Carrol Loring, and if it suits me, will buy it for me. Father expects some wood to-day, and I shall chop with my little axe then. Father says I am to chop with my little axe, but never split with it, but take the old axe to split with.

Sunday, February 27. — Cloudy and pleasant, but cold. I have been reading the 24 chapter of Acts, about Paul, who was brought before the governor and accused of being a pestilent fellow, and a mover of sedition, and a ring-leader of the sect of Nazarenes, etc. And Paul answered to this accusation boldly and eloquently. Paul was a learned man and a fearless Christian, and could defend his faith as well as anybody. I love to read his speeches.

Monday, February 28. — Cold, clear and healthful. We rose early, and milked. Eat our breakfast — told our dreams. Zadoc dremped an Indian chased him with a bloody knife. I dreamed I milked the cow, — that her bag was between her fore legs.

Wednesday, March 1. — To-day is the first day of Spring, and it is one of the Most blustering days that we have had this winter. . . . There is a report in the paper of a treaty of peace with Mexico: and the United States are to give Mexico fifteen millions of dollars. I hope this report is true and that the treaty will be ratified. According to this treaty, Mexico is to be discharged from her debt to the people of the U. States. And then the U. States will have about half the territory of Mexico. The boundary line will begin at the mouth of the river Rio Grande, three leagues into the Gulf of Mexico; then up to the southern boundary of New Mexico: across to the first branch of the

river Gila; from thence to the river Colorado, & to the town of St. Diego, giving the U. States all Upper California and a port on the Pacific Ocean.

Friday, March 3. — A snowstorm. It seems more like winter than like Spring. John Quincy Adams, member of Congress, died at Washington on the twenty-third of last month, aged eighty-one — just as old as Grandmother Nelson was when she died. He fainted in his seat, and died in the Speaker's room, from old age. He has been president four years, and has been in public service more than any other man in the United States; he was a whig, and much respected by all parties. He was a Christian, and did all his public and private duties faithfully, and in fear of God. Father says he wishes all our public men were as good as he was. His last words were, 'This is the end of earth.'

Saturday, March 4. — A very blustering day and the wind blows the snow into great drifts. Uncle Lucius Loring will start for Boston to-day. Persis wants to know if I am done writing, for she wants to clean the room. Mr. Jordon will haul six more cords, and that will make twenty cords of wood. Father is to give him five shillings a cord for hauling it & cutting it in the woods.

Sunday, March 5. — Another snowstorm. Grandfather Long staid here last night. He told us all about the ships, for he was once a sailor.

Tuesday, March 7. — A pleasant morning. Our private school begins to-day. Mr. Hesikieh Atwood keeps it. Last night I came very near burning up the house. I went into a closet in Grandmother's room to get my shoes; and then father, mother, and I were sitting in the sitting-room, and we smelt a strange smell, and father got up and went into the closet and it was all on fire. He got water & put it out.

Wednesday, March 8. — A very pleasant springlike morning. . . . I asked father how to parse the following line, 'My native land, farewell!' Father says land is a noun in the nominative case, independent, & farewell, an interjection. Dr. Johnson calls farewell an adverb. Walker calls it an interjection, & father thinks Walker is right.

Saturday, March 11. — A clear cool but pleasant morning. Uncle Lucius Loring has got home and brought Persis Seaver some cloth to make her a dress. Father has been summoned to-day by the State, to attend as a witness the trial of Valorous Cooledge at Augusta for murder.

Sunday, March 12. — . . . Persis is preparing to go and see Julia. She has got her a new dress, but it don't suit her very well.

Monday, March 13. — A very pleasant morning. Father started for Augusta this morning. Olivia Records is here cutting a dress for Persis. She is deaf and dumb, and has been to the Asylum.

Wednesday, March 15. — A pleasant but windy morning. There is to be a party in the hall to-night: it is the last night of the cotillions. The players are Mr. Watterman, Mr. Eliot, Mr. Weeks.

Thursday, March 16. — A very cold day. I went to the dance last night, and had first-rate music.

Saturday, March 18. — A snowstorm. Father is still at Augusta, and we expect a letter from him to-day.

Afternoon. — I have had a letter from father in which he gives us a very interesting account of the trial. We see by the paper that a treaty of peace with Mexico is ratified. Father says the treaty is not just as he should have it — he would have less Mexican territory, and none of the population.

Monday, March 20. — A very pleasant, beautiful, delightful springlike morning. It is one of the pleasantest

days we have had this Spring, or winter. Grandfather came here to eat some dinner with mother and me. Zadoc saw Doctor Cooledge, who thought father would not be home from the trial till the last of this week, this morning; he is Uncle to Valorous.

Tuesday, March 21. — A pleasant springlike morning. We some expect father home to-day from Augusta. We shall all be glad to see him. Mother and Persis are quilting. Mrs. Morrell has been here helping them a little.

Wednesday, March 22. — A very pleasant but windy morning. We were disappointed in not seeing father yesterday, but we shall expect him to-day. I hope he is well, and we shall be glad to see him. Mother and Zadoc have gone down to Grandfather Long's. We are all very anxious to hear the result of the trial. Many believe he is guilty, but will not be convicted.

Thursday, March 23. — Cloudy and colder. We were not disappointed this time at not seeing father, for he came home last night. Zadoc and I have been chopping wood, but the woodpile don't seem to diminish much. We have recieved news that there is a revolution in France and that Louis Philip, the king, has been driven from the throne, and the people have proclaimed a Republic.

Friday, March 24. — A pleasant, cool morning. Zadoc and I are chopping wood. This month has been as stormy and cold as any month we have had this winter, and as much snow has fallen as in all the rest of this winter. Now the snow is going off, and the hills are bare, and the traveling is bad. Father left his gold pencil at the Augusta house. Father and I are going down to Grandfather Long's today, I guess. V. Coolidge is convicted.

[At this point the diarist's recital of events, local, national, and foreign, is

interrupted by an entry of a quite different nature, written in a mature, well-formed hand.]

My son, I have looked over what you wrote in your journal during my absence, and find the matter well enough, but the *penmanship is not good*. You must take more pains. Do not blot your book. Let the spaces between your words be as *equal* as possible; also, between your letters. Always so place your book upon the table or desk, that your marks will *all* slant in *one* direction, and that you can rest your arm. Never write with a hair in the point of your pen. Sit or stand *erect*, with your chest thrown out as much as possible, *in front*, to prevent injury to your *health*. Try to observe all these rules, my dear boy, never inserting anything in your journal that you will ever be ashamed to read (I omitted to add that your letters must be made exactly upon the ruled line, & that your long letters must all be as nearly as can be, of a length, & never extend but half-way between the lines, it being a sort of *trespass* to extend them any farther), and your Diary, which I value so much, will appear better. — Z. LONG.

Friday, March 31. — A warm, pleasant morning, and the snow goes off very fast. To-day is the last day of March. The people in France have opened a Republic and it has been acknowledged by Great Britain.

Saturday, April 1. — A pleasant morning. To-day is April-fool-day. The snow has almost gone and the traveling is very bad, and the stage don't get up here till almost midnight. Mr. Webster has made a very eloquent speech against the war: he does not like the treaty very well. Dr. Coolidge has been handcuffed, and carried to State Prison at Thomastown.

Monday, April 3. — . . . I was *feruled* for chewing boxberry leaves at school.

Thursday, April 6. — . . . Father is reading N. P. Willis's *Pencilings* during his travel in France, Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, and Turkey and England.

Wednesday, April 12. — Cloudy. Mr. Arad Jordan is chopping wood for us. Mr. Lampson is here taking daguerreotype likenesses. Revolution is going on in Austria. Louis Philippe's property in France is confiscated. He was the richest man in the world. There is a civil war in Central America.

Thursday, April 13. — Cloudy and rainy. To-day is fast day. The people are blasting the ledge in the road opposite Mr. Allen's wagon-shop. They just have made a seam-blast that jarred the houses, and throwed off pieces of rock that would weigh 30 tons. I am going to have my daguerreotype likeness taken this morning. Father wants me to stand up when it is taken, in my green sack coat, buttoned up, with my right hand in the outside pocket, leaning my left elbow upon the light stand, holding in my left hand my ball. Grandmother Long is here, and father will have her likeness taken.

Saturday, April 15. — A very warm and pleasant morning. Grandfather and grandmother and Zadoc and I have had our daguerreotype likenesses taken. Father paid for them all. The nations of Europe seem to be in [a] state of revolution for Republics.

Sunday, April 16. — . . . I have been reading the Bible in the first Corinthians, where it says that God raised up the Lord. I suppose that the Lord means Jesus Christ.

Monday, April 17. — A very pleasant morning. Our school finished to-day, on account of having few scholars and his folks being sick. Mr. Giles Merrell is here chopping wood for us. Father has bought his horse; father

says it is as black as ink, long tail, loose-ribbed, head and nose a little more like a horse's than a Berkshire bore's, neck protruding from his shoulders downward: a lean, lazy, slab-sided, flat-footed Rosanante.

Tuesday, April 18. — A very cold and windy morning. Mr. Giles Merrell of Hebron is here chopping wood for us. Zadoc has been riding our horse, and likes him very well. Mr. Lamson has as many daguerreotype likenesses as he can do.

Sunday, April 23. — A very pleasant morning. I have not written in my journal for a few days. Zadoc and Asa Atwood and I went a-fishing yesterday up to Basin Falls, and Zadoc caught one of the largest trouts that was ever caught in this town.

I have been reading in the first Corinthians about Paul's advice. Paul was an old bachelor, and he did not think that it was best to marry; and he said, if a man prayeth with his head covered he dishonored his head, and if a woman prayeth with her head uncovered, she dishonoreth the head.

Saturday, April 29. — A rain-storm. I went down last night to see the boys spear suckers, and I got one, and father had it for his supper. Father has bought a new stair carpet for the front stairs, and a sofa and some mahogany stuffed chairs and some curtains for the parlor.

Sunday, April 30. — A pleasant, but windy morning. The revolutionary movement is pervading in Europe. The Last Steamer brings news that in England and Ireland the spirit of popular liberty is breaking out. The Government is making arrangements for military defence. The Queen Victoria and her family have moved to the Isle of Wight, it not being deemed safe for her to stay in London. The Repealers of Ireland seem to be making common cause with the Chartists of

England, & it is probable that some blood will be shed before the disturbance is quelled.

Tuesday, May 2. — It rained all night and this morning and it rains now. Mr. Lamson was going away this morning, but it rained and he will not go unless it stops raining. General Scott, the commander-in-chief of our forces, has been recalled from the war with Mexico by President Polk, and the Loco-foco administration would like to put down General Scott and General Taylor because they are Whigs.

Wednesday, May 3. — A real rain-storm. Father is writing a letter to Julia Davis and Persis. There is a revolution for a Republic in Austria and England. The kings are giving up their power.

Thursday, May 11. — A real rain-storm. The grass begins to look green and the trees begin to leaf out. The Whigs talk some of nominating General Taylor, or Mr. Clay and others. The whigs in [the] Massachusetts legislature have recommended Mr. Webster to the national convention as a suitable candidate for President. Mr. Clay has been before the American people now almost a quarter of a century, or twenty-five years, and he is now seventy years old, and father thinks he had better not be candidate for President any more. The summer school will begin a week from next monday. Miss Maria Chase will keep the large school, and Miss Harriett Hawke will keep the small school.

Saturday, May 13. — . . . Our furniture came up last night for the parlor.

Wednesday, May 17. — A beautiful morning. Aunt Thankful Long is here: she staid here last night. I am reading Scott's *Ivanhoe* now, and father says, after I get it through, I must not read any more novels till I am older.

Sunday, May 21. — Cloudy and foggy. The apple trees are in blossom.

Father bought the *Life of Henry Clay* yesterday, and gave it to Zadoc and me; and I am going to read it through. The Locos meet at Baltimore next monday to nominate a candidate for next President.

Monday, May 22. — . . . I went to school this forenoon, and waited an hour, and over, but the mistress did not come.

[In the middle of this page, and quite without warning, the handwriting of Zadoc Long reappears in one brief emphatic sentence.]

'John Davis, you *must* write better and plainer.' To this the small boy replies, 'I have no good pen.'

Friday, May 26. — A pleasant warm morning. Grandmother Long is here. Some men from Canton have joined with the men in this place and are going to view a railroad way from here to Farmington. They went right thro our field.

Sunday, May 28. — A warm pleasant morning. Father and mother and I have been up to Grandmother Nelson's grave to see the snowball bush that we set out there. The Democratic party have nominated General Cass of Michigan for the next President.

I am reading in the Bible in the first and second chapters of Gallations: there is not much of anything to write. Mr. Walker will deliver a Temperance Lecture to-night. There will be a Sunday school next Sunday, and Zadoc organised it. I shall go. We had one last fall, but it was broke up and we did not have a very long one. . . . The whig State convention of this state have chosen Taylor delegates to go to the National Convention, and Elijah Hamblin for candidate for next Governor.

Tuesday, May 30. — A rain-storm.

An engineer from New York is here to survey a route for a railway from here to Farmington. . . . General Scott was received with great display at N. Y., and says there will be peace with the Mexican Republic.

Saturday, June 10. — A warm pleasant morning. School is not kept all day. Some of the scholars declaimed, and I was one of the number; and some wrote compositions to-day. They wrote about scholars' duties to their teacher; next Thursday they will write about a teacher's duty to a scholar. Our snowball bush has blown and looks very handsome: it has become quite a large tree, and covers a good deal of ground.

Wednesday, June 14. — Windy morning. General Taylor has been Elected for next president by the National Convention.

Friday, June 16. — There is now a prospect of some kind of weather. I will not write any more till afternoon. This afternoon it is very dry and hot. It now begins to rain in a shower. There is a drawing-school here. Miss Olivia Record keeps it. I do not go. I should like to go; but Father will not let me go.

Saturday, June 17. — A very warm pleasant day. The treaty of peace has been ratified by both governments. I wrote a composition at school. It was the first one that I ever wrote at school.

Wednesday, June 21. — . . . I have begun to read Stephens's *Travels in Central America*.

Thursday, June 22. — A warm pleasant morning. I fell down at school and cut my tongue very bad with my teeth.

Monday, June 26. — . . . Father has sold his horse to Mr. William Creasy for about 90 dollars.

Friday, June 30. — A foggy warm day. To-day is the last day of June. Mr. J. Bennett is fixing his store. Henry and Howard Taylor, Wallis

Atwood and myself went a-strawberrying yesterday, and the whole of us got twenty-three qts. Henry got six quarts, Howard five, Wallis six, and myself six.

Saturday, July 1. — Cloudy and foggy. There are four candidates for President now. The Liberty party have nominated Mr. Hale of New Hampshire. The Whig party have nominated General Taylor of Louis[ian]a. The Democrats have nominated General Cass. A portion of the Democrats, called the Barn-Burner party, have nominated Martin Van Buren. The Liberal party are sometimes called the 'one idea' party, because they want slavery abolished. The whig party are opposed to Slavery, and opposed to war for conquest, and to the annexation of more territory. They believe that Congress have the power to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia, and in all the territories. They are opposed to the Veto Power. They are in favor of a *protective* tariff. The Democrat party, except the Barn-Burners, are in favor of annexation of territory. They deny the right of Congress to prohibit slavery in the territories. They are opposed to protection of Manufactures at home. The Barn-Burner party agree with the whigs on the subject of slavery, and the powers of Congress over [the] subject of Slavery.

Sunday, July 2. — Cloudy warm morning. Ambrose Buck got home from Canada last night with nine horses. Mr. Foster preaches at Union Chapel to-day. There is a Sunday School here now, and I have got my lesson for to-day. The Fourth of July is day after to-morrow. I expect to attend a Temperance Celebration at Turner on that day.

Monday, July 3. — A rain-storm to-day. It is a very rainy day, and I am afraid it will rain to-morrow. If it does not, I shall go to Turner; at Turner

there will be two hundred boys and girls march to the Temperance Celebration, & I shall march with them, if I go down to Turner. I shall not go to school this afternoon, but stay at home, and write and read. . . . I am reading Mr. Stephens's *Travels in Central America*, in Chipas and Yucatan and Yzabald.

Tuesday, July 4. — A cool, pleasant day. I got up at twelve o'clock this morning, and so did Zadoc, and we joined the boys who fired the Cannon and blew the trumpets, and drummed on old tin pails, and made all the noise we could, so as to wake up the folks, every one of them. After breakfast father and Zadoc and I started for Turner. At Turner we saw two hundred and fifty boys and girls march. They had a bank of martial music and a choir of sacred music. They marched up to the grove, and there Reverend Mr. Butler delivered an oration on Temperance, which was first-rate. I then came home here to Buckfield, and staid here the rest of the day.

Thursday, July 24. — Very pleasant day. There is a great Political meeting off to Portland, composed of Loco-focos who will not vote for Cass, and whigs who will not vote for Taylor, and

the Abolitionist party, to nominate a new candidate for next President. This is one of my compositions. The subject is *Intemperance*. Intemperance is a great evil. It is a great evil because if we are made drunk by folks, we shall be led on to *gambling*; and then, perhaps, be led on to stealing, to get money to gamble with, and then lose that by gambling. After we lose that, we may *murder* someone for money; and then be found out and put into State's prison, and then hung; all of this comes from intemperance. I hope there is no one at our school who will be a rum drinker; or a rum seller except when it is necessary for people to put on wounds that are very bad.

Portland, Sunday, August 29. — Very beautiful morning. I have been to meeting to-day to Baptist meeting-house and heard Rev. Mr. Beacher preach the sermon. These are the words: 'He that findeth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life shall find it.' I sat in the Barrells' pew with George Barrell. Father and mother went to the third parish, and heard Rev. Mr. Dwight preach the sermon. We shall start away in the morning in the cars for Boston, and we shall stop at the Quincy House.

CONTINUITY FOR WOMEN

BY ETHEL PUFFER HOWES

I

THE existence of a deep-lying antinomy, or intrinsic self-contradiction, in the life of the well-trained woman to-day, was an idea thrown forth not long ago in these pages. Urged by a natural and wholly laudable impulse into productive work, mental or material, she nevertheless soon finds herself — of her own volition, from her inmost self — drawn from this systematic activity to the paramount interest of her children and her home life. The paths do diverge, they are not parallel, I averred, fortifying my argument with a bill of particulars from child-psychology, the daily life of mothers, and the ironclad requirements of 'jobs.' The 'Career,' the 'full-time' or 'whole-self' job, and the mother-function, at least, are not compatible; their combination is not, then, as has in recent times been held, a principle of progress and counsel of perfection for women.

That this was not an obvious platitude appeared from the wave of concurrence, even of gratitude, that came back from my plummet. It seemed almost as if, like the enfant terrible of the Hans Andersen tale, I had, by blurt-ing out the truth, brought some relief to overburdened feminists. 'But the king has nothing on!' — 'To be sure, that was what we were all thinking!'

When it came, however, to the solution of my antinomy, — reached in true philosophic fashion by pointing away from the accepted world of ambi-

tion and preferment to an ampler ether, a life beyond careers, — why, there, I thought, no one will follow me. Granted that Careers for Mothers (and so, in general, for women) are after all self-nullified, or at least self-limited — the old doctrine, of marriage as a quietus on the earlier vocation, will still prevail.

What I had ventured was this: Might it not have an epochal effect on the progress of science if one half of the able people in the world should consciously, explicitly, and proudly refuse to compete? My forecast of dissent was, however, wrong: supporters appeared. One from out of the least likely of groups — a practising woman lawyer and old-time suffragist — voiced a clear challenge to furnish the specifications for so seemingly utopian a régime. What, precisely, — it was asked, — was envisaged in this notion of women's refusing to compete? What could they *do*?

Now the negative is notoriously a ticklish proposition. I could not safely expound my view of noncompeting for trained women without marking out what they would have to do in order positively to compete, and without clearing away what seemed to me the mistaken interpretations of their refraining.

II

For the woman educated and specially trained, the professional worker,

in short, 'competing' must mean, at the very lowest, keeping up in the professional race. What does that involve?

An excellent answer is to be found in Miss E. K. Adams's authoritative work on *Women Professional Workers*. Although the specific reference of the passage is to medicine, law, and divinity, it evidently fits also such applications of science as engineering, education, social-welfare work, and the practice of the abstract sciences and the arts as well. After naming several distinguishing marks of a profession, Miss Adams lists, finally, 'practice of the profession as a permanent calling providing an adequate livelihood.'

This point is obviously the crux. Failing this relation of permanent calling and adequate livelihood, not only the highest professional achievements, but the ordinary attainment of place or rank, academic or other, is practically excluded.

But just this relation—it was my earlier effort to show—involves a kind of contract obligation and major responsibility with which real motherhood conflicts. That major responsibility to and for the adequate livelihood belongs to the father of the family; child nurture is the mother's. Two prime responsibilities for her—unthinkable!

Parenthetically, it may be noted, the whole current discussion of economic independence for women must depend on dissembling this difficulty—of a permanent calling providing an adequate livelihood—for mothers. Supposing economic independence to be, indeed, desirable, some form of the endowment of motherhood is clearly required. The political slogan of 'no discrimination,' issuing in the 'blanket' amendment sponsored by the so-called 'Woman's Party,' involves this same dissembling of a patent natural fact. The absurdity of ignoring the need,

created by the mother-function, of the physical safeguarding of all women, and hence of fundamental legal adjustments to this differentiation, would seem to be obvious. As well have the 'no discrimination' principle invoked by the workers in a beehive, against the queen!

It would therefore seem more logical to speak merely of women's recognizing their noncompetitive status, than of their 'refusing to compete.' But the attitude of will is of the greatest importance for the form their non-competition takes, and for their whole adjustment to life, as I hope to show.

III

The traditional view of the scope and destiny of women's talents is perfectly clear-cut and sentimentally acceptable. In the face of a hundred years of contravening actuality, it is still *lèse majesté* to question it. Like the doctrine of predestination, held side by side with free will by our elders, it is cherished by most persons simultaneously with precisely contradicting views—and actions. This is the doctrine that all talents may find their adequate expression in the uses of the home. Typical is this excerpt from the *Atlantic* letter-box: 'To create a *Home* requires the proper use of all of her [the trained woman's] abilities and "offers her opportunities and incentives for the highest achievements."'

Now, without question, the ultimate value of every human effort whatever is in the purposes of the home; just as the first concern of every woman is for its great issues. But O for some power to transfix once for all that persistent fallacy which confuses the *application* of knowledge to a single concrete use, with the normal *practice* of the science (or art) itself! It seems to be a sophism peculiar to the feminine topic; I have

not met it elsewhere. And, strangely enough, it is just those arts most prized in the home, which have come nearest to escaping from this misconception. Everyone understands that specific gifts in music, painting, sculpture, literature, do not find their 'proper' use or practice in the home, even though they greatly minister to it, or give way before it at need; but that they require an integral development and exercise of their own, in order to exist, in any true sense, at all.

Executive, scientific, or intellectual gifts, however, are not less specific, and are far more widespread among women; yet here we blur the distinction between the systematic thought or activity dealing with a whole field of particulars, and the unique act of the individual in her personal relations. The activity in which scientific ability is expressed does not even occur, much less attain to its 'proper use,' if its function is not thus systematic. One of the great uses of entomology, for example, is to guard society against noxious insects; but would an entomologist find the full expression of his science in keeping his household free from insect pests? Would he continue to be an entomologist at all if that were the extent of his activity? Would an engineer be justified of his profession in confining his bridge-building to his own estate? Is it to be supposed that the woman physician finds the proper fulfillment of her training in healing the members of her own family, even though her personal happiness be thereby assured? Suppose the case of a psychologist: is it assumed that she continues the psychological function in simply applying her existing fund of knowledge as a guide in her warm human relations with husband and children?

That, of course, is exactly what the quoted pronouncement does mean. But

it shows a lamentable confusion of mind as to the nature of the great human disciplines.

Everyone who has achieved anything in one of these, whether it be a poem written, a star or a chemical compound isolated, a viewpoint of criticism established, a principle of mental function or of social welfare traced, knows that the character of that activity has absolutely nothing in common with the series of single will-acts by which the health, welfare, and moral harmony of a family are established. It may be—for the wife and mother undoubtedly is—a secondary activity; but at least it is an incommensurable one.

The Home is a unique creation, in which a thousand different elements of knowledge, power, and skill blend—and disappear, as flavors in ambrosia. For any one of these, 'nothing too much' must be the maxim. It can demand no separate existence within the home. Who wants to turn loving uses to material for science, or seek to find therein occasions for practising one's specialty? What mother will—or can, effectively—use her own children for psychological experiments? The home cannot be a laboratory; and as a field of application, its range is exceedingly narrow for any given subject.

When I imagine trained and able women I have known, or known about, seeking *within the home* the proper exercise of their abilities,—the auditor, the patent lawyer, the astronomical computer, the palæontologist, the insurance statistician, the specialist on the lymphatic system, the microscopist in electrometallurgy, the archæologist for prehistoric Greeks, the consulting entomologist attached to an agricultural experiment station,—well, 'the sense faints picturing them'!

This truth it is, I believe, dimly apprehended, which has held back many

women's colleges from founding those related courses, so long overdue, in education for parenthood. That training surely ought to be as much a part of every woman's equipment as the ability to use her native tongue. But many of its advocates¹ have fallen into this same confusion between the special uses and the scientific pursuit of the subjects covered. Educators subconsciously flinch at this. They retort simply that such subjects do not train the mind; whereas the fact is that the systematic disinterested pursuit of any subject whatever is antithetical in its intrinsic nature to the personal adjuster's, general contractor's, or, in fine, statesman's job of mother and homemaker.

If training for parenthood could be taken simply for what it is, women's supreme personal need, like training for health, and delimited from the pure and applied sciences alike, the colleges might abandon their protective inertia.

IV

One regrettable corollary or variation of the 'home-use' theory of training is to admit no other motive for the systematic pursuit of a subject than the desire on the part of women for an interesting occupation. How often have we heard from our elders, in homiletic tones, 'Even Miss So-and-so' — naming some able woman — 'says she'd give it all up in a moment if the right man came along'! Well, indeed, that it should be so, if such is the alternative; yet the intended inference is all wrong. Probably the proportion among women of those who feel the single-hearted urge to use their skill is as great as among men. This truth, of

the passionate hunger of certain minds for systematic disinterested activity, even Mr. H. G. Wells has at last reached as a truth for women's minds as well, after sapping up to it through twenty years of half-blocked-out psychology.

Let no one here throw in a scornful 'Oh, self-expression!' Alas, poor self-expression! How many precious uses have been stifled in thy name! The parable of the buried talents is far more applicable. That any human being should have a specific capacity, found, proved, trained, developed, and exercised, and then smother it, is to my thought no less than sinful. It is not poets only, or men, but women also, who can cry with Milton,—

And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me, useless!

The element of mental health itself is not to be ignored. I believe the victims of sex-suppression are no more in number than those of the frustration of capacity. 'Sublimation,' in current jargon, is as likely to be the setting free into action of some human endowment, hitherto repressed, as it is to be the transmuting of an original sex-impulse into a different expression. To talk with the authorities on mental disorders is to be confirmed in this view. Thrillingly moving are the record histories of women in whom an inhibited or only half-sensed talent, once called to life, has proved the rescuer of the whole personality. On the æsthetic and executive sides alone, the really exquisite weaving and tapestry-work, bookbinding, jewelry-work, and carving, of certain hospitals, have not only bridged the way to mental health, but, for some, have uncovered the sore spot itself — a suppressed faculty for artistic expression. True, it is not often that the 'complex' is simple, or the 'conflicts' confined to frustrated capacity alone; yet the way

¹ Not so Mrs. E. v. B. Hansl, whose valuable study, 'Parenthood and the Colleges,' in the *A. A. U. W. Journal* for January, 1922, is already bringing results.

out has been through the single path of this developed and exercised gift.

The conscious inhibition of proved ability is also definitely harmful. A physician in a great institution for mental healing said to me: 'A systematic effort in the direction of continuance of the individual vocation would cause a great improvement in the health and happiness of women.' For the trained woman, at least, real work in the field she has once made her own is a necessary *vitamine*.

V

Our outline figure of 'refusing to compete' has begun to fill in. In resisting the traditional 'home-use' theory of the destiny of talents; in showing that this, indeed, means their actual eclipse, we have come round, it seems, full circle, to a positive demand for some continuity in women's use of their powers and their training.

All considerations of social economy as to investments in time, energy, money, and educational facilities demand it, also. The present waste in labor turnover, and in the scrapping of costly mental equipment, among women, would not be tolerated for a moment were it not obscured by the casual optimism of the 'home-use' theory. As it is now, every young woman in the full tide of her effort is under sentence of death, professionally, with indefinite reprieve. The ever-imminent break ought to be enough to take much of the patience and forethought out of her work. As a matter of fact, women do seem to be far less inclined than men to enter on a project *à longue haleine*.

Much has been said of the woman's 'second leisure,' as affording the desired usefulness. But there are two obstacles hardly to be overcome.

First, the long interruption spells

for most occupations a fatal weakening in knowledge, skill, and energy. Literary work is possibly one of the exceptions; we may think of others. But, in general, for women past their children's youth, the outlay of vitality required to recover lost ground is too great. The hand, the eye, the scientific flair have failed, as with Andrea del Sarto:—
But all the play, the insight and the stretch —
Out of me, out of me!

For the arts, this needs no argument. Paderewski declared that, if he failed to practise for a single day, he noticed it; if for three days, his public noticed it. In any science, and in most technical services, the fifteen years before any woman's 'second leisure' almost transform the scene. Certainly the last fifteen years have done so obviously for the automotive sciences, for telegraphy and telephony; for medicine, through the progress of endocrinology and the theory of *vitamines*; for physics and chemistry, through the new theories of matter and relativity; for psychology, education, and psychiatry through the mushroom growth of mental measurements of all kinds and their implications, and through Freudian interpretations and remouldings; for social work, through its penetration by psychology and psychiatry. I do believe it would be easier, for a lapsed psychologist, at least, to begin again at the beginning, than to try to make use, after fifteen years' interruption, of her out-moded wares.

Scientific flair is only another name for creative imagination. But creative imagination, as every psychologist knows, — or indeed any expert as regards his own field, — depends, first of all, on *fertility of hypotheses*, rich, freely flowing alternatives — 'accumulated experience which augments the chances of original association of ideas' (Ribot). The price of scientific flair is continued immersion in one's subject.

Last of all, the foothold of opportunity is lost. Chances for work of any kind depend for the most part on unbroken relations with the source of supply. These are not lightly to be renewed.

VI

Conceded, then, the well-trained woman's need of carrying on after marriage; conceded, the mother's inability for an output of a certain quantity, deliverable without interruption; problem, to establish means and methods to keep some thread of her original endeavor, integral in character if limited in scope.

What I am trying to get at might be illustrated by the modern case of the 'Contributing Editor.' Was it not Theodore Roosevelt for whom that institution was invented? The contribution is small in amount, but so notable in character, that its message enters into the policy of the magazine. Not full editorial duty, rank, or emoluments, is the contributing editor's, but editorial quality alone.

So the woman who has another, a primary, responsibility, must hold to the thought that granting the right of way does not mean being crowded off the path. She is not falling short of her professional ideals in contracting the scope, or modifying the type, of her work. That this conception of the 'contributing professional' means wide changes in public opinion, in the actual mechanics of the professions, and in women's education for the professions, is not denied.

First of all, the continuity of women's occupations, being foreseen, can be provided for from the beginning. Education of all women for wifehood and parenthood will be parallel to the specialized individual training. This professional education can be planned to allow a later concentration on cer-

tain phases, pursuable within the limits of marriage and motherhood. Any inventive lover of her vocation can multiply the possibilities in, say, intensive experiment, special fields, borderline subjects; consulting work, group work, text work (that is, comparative or historical research, criticism, and reviewing).

For every field of effort whatever there is, in fact, a fringe of specialized research, experiment, or invention, publicity, graphics, statistics, criticism, review, or bibliography, which may engage the woman professional, in case the physical conditions of work in the central field are prohibitive for her. Here it is that that admirable institution, the Bureau of Vocational Information, has an infinite field in the United States for study and counsel. The colleges and professional schools, both, can make, in coöperation, broad constructive changes in curriculum, in aid of the woman who seeks to 'carry on' in marriage.

The professions themselves, through their official arbiters, must point out the subdivisions where women can do independent work. Architecture and engineering, for example, are notoriously inhospitable to women members; yet in both there are scores of special fields which women might exploit.

Taking the engineers as quite the most unfavorable case, I computed, as an enheartening adventure, the varieties of work which might come within the purview of the woman 'contributing professional.' The interesting 'Report of Engineering Council on the Classification and Compensation of Engineers' gives twelve different kinds as in the service of the Federal Government, from aeronautical to ordnance, including civil, which has twenty-three varieties of its own, or thirty-four in all. In at least three of the five professional grades contemplated, inde-

pendent work is possible, including the preparation of reports, — I quote from the Report — studies, or computations necessary for these; cost estimates, valuations, designs; data for specific items of engineering studies; specific tests or investigations of apparatus, material, or processes; designing of details from sketches or specifications; also general consulting or independent research. To cut short a story already too long, I arrived at the figure of three hundred and fifty, as a conservative estimate of the number of engineering variations possible for the woman doing 'piece work.' Truly 'Atalanta, Limited,' was well chosen as a firm name by certain British women engineers!

The married partnerships, of which I have already written, point another way to circumvent intractable professions. Moreover, increasing specialization in every profession is opening the way to the woman aid, or free lance. In the field that I know best, psychology, new varieties of occupation are springing up thick on the borderlines between psychology, psychiatry, medicine, sociology, and social work. And this is true of all the other fields.

That academic institutions will only gain by making such place for able women as their personal situations let them fill, would seem to go without saying. Yet, incredible as it seems, there are still some whose policy forbids the 'faculty wife,' though equal in attainments to her husband, to take any part whatever in its work.

It is clear that a protracted period of ventilating the question and arguing it through, with institutions and professions alike, not on general grounds but in concrete details, must precede all these constructive changes. 'Explore, experiment, educate, agitate!' must be the war cry. Women have only themselves to blame, if, having

once worked out to the end the possible and right course for them, they do not effectively promulgate it.

VII

The issue comes back, after all, to women's own attitude toward their own spade-work. Do women take objective values seriously enough? One who has long frequented the purlieus of academic life knows that, on the whole, the actual scientific *matter* bulks less to women's view than the 'achievement' of place. This natural enough feminist tendency has been reinforced by the extraordinary exploitation of everything which has publicity value, during these last strenuous years of 'college funds.' A case in point is the virtual submergence, not only from the public eye, but also from that of their academic fellows, of the work of the able women scientists in Government service. A college magazine in which I was interested maintained a popular department on *alumnæ* achievements. When, however, it was desired to illustrate their work in productive scholarship, we had the greatest difficulty in disinterring any information, even from the scholars themselves, when finally we had tracked them down.

It is on this count that the prevalent enthusiasm for federating college women internationally seems to me fraught with a certain danger. Emphasis on the formal and emotional aspects of federation, as such, beclouds the real excuse for it — creative scholarship. International scholars, on the other hand, have pushed their fraternizing only on the ground of common object-interest, and recognized contributions to it. Therefore, the international congresses of medicine, physics, political science, psychology, archaeology, have a deep-rooted, solid, and realistic character, lacking to the women's groups.

Our project, on the contrary, requires an unlimited respect for the dull fact, and neglect of the honorific. It means labor with the eye on the object, pursued modestly, modestly paid, with negligible professional rank. Only the woman of keenest joy in her subject is going to be contented with such hard-won service. 'Not unless your longing for it burns a hole in you!' was the counsel of a woman of genius, who has sacrificed much to keep hold of her painter's brush. It is the acid test, of course. For those whose interest is less intrinsic, it may well be that marriage and motherhood indeed dissolve it.

What of the bearing of all this on the case of the unmarried woman, in full progress? In what sense, if any, shall she, too, 'not compete'? I know that this will be a hard saying, but it seems to me that she, too, must recognize that she is, as an actual fact, whatever her personal intentions or traits, in a class of extra-hazardous risk for any profession, and that she must pay insurance on that risk. Part of the payment will lie in a reduction of rate of promotion, and expectation of place.

To this extent she too undergoes a handicap, and cannot compete on even terms. Dignity, self-respect, and common sense will be served by her accepting, without apology to an unreasonable feminist ideal, whatever variety of non-competition she individually chooses to espouse.

It would appear that emphasis on the free-lance aspect, on the actual separate pieces of work carried through, would tend to link all women, married and unmarried alike, in the solidarity of a profession, and to redound to their common advantage. It is, perhaps, well that women, in work as in affection, should, by Margaret Fuller's precept, 'not calculate too closely.'

If this view prevails, life will open many doors to the woman of trained intelligence, who puts first, as I believe every woman must, the brooding love and care for the little souls she has helped create, yet who would not waste the other treasures she has gained through years of effort. It seems to me that only some such early and far-seeing adjustment as I have proposed can economically justify the wider and higher education of women, or suffice their sense of values. The consciousness of stability, of an increasing purpose capable of unbroken, ever-renewed fulfillment, is all that can give happiness to any life.

Of the drastic household reorganization which alone will enable women to accomplish this, I wrote at length in an earlier paper. Many women's groups are awake to this need, and the next few years ought to see an evolution from the present household-factory into a simpler form, community- or group-administered.

A new code of ethics, then, is what is wanted — a code of ethics both on the part of, and toward, women, in the professions and in the home. A code of ethics for husbands is also indicated. If confidences are to be believed, there still exist loving husbands who truly prefer a wifely personality partly benumbed in its potential activities. Others would further the activity did it not touch their pride of purse — the wife must not be known to earn. But to make every occupation whatever a sweated trade, it needs only that women engage in it unpaid. That, of course, all professional ethics so clearly negatives that I have not thought it needful to enlarge on it. No — women must not, and will not, undersell their fellow workers; better that they be held in idleness. But, indeed, the only hope of banishing such refined mental cruelties as these, and of establishing

the code of noble human beings in a partnership of their complete selves, is education of public opinion, through concerted systematic agitation on the part of individuals, and even of institutions. Architects and engineers, physicians and lawyers, spend years in council on their codes of professional behavior, and make many sacrifices to uphold them with the public. Shall women hope to enter the promised land of individual work, hedged about as it is with prior loves and loyalties and duties, without devoting at least as much effort to their own code of action as wives and mothers?

A noble task for the women of this generation is to evaluate their own conscious purposes. I believe their ideal will take shape somewhat thus: First: to order their lives for the loving companionship and nurture of children. Second: to find and establish in public esteem the right ways to continue their trained vocations in harmony with home ties. Third: to make all these things practically possible by reducing, through inventions and organization in mutual aid, the present feudal proportions and absurd over-stressing of the household mechanism.

A DAY IN A JUNGLE LABORATORY

BY RUTH ROSE

I

'Oh, heavens! whose tongue is this?'

'It's Gilbert's.'

'Well, it's covered with ants. Come and chloroform it.'

'Be there in a minute. Wait till I catch this louse.'

'And when you come, bring over that leg of yours, and I'll do it.'

'All right. Has anyone written to thank the major for the quart of queens he sent us?'

'Yes, I did, and I asked him to send us some soldiers next time.'

(Sudden voice from a far corner)
'Now, little dear, frog out your eye!'

No, reader, these are not remarks overheard in a lunatic asylum. Their proper and official title would be 'Conversation in a Jungle Laboratory.'

Picture a long, narrow, raftered room, — half room, half verandah, — open on three sides to a view of broad waters and clumps of bamboo. Walking straight down this room, I pass through the laboratory into the library; two paces to the right, and I am in the dining-room, all without the exertion of opening and closing doors; for the partitions that divide working-, reading-, and dining-rooms are like the equator, in that they are purely imaginary lines, but their limits are strictly observed. There is an intricate system of closely packed shelves and tables, each one heaped high with a strange assortment of objects, and heads bending over them, absorbed in contemplation of many weird and marvelous things.

This laboratory is that of the Tropical Research Station of the New York Zoölogical Society, and the heads are those of the Lucky Seven who are at present established in this picturesque workshop in the interior of British Guiana. The outward and visible signs of its inward and scientific grace are a low, weather-beaten bungalow and a row of tents, in a triangular clearing bounded on two sides by broad rivers, and on the third by some hundreds or thousands of miles of practically unexplored South American jungle. We, tiny atoms clinging to the edge of this great wilderness, dip what we can from its inexhaustible supplies of wonder and mystery, and lament because the days are so short, and we so inadequately furnished with hands and strength and time.

Much has been said of the languor and peace of the tropics, and I had expected to have many long and sleepy hours in which to read and meditate and invite my soul. But from the moment when we spring more or less eagerly from our army cots, for a sunrise swim, till the hour, some time before midnight, when these cots squeakingly receive our exhausted frames again, our days are an unceasing and unsuccessful battle with the demon, Time; and here the unexpected happens with positively monotonous regularity.

We do not even wake in an ordinary manner. Lying half asleep in my tent the other morning, looking out over the misty river, and wondering if the gray light were dawn or moon, I was suddenly conscious of a deep, rumbling vibration, everywhere and nowhere; my cot swayed a little, then more and more, till it was shaking heartily from side to side. Instantly the sleeping jungle was as wide-awake as myself. With a sudden roar, a chorus of howling monkeys broke into concerted

protest. Everywhere birds fluttered and cried out. For perhaps a minute came the vocal and physical response of animal life to the sound and movement of the earth; then the vibration diminished and ceased, and the rumble died away in a long, muttering roll like distant thunder. And I thought how pleasant it was, after humdrum New York wakenings to the sound of alarm clock or telephone bell, to be roused by a friendly earthquake giving one a gentle shake, as if to say, 'Come, get up! There's a lot to see to-day!'

While dressing, I heard some little commotion in the abode of the Budding Ornithologist, two tents away. Presently, when the black house-boy summoned us to breakfast by earnest bangings on a big iron triangle, I stopped in neighborly fashion on my way to the bungalow, to inquire the cause of the disturbance. A gory spectacle confronted me. Little pools of blood dotted the tent-floor, while the cot looked like the scene of a recent murder. Instead of a corpse stretched there, however, a very much alive youth was sitting on the edge, bandaging both feet, and rather pleasantly excited by his first encounter with vampire bats. It did not for a moment delay his response to the breakfast call.

As I said before, we are seven: the Director, the Camera-Man,—no, this is not a moving-picture company; let us call him the Photographer,—the Artist, the Other Artist, the Grasshopperist, and the Budding Ornithologist. I am the Supercargo: I don't know what it means, but it has an unnecessary sound that seems, amid the competence with which I am surrounded, to fit me very well. The enumeration of the things the Photographer has at his finger-ends would read like an index to a work on entomology; while the Director can shoot a bird on

the wing, make a new discovery in some form of microscopic life, chin himself twenty times running, catch an anaconda, and write a charming essay, all in the course of a casual morning.

Breakfast was enlivened by a hot argument over vampires and their methods of operation. This bat had behaved in a most unconventional manner. Not only had he failed to seal antiseptically the wounds he made, but the wounds themselves were all wrong, speaking impartially and not from the point of view of the victim. Instead of being neat punctures, hardly perceptible once the vampire had finished his grisly meal, these were long, oval gouges. There was much speculation as to whether this was an indication of a new species of bat, and interested plans were made to capture one the following night. A practically unanimous opinion prevailed that the first victim should expose himself again as bait, the one dissenting voice being that of the prospective bait. He painted a heart-rending picture of his enfeebled condition after being martyred to Science; and this led to an argument as to the probable amount of harm that could be caused to the human frame by vampires and their tricky little ways. The Director put an extinguisher on this discussion by remarking coldly that one session with a vampire bat would probably cause as much harm as one cigarette; whereat the cigarette smokers present were abashed and subsided.

II

Directly after breakfast each morning I go out to feed the menagerie. This duty has two aspects, for, besides caring for the live specimens in cages, I also plan and order meals for the human members of our small colony. I take the latter task lightly and hard-

heartedly; and when the Budding Ornithologist regards the chief dish mournfully and remarks that he *never* eats onions, I can answer coldly and without a pang, 'No one will compel you.' But it is a very different story when attempting to cater to the big iguanas, those brilliant green lizards with throat-pouches mottled in gorgeous shades of pink and yellow and blue, and with serrated ridges down their spines, which make them look like miniatures of some antediluvian epoch. No one can tell me definitely what they eat. The Director, appealed to for information, says lightly, 'Iguanas? Oh, they're vegetarian'; and appears to think the matter is settled. The vegetable kingdom is a large one. Day after day passes while I anxiously proffer samples of every sort of leaf, berry, or fruit that grows within half a mile of us. The iguanas steadfastly refuse all forms of nourishment, while I age visibly. I am found at odd hours leaning over their cage, adjuring them to indicate some preference. They respond only by steady, baleful glares, and occasional vicious lashes of long, powerful tails. At last, one of them, broken in spirit by captivity and his long fast, gives up the hunger-strike and eats a bit of banana; I detect him in the very act and much rejoicing ensues. From then on, both iguanas eat largely of all sorts of things hitherto refused.

The monkey's cage represents motion at its nearest approach to perpetuity, and the turtles' pen is the opposite extreme. We have only one monkey at present — a slim-bodied little gray chap, with big eyes in a melancholy face, and an effect of elbow-length chamois gloves given by the yellow hair that covers half his legs. He is a timid beast, but is gradually becoming tame enough to leap upon my hand for a moment to snatch some proffered deli-

cacy. This morning he held his saucer of oatmeal firmly between both hands, and then, in sudden fear lest I repent of my generosity and prove 'Indian giver,' he made doubly sure of his breakfast by grasping the saucer with one hind foot as well. Thus deprived of his balance, he sat down abruptly, but continued his meal, pausing after every mouthful of the luscious mass to look at me anxiously over the edge of the dish.

The turtles' pen is called the Officers' Mess. There are in it the captain, major, colonel, general, and field marshal, graded according to size. As is usually the case in life, the extremes of the social scale are more amusing than the middle strata. The captain has a way with him, partly on account of his tiny proportions; the field marshal is most intelligent, as befits his rank; and when I open the cage and call to him, he comes forth with the impressive quavering deliberation of the Benevolent Old Man of melodrama, and, standing high on his crooked legs, totters majestically toward the crust of bread that he knows will be the reward of his pilgrimage.

As I went the rounds of the cages, distributing all manner of strange provender to a variety of reptiles, amphibians, birds, fish, and insects, I glanced into the glass case where a row of chrysalids hung from a stick, and others lay half buried in the earth, each one with a metal tag bearing its identification number. One look and I ran shrieking into the laboratory.

'Quick! the biggest Sphinx is hatching!'

The Photographer dropped his dissection of a fish, the Director sprang up from his writing, the Budding Ornithologist deserted the bird's tongue he was drawing under the microscope, the Grasshopperist desisted from the preparation of a formalin bath for one

of his little pets, the Artist abandoned her tree-frog, and the Other Artist her baby bird. There was a hubbub of dragging out the motion-picture camera, arranging the black-velvet background, adjusting and focusing; while over all, the voice of the Director rang out in anguish, 'The matches! Who has the MATCHES?'

The stage prepared, the principal actor was brought on; magnesium ribbon, lighted and paid out as it burned, cast a dazzling white light over the miracle of a moth's emergence from the chrysalid. There was an Egyptian suggestion about this strangely decorated chrysalid of orange and black; and the appearance of its gorgeous inhabitant was as startling as it would be to watch a mummy-case open, and to see an archangel step out. When the moth was at last spread out in his full glory of bronze and yellow and black, broad wings still trembling as the last of the moisture of his long entombment dried, a drop of chloroform made of him a perfect specimen, with not one of his minute scales marred by wind or weather. The concluding notes of his life history were set down beside the description of his previous caterpillar incarnation, and once more calm descended on the laboratory as we returned to our various tasks.

I created a momentary diversion by announcing in discouraged tones, 'MacDuff is at it again!' which elicited only a few bored groans. MacDuff is a weirdly camouflaged mantis, so named because through storm and stress, through rainy season and dry, she lays on, and on, and on. Rows of yellow, cornucopia-like egg-cases bear witness to her incurably maternal nature.

Scraps of conversation came to me as I sat making alcoholic specimens of various parts of a bird's anatomy — sentences which, lacking context and background, sounded as wild as those

of my introduction. Hear now their interpretation: the Budding Ornithologist had temporarily left his drawing of a bird's tongue, and had gone out to investigate a bird's nest; and the dissection, of which he was making a diagram, had been scented afar off by a horde of minute red ants. The Other Artist, working over the next microscope, announced the fact and called the Director to the rescue. His answer, so reminiscent of trench anecdotes, meant only that he was busily burrowing through the thick feathers of a tinamou, searching for parasites, of which he is making a study. The Other Artist requested him, when he had finished stalking his prey, to bring her a leg of this same tinamou, so that she might make the diagram of it for which he had been clamoring. As for the quart of queens, which next made their apparently inexplicable appearance in the conversation, they were a royal gift from a friendly English planter, who lives four miles down-river. He privately regards us as a collection of pleasant lunatics; but, entertaining only kindly feelings toward our harmlessness, he contributes now and then something ensnared on his plantation, which he thinks might be interesting to our peculiar minds. A large jar, almost filled with a seething mass of winged queen ants, had been the latest gift from this source, and I had written to thank him and to ask for some soldier ants from the same nest, in order to complete the identification of the species.

Behind me, in the corner from which came the sudden voice last quoted, sits the Artist, struggling to paint the portrait of a gigantic bright-green tree-frog. I use the word struggling, not in disparagement of her artistic ability, but because of the cruel and unusual difficulties with which she must contend. The most temperamental prima

donna could not prove a more trying subject, though this Artist has a choice of only two moods from her model. He sits on her palm, with strange, long, vacuum-cupped fingers wrapped round her hand in a clutch that suggests determined affection. She is trying to paint his eyes, wonderfully and intricately patterned with brown and gold; and here enter the unusual difficulties. Let us say that the mood in which freedom seems to him a good thing, worth fighting for, comes upon him; while he turns the project of escape over in his mind, his eyes protrude further and further, as if he were more and more astonished by the cleverness of his idea. The phrase 'to frog out the eyes' has become a popular one in our select jungle circle. Now the Artist paints with despairing speed, for she knows all too well what his next move will be — a violent and sudden plunge at an incalculable angle, and the soft, unresisting slip of a flabby body through her fingers. When his ambition is thwarted, his other mood overtakes him, and he becomes a sulky cynic. Then he is motionless, and withdraws his consciousness to some inner haven, where artists do not break through and paint — but he also withdraws his eyes to some mysterious recess of his anatomy! Then is the Artist heard, with imploring voice, adjuring him to frog out his eye, that it may be immortalized.

III

It was still early morning when from down-river was heard the regular beat of many paddles keeping time to a chorus of men's voices. Without looking up, some one remarked, 'More convicts,' and the Director commented briefly, 'Good. More trail.' From His Majesty's penal settlement the boatload of more-or-less-black prisoners, in more-or-less-white garb, was approach-

ing, loaned to us for the day by the head of the prison. This was the third or fourth time that gangs had been sent up; and beautifully wide, clear trails, slashed through the jungle behind us, are the results of their work. There is considerable competition among them to be included in such 'bush parties,' for they have rather the character of a picnic as a change from prison routine. Also, the free show that we and our strange ways afford them must be attractive, and they are fairly sure of a gift of cigarettes after the day's work.

With a ringing shout at the end of a verse of their chanty, the boat grounded on the sandy beach before the laboratory, and ten burly convicts stepped out into the shallow water. They were in charge of one black warder, who perspired in the uncomfortable glory of dark-blue uniform, sun-helmet, and boots. To preserve these symbols of authority, he was tenderly lifted ashore in the arms of two of his charges. Leading the file of cheerful criminals up the steep bank, he presented himself for instructions.

The last man balanced on his head a square wooden box; he caught my eye over the warder's shoulder, and with a preternaturally solemn face, significantly made with two fingers the gesture of one who removes a cigarette from his lips. Two of the others carried kettles and packages, so that presently they might have some mysterious mess cooking over a fire in the compound, for their eleven-o'clock breakfast.

With some care, my would-be smoker deposited his burden on the ground, and the warder ceremoniously announced 'a gift brought to de Professor.' The Director-Professor took one look under the cautiously lifted lid, and again there was agitation and scurrying. The motion-picture camera was hastily dragged out into the compound, to record the looks and manners

of a rainbow boa — a huge red constrictor — which gleamed in the sunlight with unbelievable prismatic hues. Alas, that the movies cannot show the sheen of color that plays over those shifting coils! The big snake was carefully placed on the bare ground of the compound, and with leaps and shouts and gestures the Director endeavored to make him register some reptilian emotion. Surely never before was there an actor so anxious to give up the centre of the stage! His one idea was to seek the decent obscurity of private life; and it required the earnest efforts of four people, armed with brooms, sticks, and butterfly-nets, to keep him in the camera's focus.

All this was watched from a respectful distance by a circle of stupefied convicts, watching our wild antics with uncomprehending wonder. When the pictures were taken, the next problem was to return the boa to confinement: watching for a favorable opportunity, the Director pounced upon the snake, seizing it with one hand just behind the head, to avoid its nonvenomous, but extremely vigorous bite, and grasping it with the other hand two-thirds of the way down the body, to prevent it from coiling. The head-hold was successful, but the body slipped from his left hand, and like a flash the boa whipped two coils round the man's arm, lashed the rest of its body and tail upward, diagonally binding those coils, and began to squeeze.

'Great!' shouted the Photographer; 'Hold it!'

So the Director held it, though whether he was holding it, or it was holding him, was a question open to argument. The veins on the hand grasping the snake's head swelled and darkened, while the arm above the living tourniquet turned to a lovely pallor, and the camera ground on. When the hand had reached a satisfac-

tory shade of livid purple, the grinding stopped without the formality of calling, 'Cut,' and the Photographer helped to pry off the bands of muscle — a task which took more force than seemed possible. Half an hour later the Director's arm had lost some of its morgue-like hue, but two stripes across his forearm showed where the scaly folds had bruised the flesh. It is easy to imagine the collapse of a small animal's flesh and bone under the merciless, unhurried squeeze of such a snake, on dinner bent.

The Artist had danced round this proceeding, gleeful at the prospect of painting the reptile's portrait. To paraphrase the side-show barker's inducement to step up and pay your dime, 'She paints 'em alive'; and she was actually looking forward to the day when she would hold this prismatically scaled head in her hand, and, with the rest of the writhing body more or less firmly tied into a cloth bag, lovingly reproduce its features.

Mentally quoting the remark of the old lady who kissed the cow, I left the enthusiastic one leaning over the cage in which the boa had been placed, and went through the bungalow to the servants' quarters, to find Bertie. Bertie is the dependable, the indispensable, the inimitable. Every time I look at his enormous black hands, I think of one of O. Henry's characters, who is described as having hands that Armour and Company would have been wild about. But with those great hands Bertie can skin a hummingbird and scarcely ruffle one of its minute feathers.

At Kartabo we have no silken bell-rope at which to tug, nor silver bell to tinkle; when we want service, we shout, or even shriek, for servitors. So I stood at the back door of the laboratory and lifted up my voice for Bertie. Presently he came across the compound, from

the crazy shack where the servants sleep.

Having told Bertie to go out with the convicts and show the warden where we wanted the new trail cut, I noticed that he was limping as he turned away. He looked very serious as he replied to my question, 'Dr. Blair, he operate on me last night, ma'am.' The love of 'stringing the tenderfoot' knows no geographical limits. I was hearing for the first time the Creole nickname for the vampire bat, named after a Demerara doctor of years ago. Dr. Blair was of the good old school that believed in blood-letting as treatment for chilblains, smallpox, and all diseases between; and as 'Colonny Dr. Blair,' the thirsty little bat will keep his name in the mouths of men for many years to come. Surely a quaint route by which to arrive at fame — perhaps even immortality!

IV

By the time I returned to the laboratory, two dugouts had come down-river, bringing the Indian hunters who are subsidized to keep our table supplied with fresh meat, and to bring in specimens. Their wobbly craft are quite the unsteadiest things afloat, even to one accustomed to a keelless canvas canoe; but the Indians stand up, change places, and walk the length of one of the sliding, tipping affairs, with cheerful unconcern.

They are a short people, these Guiana Indians, stockily built, with tiny hands and feet, and a curiously Oriental cast of countenance. Their almost daily arrival is as thrilling as Christmas morning, for there is no prophesying what they may bring of interest and excitement. We crowd around to see what will be produced from bags or bottles, and a varying chorus of exclamations greets each surprise pack-

age. The whole transaction must — to the Indians — partake of the nature of a fantastic dream. Shooting for food is the only comprehensible part of the business. Why a lot of grown men and women should go into ecstasies of excitement over an insect or a bird's egg is a mystery; and when the Director, with a cry of joy, pounces upon a tiny parasite lurking in the thick plumage of some jungle bird, the expressions on the faces of our aboriginal Nimrods are really worth seeing.

Little is known of the history of these Akawai Indians. Supposed to be an offshoot of the Caribs, that fierce and cannibalistic tribe whose name recalls tales of buccaneers on the Spanish Main, these modern descendants seem placid and friendly. But friendliness is not a good word to describe their passive attitude toward friendly advances. Nonresistant amiability expresses it better. They are rapidly disappearing, fading away in the mysterious fashion of aboriginal peoples when brought in contact with the ruthless, dominant strains of stronger races. Tuberculosis, that companion spirit of the white man, has fastened on the scattered Indian population, and is thinning it with great rapidity. There are deserted *benabs* and abandoned cassava clearings, where the vigilant wilderness has lost no time in laying reclaiming fingers on walls and furrows, and the progress of 'letting in the jungle' is discernible almost hour by hour.

To-day my housekeeping eye glittered at the sight of a big peccary carried to the kitchen on a bare brown back, and a brace of delicious game birds hung round the peccary's neck with the same ingenious fastenings of rope-like bark that were used to lash together the feet of the wild pig. But my sordid satisfaction at seeing so many good meals in the raw was quite

eclipsed by the scientific excitement over a tiny reptile that was among the specimens presently produced. This was a lizard, utterly snake-like in appearance until his four minute feet were discovered, on legs so rudimentary as to be almost invisible. So rare a thing as this — apparently a link between lizard and serpent — must be recorded in pictures; so once more the movie camera was set up.

There were many birds, too, in the Indians' bags, and these had to be identified, described, measured, skinned, dissected, and catalogued. Before this task was finished, it was time for luncheon; and directly after the meal there was an expedition into the jungle for bats. Not that we need go that far afield if we desire merely bats, generically speaking. They patter and squeak overhead in the laboratory day and night, and at dusk they toboggan down the slope between ceiling-paper and roof, and shoot out into the twilight with a smooth rush. These are only ordinary house-bats, however, and there are many rare species to be captured and classified.

A few days before, I had chanced to find a miniature cave under an overhanging bank, where two bats seemed to have established themselves; but as I am not over proficient with either rifle or net, I had been unable to bring one back, dead or alive. This time, accompanied by one skilled in the use of both implements, we returned with the quick and the dead, having thoroughly devastated the happy home under the embankment. Mr. was neatly shot, while Mrs. flopped and struggled in the enveloping folds of the net. If her disposition in the home had been as bad as it was in the net, Mr. was surely better dead, for she raged and snarled, and when she could not reach us she bit and tore at her own wings in a perfect frenzy.

The pair proved to be an entirely new species, hitherto unknown to us, with extraordinarily long, thin tongues, apparently designed for the same purpose and on the same plan as the tongue of a hummingbird, which probes deeply calyxed flowers in search of insects. This discovery alone would have made the day noteworthy; but we also brought back a huge whip-scorpion, which measured a foot across its sprawling legs, and an enormous blind burrowing snake, very pale buff in color, and the largest of its kind that has ever been seen here. In addition, we had started a red deer, and had observed, and been observed by, two red howlers, the big monkeys of this jungle, whose deep-toned booming snarls are likely to be heard in thrilling chorus at any hour of the day or night.

The rest of the day was spent in feverish activity, squeezing every possible drop of information from the day's specimens, before they should die, or dry, or decay. At high tide we all stopped long enough for a swim in the smooth water that was now reflecting sunset colors from tumbled cloud-banks. Our river is far from being the sluggish tropical stream of one's imagination. Under the lash of the trade winds, it often gets up a quite respectable surf; and any person subject to mal de mer has a very poor time if caught out in a small boat in a storm.

When we came back into the compound, we discovered that, during our brief absence, the premises had been invaded by army ants. Hordes of them had appeared from nowhere, and were spreading in an ever-widening fan, from the river bank almost to the bungalow. We hurried to move our live creatures to places of safety, as otherwise, caged and helpless, they would have been killed by these merciless little carnivores. The lengthening sticks of their fan seemed to be creep-

ing forward toward our tents, and the divergence of the lines was bringing the outermost ones perilously close to the laboratory. On the whole, it looked like a bad night, for there is no combating the army ant. It would be as wise to argue the right of way with a cyclone or a tidal wave. If the army ants discovered our abode, we should step courteously aside while they swept through it; and after the ravening swarms had passed on to fresh fields, we should humbly return, to find, as a reward for our discretion, that the premises had been cleaned of tarantulas, roaches, and every other creeping thing. So we meekly waited for the ants' decision, in the meantime walking softly like Agag, stepping high, and taking care not to stand still long in one spot. Like policemen at an open-air Socialist meeting, 'Keep moving' was our motto for the evening. However, in an hour the hurrying swarms had disappeared as suddenly, as completely, as they had 'come, all impelled by a simultaneous instinct or obeying a mysterious command; and we gratefully decided that we might sleep in peace.

At dusk I went out to feed some of the nocturnal creatures, and was somewhat startled when two figures rose up before me, muttering something quite unintelligible in mellow negro voices. At last I made out that they wanted to see 'de Chief.' The Director also answers to calls for 'de Professor' or 'de Doctor.' The men were gold-diggers on their way to the back country above us. There is at present a tropical Klondike rush into the interior some eighty or a hundred miles away, where gold and diamonds have been discovered. Fortunately for our peace, we are on the opposite side of the river from most of the diggings, and the traffic up to them is chiefly by water. There is one trail, however, that runs back from the

laboratory seventy miles into the jungle, in the general direction of the gold fields, and occasional parties of prospectors, too poor to pay for boat-hire, choose this route for their hopeful tramp toward possible wealth; or a disappointed fortune-hunter, whose money and supplies have been exhausted, wanders down the trail to seek employment—but only till he can save enough for another outfit. As soon as he can buy a few pints of rice and some powder and shot, he is off to Golconda again.

Such was the brief tale of these two negroes. They were both middle-aged men, in ragged cotton shirts, which they wore as a Chinaman wears his blouse, hanging outside the remains of tattered cotton trousers. One had a long, dejected moustache, which drooped down almost to his chest, giving him a look of utter misery. The other had a short, grizzled beard, which grew under his chin, but left his lips bare—a sort of decoration that I have heard referred to as ‘Galway slugs.’ This, combined with a very long upper lip, made him look like a vaudeville Irishman in burnt cork. They had been ‘top-side Mazaruni’ some weeks before, but had returned to Bartica, the nearest settlement, to work for more supplies; and now they were starting back on their long tramp to the gold fields. I asked the depressed-looking one if they had found gold the last time. With an optimism that belied his moustache he replied, ‘No, ma’am, last time we find nothing, but next time surely we find gold, perhaps precious stones also.’ That will-o’-the-wisp, Next-Time—the only beacon for prospector, gambler, or speculator!

They wanted to see ‘de Chief’ because they had heard that he had remedies for all sorts of bush perils—particularly fever and snake-bite. He was

generous with quinine; but an antidote for snake-bite was another matter. He has a powerful serum for such emergencies, but it would be quite impossible to make its complicated use intelligible to men like these, even if the quantity were not limited. So, heartless as it seemed, the snake-bite remedy was refused them. As a matter of fact, their chances of being bitten by a venomous snake were about as great as those of being struck by lightning.

When they had been supplied with pills and directions for taking them, which they doubtless ignored, what was probably the real object of their visit was forthcoming. Bartica, the boom town of the gold-rush, had been bought out of everything in the way of ammunition, and these two wanted shells, so that they might have fresh meat on their journey. They did not offer to buy them. They merely stated their needs and waited to see what the Director proposed to do about it.

This was to him an old game. He began by being utterly confounded at their dreaming that we had any shells to spare. He explained how difficult it was to get powder and shot. He pictured our distress if, being no longer able to provide the Indian hunters with the means of getting game for us, we should be compelled to subsist on canned corned beef. They regarded him patiently and waited for the climax which they knew was coming. When at last he reached the point, ‘Well, if I give you shells, what are you going to do for me?’ they grinned and wriggled, and in so doing somehow managed to convey the answer, ‘Whatever you want.’ The bargain, when finally completed, was that, in return for half-a-dozen shells, they should keep their eyes open for frogs and snakes while in the bush, and bring back, on their next trip down-river, any that

they might capture. They were supplied with a bottle of alcohol and formalin, for the preservation of these possible specimens, and given a parting injunction not to drink its contents either before or after using for this scientific purpose. Then permission was asked and granted for them to sling their hammocks for this one night under the alleged shelter of the servants' quarters, and to cook their rice over the rekindled embers of the convicts' fire. The next morning, as we sat at breakfast, they passed round the bungalow and struck into the Puruni trail, saluting us gravely from beneath the packs balanced on their heads.

The convicts had finished their trail-cutting and returned to the penal settlement long ago; and now the tenor voice of our irrepresible cook was lifted up in song as he prepared our dinner. His singing is far from bad, and his cooking is better. We presently sat down to a meal that could not be bettered at the Ritz. In fact, you could not get it at the Ritz. Imagine saying to the purse-proud waiter, 'Monkey cutlets and boiled papaws'! Let no sensitive soul shudder at the idea of such food. Monkey is delicious meat; and though we are all convinced of the truth of the doctrine of evolution, we feel no anticannibalistic scruples.

Later, we watched, through the arching bamboos, the moon rise above the jungle across the mile-wide river; and when it had risen so high that its silver track no longer trembled on the waves, I went back into the jungle a little way, alone. The flooding white

light accentuated the beauty of every foot of the way. The night was so lovely and so breathlessly quiet that it seemed sacrilege to break the stillness by a crunching footstep.

I moved along very slowly, and as quietly as my clumsy human ways would permit, pausing after every few steps to listen and gaze and feel the perfection of it all. Occasionally a 'who-are-you,' that persistently curious cousin to the whippoorwill, would utter his challenging call and, swooping noiselessly past my head, would alight in the trail, keeping an even distance between us by springing along in a series of short, sidewise flights, and murmuring 'What! What!' in low, earnest tones.

Now and then a rustling scamper showed that I had disturbed some little creature of the night; and once there came a sudden loud grunt and a frantic galloping through the thickets. As I stood quietly, there was a movement close beside me, which had a sound different from the others. I crouched to peer under the low bushes that masked the sides of the cleared trail, and there, only a few feet away, was an ocelot, also crouching, also peering. He remained quite motionless, and so did I. I wish I could flatter myself that he felt one half of my excited interest and admiration; but I fear that his only sensation was that of curiosity.

We gazed thoughtfully at each other for some moments, and at last I cautiously rose and retreated in good order, feeling this the perfect climax to a thrilling day.

UNFAMILIAR CHINA

BY SEAL THOMPSON

FUKIEN PROVINCE, FOOCHOW, CHINA

MY DEAR —,

The last time I wrote you I was looking from my window *across* the city to the wonderful hills of this province of Fukien — such an unscrupulous province as it is, like Mr. James's heroine, 'awfully nice but somewhat wicked,' with its opium traffic, which brought in last year over a million dollars in taxes alone. When I last wrote, I found it hard to express the magic: I am glad I caught the beauty then: it is rather hard to recapture, now that daily visits in the city show a reality that did not emerge at a distance. When Mr. Andrews was here, he said that 'no matter how long one stops in China, one remains in a state of mental suspense, unable to decide which is the filthiest city of the Republic.' I think the title might be granted Foochow.

When I ride home in the afternoon, I see, in front of the narrow entrances, dainty trays furnished forth with pigs' heads, crabs, beans, cabbage, tea, rice, and wine — sustenance for those wandering spirits, who, having left this world unfostered, return with sinister design. The households who care for them in this way escape their wrath — a feast at the threshold placates them. Great boatloads of 'idol paper' come into port every fortnight. Few families are too poor to have a goodly supply, and my road home in the early dusk is illumined all the way by these tiny bonfires. When 'idol paper' is too costly, joss sticks are lighted and stuck, cross-fashion, before the gate. Every

door has a twelve-inch board standing upright, over which one must step in order to enter. This to hinder the spirits in that assault which is always imminent! To-night sounds of a barbaric tom-tom greeted me: when I came up with the noise, I found a high altar covered with red cloth embroidered with gold griffins, all brilliantly lighted with candles; in front, a priest, in gorgeous red robes, chanting a Buddhist ritual. Beside him was the individual who was being 'treated' for obsession, beating a drum, and waving his hands in frantic protest at the imaginary demons.

Yesterday, apparently, the Fukienese were having a provincial shampoo. Up and down the street, on both sides, were the barbers, with their little tubs of hot water; I saw no soap, but no matter. When I commented on suddenly seeing so many, I learned that shampoos must be given only on 'favorable days': otherwise, after death, the mother of the family must drink all the water used. Rather a severe penalty, is n't it?

What passes for cruelty — though I am sure it is not — accompanies all this superstition. Monday, as I came across the bridge that connects with the city outside the gates, I saw a dead coolie exposed, face upward, to the sun. He had lain there, poor lad, at least a day or so. Throngs were crossing the bridge: there was no protest or outcry or investigation — just a little side-step to pass by. This is not because of callousness, but a dead body is an area on

which spirits are having a frenzied orgy, and even to notice them may call down disaster. To meddle is to expose yourself to a bad attack of IT, which is contagious.

I have among my students a very charming young Chinese girl; she and her brother were on the river recently; the brother was jostled off the little deck; the river was full of craft, as it always is — one of the busiest highways. A hundred poles could have been reached to him, but no one would take the hazard of giving offense to the river god, and the boy was drowned.

My roommate, Miss L — of Huanang College, has just returned, eight or nine hours late. Her boatman lost his balance and slipped into the river, with the same fate. It was with great difficulty that she could get the men in the river to tow her sampan back to shore, where she hunted out the little widow and the many, many children, who fortunately were left to burn the joss sticks and put out the chow for that wounded spirit. None of this is cruelty — those who have been here long deny that: it is an attempt to shield the group from the wrath of a defeated god.

If they want to study comparative religion, do not buy a book, buy a *ticket*. The laboratory is right here on the open street, with no charge for equipment.

China New Year

MY DEAR —,

The great season is here — this year on the eighth of February. The celebration is to last a fortnight — from the first to the fifteenth of the new moon. And oh, we are gay! The boulevards have nothing on us. Such scrubbing, such scraping, such sweeping, you have never seen. And faith, they need it! On this day, and this day only, dares one scrape all that soot from the bottom of the rice-pot. Everyone is gay. The

babies on the street all cry, 'Bing on! Bing on!' No 'foreign devil' now: it's China New Year! And oh, the girls look winsome in their embroidered silks — this year the fashion is for bright colors and small designs.

It's great fun in The Street to-night. Everybody must gather in enough shekels to pay his debts — or he will 'lose face.' No move in China but brings back that dread echo. There are shrill cries of lowered prices, and a low, alluring voice at my elbow says proudly, 'Missy, come talkee price.' It is pretty — 'A Ming,' he says.

'No, Chen Lung,' say I.

'Well, then, Chen Lung,' he admits grudgingly.

'How much?' I can now say in Chinese.

'You offer,' he replies in English, and bows low. And I know it would all be very simple if he and I could serve on the Committee on International Relationships.

The morning of the Odyssey

MY DEAR —,

Yesterday my good hostess said, 'Tomorrow be ready to go up-river. We will take the houseboat. Be ready to start at five.' She called back, 'Better not wear your fur coat — and no money in your purse — and the little wrist watch, better leave that behind!'

All this I took rather as a joke, until I heard the Chinese 'boy' asking very earnestly for 'Melican flag,' without which we dare not go.

In the hall stands a row of large baskets, just the shape of the Ali Baba jars, only done in wicker. Into them are going crockery, canned goods, eggs, marmalade, bread, a plentiful supply of tea and coffee and cocoa, a little fresh meat — and other things. In three of the largest are rugs and blankets and mattresses. The 'dang-boys' (burden-bearers) are here bright and early. Every one has across his shoulder a

bamboo pole, from each end of which is suspended one of the Ali Baba jars; for all our stuff must be transported to the river by men, such a thing as a truck or wagon being unknown.

But do not think we are off yet. Of course, some Ali Baba jars are heavier than other Ali Baba jars; hence, mutiny. Such clatter, such expletives, such anathema—all accompanied by threatening gestures. Our hostess knows what to do. The burdens are too heavy for five men: three more must be requisitioned and she will pay the extra fee. I assure thee those three conspirators came right straight up out of the ground. Also they disappeared mysteriously before we reached the bottom of the hill; but we paid to the original five the fee for eight.

Off they go, good-naturedly, carrying our burdens for miles, without a murmur, over muddy roads, along the stepping-stones that cross the rice paddies; sometimes wading the cold streams, which are a bit turbulent now.

Later

We are now three days on the river, — the little Ing-Tai (River of Eternal Happiness). I dare say that

In whole or in part
It is on no chart

So it's sail by a star, or stay!

I know it leads right into Paradise, this little river. Does n't thee want me to take a whole letter for it — the bandit and all? it's worth it.

INK HOK, CHINA
May Day

MY DEAR —,

'There is a river, the streams where . . . make glad the city of' — Foochow; and this moment I am on it, cuddled under the wicker hood of my little sampan, glad for a while to be part of this strange river life. Men, women, and children live and die on the river,

never having set foot on land. The river is as busy as Broadway, with sampans for motors, bamboo poles for horns, and brown, half-nude boatmen, each of whom must be his own accelerator.

We have pushed upstream into a quiet spot, and hoped to pass the rapids before sundown; but that is given over until to-morrow — like most enterprises in China. But never mind! The ubiquitous 'boy,' with easy Chinese ingenuity, has set up a little charcoal stove on our tiny deck: there is rice and there is bacon in the skillet. We purchase, for a 'little dime' (two coppers less than 'big dime'), a bagful of honey-sweet Amoy oranges, and there you are! Life is incredibly simple on a little river — a Little River of Eternal Happiness. The little river so christened itself a few æons ago — and it's no misnomer! It's quite dusk now, and I'm writing with my little burglar light, there being no fireflies (I wonder why).

Later

Very unexpectedly and suddenly I got a bit of illumination. I, too, like the people in the prophecy, 'have seen a great light' — a bunch of burning fagots. They are tied to a narrow punt, just a few poles' length from my deck, and they serve as footlights for this bit of drama. In one end of the punt stands a tall, brown human figure, motionless, and in the soft light of the burning rushes looking like a Tibetan god. In front of him I see clearly a little tub. Perched along the side of the punt are large birds, each with rather a close metal ring about his fair neck. Just as I am wondering if I have happened upon a Chinese circus, one of the birds rises with the faintest flutter, and silently drops into the water. The others follow as noiselessly. One by one they come back, each with a gleaming fish in its mouth. They

waddle up the floor of the punt, in solemn lock step; each, in turn, deposits his fish in the wooden tub and receives as *cumsha* (pourboire) a tiny minnow, a delicacy which he *can* swallow, despite the hard necklace. Down they go for further prey, and I realize with glee that I am watching the famous old cormorant fishing. Presently the miniature tub is full, the faggots are extinguished, and the punt moves shoreward with its load. Izaak Walton died too soon. This is fishing de luxe. Nothing could be easier, surer, less expensive. The cormorants are cheap, easily trained, are exquisite divers, and there is no bother for tackle or rod or bait. This is another illustration of the Chinaman's philosophy. Why do the barking when you have a yellow dog?

Shall I bring back a flock and introduce them on the Penobscot?

Still on the river

MY DEAR —,

It's an odd experience living with only human motors. We came this morning to the rapids. The boatman and his wife are partners, and they have reluctantly been making preparation for this event for over half an hour. The little woman boatman is seventy-four, she tells us, by Chinese count, which is seventy-three by ours. (Thee knows the Chinese count the day of birth as the second birthday, making thee a present of that prenatal year.) She is as lithe as a panther and can make her body, which is of almost unbelievable slenderness, do anything, in any way, at any time. She has children and children's children. Of her progeny, like her agility, apparently there is no end. But she is not thinking of the little sons, now: she is thinking only of the rapids, with the concentration which all the Chinese — high and low — have to wondrous degree. While her husband fastens a crossbar to our little

prow, she has rolled her trousers high above her knees and made them taut with a few skillful twists, girding her loins, literally, for what we perceive is to be a great physical effort. They both splash lightly, bare-limbed, into the water, making not the slightest sign, though the water is icy cold. A cable is tied to the crossbar, and the man wades ashore, giving one end of it to the shore puller.

We are keen to know the purpose of the crossbar, and presently we find out. The man returns, and both he and the bronze lady, with *foreheads* and hands pressed hard against the crossbar, wade upstream, thus augmenting with their pushing the pulling of the shoreman. They put up a good fight against the current, but it is too strong for them. They lose their footing. The little sampan skids perceptibly, then, to their great mortification, fatally, and we find ourselves slipping rapidly downstream, though the shoreman has dropped on his knees, pulling for dear life on the cable. There is much billingsgate from the shore. They are thoroughly angry, but persistent. They *must* make the rapids, or they will 'lose face' on the river; so patiently they turn and begin again. The little old lady has wrapped some bamboo around her forehead, so that she can stand the pressure of the crossbar, but otherwise she shows no sign of exhaustion.

Oh, but you should see us this time! Up we go, steadily, bravely, firmly, right up through the foaming water.

The little old lady scrambles back into the boat, agile as a cat, and drops on deck, where she lies for an hour thoroughly relaxed. Not a sign of triumph! 'How old are *you*?' she asks. 'How many children?'

Along the river

MY DEAR —,

We have stopped at one of the toy villages along the way, and such excite-

ment as we have caused! 'Hi, the flat feet! The flat feet! Come see the flat feet!' was the cry that preceded us; and long before we reached the bottom of the street, every man, woman, and child was out. The Chinaman gambles on everything under high heaven; and as we went over the hill, we heard them betting on whether C—— N——, who is extremely tall and well-built, was man or woman. 'The little one,' they said, 'she is a woman, we know. But the other one, the big one, with the large flat feet—no.' Surely 'big money' was lost and won that day, for when we returned to fill our baskets with oranges, we revealed our identity.

These little villages seem to be pure democracies. There is a headman, chosen because of power for leadership, but control is informal and coöperative. There are, I fancy, few problems, which means, not ideal conditions, but low standards. Rice and bamboo and oranges are easily come by; clothing is reduced to a minimum; the alfresco life is a healthy one; and, except for the temporary torture inflicted upon the girls in binding the feet, life, I should judge by their happy faces, is rather a painless affair. Demons are of course the *bête noire*; but, after all, the monastery is just over the hill, and if worse comes to worst, the lama will 'know how.'

Also, there are effective taboos. One provident villager has painted on his outside wall a valiant steed, solid blue and life-size. A tiger also is a good taboo-breaker: a phoenix will serve; best of all, a bat, which practically renders you immune. Then always there is the lama, who, in return for a bit of chow, will insert a sacred formula in the prayer-cylinder for you; the wind and a touch of the hand do the rest.

Buddhism came to China with a powerful equipment of deities, charms, and methods of exorcism, an equipment

which completely coalesced with a people who had no knowledge of secondary causes. It is not always easy for a religion which is amulet-less, and whose genius is suffering, to make headway. Of course, Christianity has the eternal advantage of a Personality.

When we came back to the little landing-place, we found our 'boy' looking uneasy, and a Chinese soldier was ensconced cosily in the sampan. We know only too well that soldiery and brigandage are synonyms here, and we share the boy's very evident discomfort. The soldier is told courteously that we are sorry, but we must be going. He smiles and says he will go with us. We again are sorry, but we have no room. No matter—he requires none. A hint from the 'boy,' and we display the flag. Reluctantly he goes, while we wonder how many more of him there are.

DEAR —,

Our little amah has drooped a bit lately. On Second Day morning, when she came to look out the 'broken stockings' for mending, there was the same gracious solicitude, but something was wrong. It was much more wrong than we knew. The doctor said at once, 'Hospital'—possibly an operation. The Chinese have an ancient, and in some respects a very good, medical system, but they know nothing of surgery; so perforce we took her to the foreign hospital. She hated it, with all its swept-up foreign ways. 'No can chow,' she said pitifully. 'No can sleep. No can see two dear little boys. Want to go home.' So they brought her home. Such a mean little place from our standpoint, with No. 1 wife in absolute control, low rooms, with no windows, and the messiest courtyard in China. The two little boys *were* the redeeming feature. She had barely greeted them when she slipped away. We are heartbroken.

That was three days back, and ever since, day and night, without a moment's intermission, the tom-toms have been going. To look over there is to behold a 'tumult, and many weeping and wailing greatly.' I quite understand why, when Jesus 'saw the flute-players and the crowd' in the home of his little friend, he said: 'Give place.' Yesterday and to-day there were processions of white-robed men and women to a spot about a quarter of a mile from the courtyard, where great piles of spirit money have been expended for use in the other world, delivery being by fire.

To-day was the day of burial, which, in this part of China, means that the casket is placed in an open field, near by, where it stays — a constant reminder. That is sacred ground. The exact spot is dictated by the magician. All day cymbals, flutes, and tambourines have gone on with endless repetition of the same weird melody. The service was held in the open courtyard. I could not understand the amorphous mutterings of the Buddhist priest. But, even to my untrained ears, it sounded like strange Chinese. I am told that, when Buddhism moved over into China, the ritual was translated *phonetically*, with the result that it now consists of a perfectly meaningless string of incantations, a kind of sacred *ene, mene, mine, mo*. While the priest chanted, each relative came forward and kow-towed eight times to him and eight times to the little body in the casket, now covered with a brilliant red winding-sheet, with a hole cut for the face.

We were glad when it was over, and the little cavalcade passed through the gate, followed by the same white-robed procession, only now they were waving great bunches of burning rushes. I loitered a moment: the silence was so welcome after three days' noise. A priest returned and carefully swept,

with burning faggots, every inch of the floor and the corners and walls — smoking out the evil spirits which love to haunt the places where the dead have lain.

As Chinese ceremonies go, these were very simple obsequies; but, even so, a *mou* of precious land had to be mortgaged to pay the bills. The priests certainly earn their fee if time and lung-power have market value. They chant constantly. The Buddhist and Taoist priests have rather a good thing of it financially, as the Confucianists have no burial rites, and the former are requisitioned by all, no matter what their faith.

Immortality is not in the realm of speculation here: it is an established fact, and most elaborate arrangements are made for the material comfort of those who have finished their course. I loitered to-day to see a funeral procession go by. Apparently the deceased was a man of means. The spirit chair, which preceded that in which the dead man lay, was of the most gorgeous old embroideries. Then came a sedan chair, a ricksha, horses, trays of food — *all made of paper* and life size. There were piles and piles of paper money, and, last of all, attendants carrying cleverly devised paper ladies, also life-size. These are *milord's concubines*.

A bit crass, it seems to us. But there is an infinitely lovely side to it all. The Chinaman has his 'cloud of witnesses.' 'Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,' can separate him from his kin. Whether here or there, they are an integral and formative part of his life.

MY DEAR —,

I marvel constantly at how near the spirit world is to them, and am wondering why that nearness could not be utilized by Christianity. Is it a thought-

form which could be utilized instead of eradicated? The missionaries say not, and I presume they know. But I've been thinking of the pagan customs which Paul requisitioned for the service of Christianity. I dined recently with a very interesting Chinese family. The girls are students at Yen Cheng College; the father is a mining engineer who had his training abroad. They are all perfectly familiar with the New Testament and other Christian literature, and are lured by the personality of the Master, and frankly say they are trying to rearrange their lives in accordance with his principles. They say as frankly that they will not accept Christianity — ancestor-worship is the barrier. The mother says rather archly, with pride in her English idiom, 'We think best to take no chance.'

FOOCHOW, CHINA
China New Year

MY DEAR —,

Perhaps thee thinks the dragon on thy sumptuous silk panel is a national fiction. But no! He's a reality. *I've seen him.* He's a gorgeous creature — fifty feet of lithe brilliancy, two great jaws that snap, two ironic red lips, and one big tongue that spits fire. I miss the ten great horns and the one little horn, but never mind. One must miss something — even in Cathay! I assure thee prophecy has been fulfilled. I have seen the 'fourth beast,' and he is 'dreadful and terrible and strong exceedingly' and 'diverse from all the beasts that were before it.' I have a feeling now that anything may happen. When I next write, the sun may be darkened and the moon may drip blood and the stars may be falling.

It was on this fashion. One of my young friends here chances to be from an old, conservative 'front' family. She's a true daughter of the gentry and the granddaughter of the head of the Confucian worship of this province.

She stopped me after class. Would I care to come, she asked modestly, 'to the courtyard to-night for one of the old family festivals, the Manœuvring of the Dragon? The dragon comes seldom now,' she says wistfully; 'grandfather says it does not belong to the Republic.'

'I will indeed come,' say I; and at nine I am there. At once there is tea and the inevitable watermelon seeds. Then the family come to greet 'the foreign lady.' I knew they were living in the old style, but fancy my surprise to find a little family of ninety — the eldest seventy-six, the youngest two. Think of birthdays every day in the year! I suddenly *know* the power of China. It's this ancient unit, the family. Only it's more than a family: it's a fortress! And it's majestic; it's impregnable; it's the only thing left in my little world for which I really save the word *immutable*.

I see only the feminine members of the family and the children. And oh, such children! I wish thee could see them — well-groomed, grave, reserved, and as the sands of the sea for multitude. The elder women are appareled in silks of wondrous texture and color. From the spotless rim of their skirts peep out the 'golden lilies,' encased in tiny, flowered-satin envelopes (it were blasphemy to call them shoes). I quite get the old emperor's point of view as to their loveliness: there's something extremely fetching about them.

Presently, in response to a summons of firecrackers, we go into the dim ancestral courtyard, and take our places primly on tall benches, our backs against the high wall. The courtyard is lovely under the silent stars. Everywhere there is the dignity, the courtesy, the poetry of an elder time. Never did I feel so shockingly new! But also I feel important. It's as if I were summoned to assist at the Last Great Assize. For

all this while there is writhing in the air above me a dreadful creature, more than fifty feet long, in hot pursuit of a rose-colored pearl. Our friend of the *Atlantic* is right, 'The devil has his miracles as well as the saints.' I shrink in terror when the convolutions of the beast bring his great head in my direction. He gets frantically involved, chiefly with his own tail, and there is a great struggle; but I early perceive that the victory is not to be to the strong. Always the rose-colored pearl escapes, and finally it drifts out over the door of the big gate. A long swift sweep of the head brings the dragon within reach of one of the children, who feeds him generous mouthfuls of firecrackers, whereupon he spits fire and venom for a bad quarter of an hour. When his rage is utterly spent, he drops ignominiously into the courtyard.

As we crawl down from our perches C—— N—— whispers, 'We've one on Alice.' Yes, I think, and on Daniel and Ezekiel. And then the amah brought us all jasmine tea and spaghetti (such spaghetti!) and Eight Precious Pudding (a Chinese ambrosia), and the Day of Judgment seemed less imminent.

I'll tell thee more of this wondrous night when I see thee: it is not easy to

write, — 'as easy as to turn a somersault in an oyster-shell,' which is a Chinese proverb.

The student conference for Fukien Province begins to-morrow, and that means a busy fortnight. Please say to B—— M—— that I want more of the beautifully embroidered linen, but I've hardly the conscience to get it. It is done in dark corners of the world, by children who expend on it, in a few short years, the vision that should last a lifetime. Where the missions have started industries, the situation is different: there beautiful work is done under better conditions. I have talked with an energetic New England woman whose ideal for her own missionary activity is—*A Model Industry in China*; and I think she is in the way of realizing it.

P.S. One feels the lure of the Orient here, where there are 'roses, roses, all the way,' like Pæstum. I acquired another tiny piece of lacquer to-day. It is concentrated sunshine. 'The subtle gods of Babylon' are all here. I keep saying

Forget me, Lord, if I forget
Jerusalem for Babylon.

I do quite see how Westerners come 'to live blindly and upon the hour' in the midst of all this age-old beauty.

THE VOCATION OF GRIEF

BY SIDNEY LOVETT

THE following pages owe their title to a conversation engaged in almost five years ago with one of the professors of the Union Theological Seminary. They owe their being to a feeling that much of the literature concerned with the fact of grief is largely meaningless, just as the verbal expression of grief either has become merely conventional or has lost that element of insight which conditions true sympathy. They come to rest, as they take their rise, in the soil of experience.

I

God has a way of preparing the human soul for the initial shock of grief. He induces, together with the impact of grief, a temporary numbness of mind, in order that human judgment may be held in suspense until a clear perspective of life again becomes possible. In fact, one is quite conscious of everything else save what has actually happened. This is one of the merciful provisions of God. He limits, for the moment, the range of human comprehension. Just as Nature provides that it shall take time for one to become aware of the loss of a limb, so God means that it shall take time for the mind to discover the full implications of an amputated life.

Very often irreparable harm is done by well-meaning men and women, who interfere with God in this most critical moment of all his delicate contacts with the human soul. Sometimes, this interruption takes the form of an

ingenious attempt to explain the situation. Despite the kindliness of intention, the effect upon the mind of the bereaved person is akin to the effect upon a blind man of telling him that, by the mere closing of the eyes, one may understand just what it means to be bereft of sight. Sometimes, there accompanies the explanation an impulsive laying-on of the hands. Again, however well-meaning the touch or the caress may be, the effect upon the sensibilities of the sorrowing is, for all the world, as if one should set about healing a fresh wound by a localized process of massage. At other times, there is an attempt at consolation in the vain repetition of certain pious phrases that are about as full of solace as is an axiom in geometry. Texts of scripture are rudely lifted out of their context, and quoted with great unction. Sorrow is hailed as one of God's choicest punitive measures which He visits upon the human soul. Or there is oftentimes loose talk about the privilege of bearing life's crosses, as if God were a kind of celestial huckster of roods, and no life was complete without one.

Such utterances generally bespeak either personal inexperience of the fact of bereavement, or a purely official connection with grief. They are recorded, not with any desire to make light of some of the customary ministrations of well-meaning comforters, but only to make it clear that all such expressions of sympathy are impotent, not so much because the form in which

they are cast is abjectly conventional, as because the occasion of their utterance is so ill-chosen. It is the hour when, at all costs, God must be unhindered in his remedial contact with the life, shocked by the impact of grief. God must be free to prepare the way for his own self-vindication, over against the inevitable moment of complete awakening wherein the human soul cries, 'clinging Heaven by the hems,' 'O God, what is this You have done to me?'

Fraught with immeasurable significance to the human soul as is this moment of disillusionment, it is of greater consequence still to God. Upon his answer to that query, and its reception or rejection, hangs something of his very life. Small wonder, then, in view of all this, that we had best be at great pains so to comport ourselves in speech and in action that by our silence strongly maintained, by our presence unoppressively near, by the anticipation of immediate needs before they are spoken, by the disposal of obvious details before they are become anxieties, we may make it easier for the fresh-broken heart of man and the oft-bruised heart of God to approach the crucial moment of expostulation and reply.

When the bereaved soul, in the first stark moment of complete disillusionment cries out to God, 'What is this You have done to me?' God makes invariable reply: 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' God would not, even if He could, get out of earshot when this passionate query is raised from out the fresh-broken heart of man. Rather than attempt to evade the suggestion of responsibility implied in this cry, God is forever coming forward, as it were, to assume it. But in his professed acceptance of responsibility for the blow that has fallen, God makes

one request of the human soul. God asks for time in which to make the whole situation clear. We may flatter ourselves by thinking that we have some conception of the element of time, some idea of its value and importance. But a day is a day with us, while with God 'one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.' So that, when God asks us for time in which to make things plain, He is asking us to believe with Him, that the part of existence which we can see and touch and experience here and now is but a slender time-point, in comparison with the vast totality of life.

It is here that there open before the grief-stricken soul two possible lines of action. God has been charged with being in some way responsible for the fact of bereavement. God has accepted the charge, with the single proviso that time be given Him in which to account for the full implications of his responsibility. Now, either God's request for time is rejected, and grief becomes a bitter rebellion of the soul against God, or God's boon is granted, and grief becomes a vocation, wherein the soul, 'with painful steps and slow,' follows on, to know just what it is that has happened, and why. In the fullness of time, knowledge that is human in its partiality will come to be knowledge that is godlike in its entirety. Upon the premise that God be taken at his word, when He declares, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter,' whereby the fact of grief becomes not a rebellion but a vocation, the pages that follow are founded. They venture to suggest in brief some of the practical and positive steps by which the stricken soul may move, if not swiftly, at least surely, toward that day wherein shall be clearly manifest the deep and hidden ways of God.

II

The religion of Jesus Christ offers to its adherents no cheap and easy solvent of the fact of grief. Rather, there is a sense in which a genuine faith in God enhances the poignancy of sorrow and suffering. To the person whose life never held any brief for God, or who thinks to have politely or impolitely bowed God out of his universe, the fact of grief, while it may induce an acute sensation of individual loss, presents no insoluble moral difficulties. Such an one can simply say: 'This is just what I have anticipated. There is no such being as a Father-God, who really loves and cares infinitely for all human kind. There is no such thing as an Omnipotent and Omniscient Mind, that has the power to compass a world-view and to consummate a world-plan. Here is proof final and positive.'

The fact of grief should be welcomed in some quarters as a perfect vindication of a God-less estimate of life. It should give some people the chance to say with genuine fervor, 'I told you so.' To the person who has become content with an emaciated conception of God and thinks of God as a 'good fellow,' possessed of fine intentions and trying honestly enough to make things better, but having on the whole a pretty hard time of it, the fact of grief, while it may occasion momentary suffering and sorrow, offers no baffling mental perplexities. Such an one can honestly say: 'Here is an instance when God was either not strong enough to contend successfully in the unequal struggle of life, or else He made a serious misjudgment. Nature, after all, is supremely indifferent, and her ways are ever retributive in their character. God tried hard, but somehow lost out.'

The fact of grief might well be hailed by some people as evidence of their

primary contention that, while God in the dawn-mists of Time fashioned the universe, and devised its mechanism, in these latter days He has allowed it to get out of hand.

But, to the man or woman who has come to see in the person and work of Jesus Christ the full manifestation of the person and work of God, who has accepted Jesus' characterization of God as a Father, caring infinitely for every soul of his own fashioning, dealing differently with his different children, and yet with all in love — to such an one the fact of grief, with its consequent suffering and pain, presents what appears at first sight to be a hopelessly insoluble problem. Between the spirit of the prayer wherein Our Lord enjoins us to address God as 'Our Father'; between the ascription contained in such a hymn as 'Love divine, all love excelling'; between the quiet confidence and peace of the Twenty-third Psalm, and the impact of the fact of grief, there seems to have opened a vast gulf of moral and mental embarrassments. There is nothing to be gained by seeking to minimize this situation, or by trying to evade its reality. For it is in the inevitable reality and hardness of the fact of grief that an initial foothold of hope is to be discovered in the abyss of grief.

There is a provision in life whereby bodily exhaustion seems in some way to create the capacity for sustained physical endurance. It is this that men experience who go to explore the poles of the earth and to scale its highest peaks. It is this that makes tired armies to win battles, and teams apparently beaten to emerge from contests victorious, and men and women, hard pressed in the strife of life, to

welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand,
but go.

How to account for this provision in life is impossible, save on the score of the spirit of man momentarily burning through the bodily shell of man, and pressing its flaming point in irresistible contact against the material exigencies of life, so that nothing is so welcome as the hard. This is just what may happen to anyone who, in the dread impact of grief, refuses to minimize the harshness of the blow, or to evade its reality, either by affecting a pallid piety that would substitute feelings for facts, or by striking some bold attitude of fatalism. The soul that enters upon the midnight of sorrow, fully aware of its hardness and clad with the spirit of him who said of old, 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me,' will be sure to discover, with the inevitable day-dawn, that the arms that gripped him about were not those of some gaunt spectre of despair, but the everlasting arms of God.

Quite the first step, then, in the vocation of grief, is to realize its hardness. In the very moment of this recognition there are sure to be released in the human soul powers of endurance that are unsuspected.

The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude.

So the poet tells us, but it is a fair question whether there be many who hold with him. If so be, there is little indication of the fact in human life. Jesus had his wilderness experience oft repeated in nights of vigil upon lonely uplands. St. Paul had his sojourn in Arabia, an experience reinduced, we may be sure, in hours of studied withdrawal from the rush and press of missionary labors. But it cannot be said of many people, as of Francis Thompson, that 'he made of silence his familiar.' For few have sedulously cultivated those resources of mind and spirit that make solitude endurable, or have trained themselves to keep silence

before God; to feast the inner eye of the heart upon Him; and to bend the inner ear of the soul in the secret places of the Most High. Without in any way discounting the beneficent mechanisms which have come to make the vast world a neighborhood, or making light of the gregarious instincts that are in a fair way to make the world a fellowship; without having in mind an ascetic withdrawal from life, or the tolerance of a morbid introspection of soul, it may be greatly affirmed that there is an instinctive need in every human life for that solitude which is heightened by the Presence of God, for that silence which is broken by voices not of this world.

The vocation of grief, beginning with a sense of ir retrievable loss, seems all too likely to spend itself in an impasse of loneliness. Desolation of body, together with a consequent isolation of soul, appear to empty the spirit of all recuperative power. No further evidence than this is needed to demonstrate the hardness of grief. But we have maintained already that in this very fact of its hardness there are to be found unguessed energies for enduring grief. The bereaved soul makes, for itself, this momentous discovery, when it comes to realize that solitude, far from being an aching void in which settlement is obligatory upon the soul, is rather a voluntary and 'fiery brooding' of the spirit upon the facts of life. It is the discovery of the range of

that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude,

and within whose vision the totality of life is encompassed, and seen to be all of one piece, a perfect whole, with none of the rough edges that present themselves to our immediate touch. It is this sight that fills the apparent emptiness of life with a wonderful sense of 'presence.' Rooms that one

dreaded to enter are found to be populous with life. Roads that one held to be forever solitary are come to echo with the familiar beat of soundless feet. Objects poignantly suggestive of tender associations past are become symbols of holier trysts to be. In due time, the human heart comes to welcome solitude as the immediate way of escape from the world of sense to that eternal city of God, whose spires break many a dull sky-line of life.

III

It is time to deal, at this point, with another foothold by which one rises from the abyss of grief to unsuspected levels of endurance. One cannot phrase the matter better than in the words of Richard Roberts, wherein he asserts 'that the greater and the better part of life is out of sight.'

To declare that 'the greater part of life is out of sight' is to state a truth by which we consciously or unconsciously live every day of our lives. We cannot see the air from which our lives draw sustenance with every breath. We cannot explain the nature of the agency that more and more is serving to turn the wheels of industry and commerce. Nor can we wholly chart the content of the subconscious self, which we know to play so genuine a part in the totality of life. Nor can we press with our hands the motives or the ideas by which we know ourselves to be ever led. Invisible are the highways that lead from out the centre of our thought, thronged with the soundless traffic of the mind. Beyond a peradventure, our daily experience is forever bearing witness to the fact that the greater part of life is out of sight.

To assert that the *better* as well as the greater part of life is out of sight, is to reinforce the practical considerations already touched upon with a

moral conviction of surpassing grandeur. To the authority of daily experience there is added the postulate of a timeless faith, that life, so far from being a blind alley of existence, is a vast channel of development, great with the possibility of endless growth and progress. In this faith a man studiously refuses to allow any other than God to have the final word in his universe. Though his ears be vexed by a jargon of imperious queries, though his vision be harrowed by the wraiths of fleeting doubts, though it be an eternity in coming, man waits for the 'everlasting yea' of God, which shall satisfy his every query with its answer, and confirm his faith in understanding.

The conviction that 'the greater and the better part of life is out of sight' is a strength-bearing thought, and the more quickly it is planted in the hard soil of bereavement, the richer is the increase of comfort assured. It comes to the grief-stricken soul with a refreshing suggestion of space, in which movement is forever possible without the jar and pain of the material contacts that irritate. It carries with it a sense of utter timelessness, which breaks the inexorable fall of the days, with a fine disregard for the temporal limitations of life. Best of all, it opens upon the soul a new world, and that not remote, but close at hand; not to be gained at some distant day, but to be enjoyed here and now; not to be spoken of with awesome tones, but to be lived in with immediate enthusiasm and ardor. From so simple a beginning as the faithful reiteration of the thought that 'the greater and the better part of life is out of sight,' there may come the growing assurance that there is in God the completion of all that is fragmentary and broken in life, and that our human life is but a troubled moment in the calm hour of God.

Of 'this greater and better part of life' which 'is out of sight,' no mortal has written with more feeling than the poet Francis Thompson:—

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars!—
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own day-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'T is ye, 't is your estrangèd faces
That miss the many-splendored thing.

And Jesus, living as He did in two worlds at the same time, was able to say of the one, from the vantage ground of the other, 'Let not your heart be troubled. . . . In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. . . . I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.'

Ever the 'valley of the shadow of death' opens upon the land of the spirit, where it is given to the grief-stricken soul to mark out here and now its little claim, and to go apart at will to improve its tenure. When at last the day of God breaks, and the shadows of the present hour are forever dissipated, and the old forms of life are become eternally new, it is the broken heart which shall find itself strangely rich in the treasures that are hid in heaven, and possessing already that 'inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.'

IV

In the office appointed for the burial of the dead, there occur the words: 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of

the Lord.' It does not in the least impair the power and splendor of such a profession of faith on the part of Job, to observe that, for some people, its introduction at the initial shock of grief is sometimes calculated to intensify rather than to allay the pain of grief. There will always be those who find, in the converse of the words of Job, that source of solace and strength whereby grief is held to be not a chastisement to be endured, but a vocation to be mastered. Therefore it may be well in this instance to place the primary emphasis, not upon that aspect of the fact of grief which seems to impoverish the human heart, but rather upon that element of compensation which will not be denied expression in this as in so many of life's occasions.

There is to be found in the life of John Bright an imperishable example of this quality of positive enrichment that tints the gloom of life with a kind of glory. He says:—

In the year 1841 I was at Leamington, and spent several months there. It was near the middle of September there fell upon me one of the heaviest blows that can visit any man. I found myself left there with none living of my house but a motherless child. Mr. Cobden called upon me the day after that event so terrible to me, and so prostrating. He said after some conversation, 'Don't allow this grief, great as it is, to weigh you down too much: there are at this moment, in thousands of homes in this country, wives and children who are dying of hunger. If you will come along with me, we will never rest till we have got rid of the Corn Law.'

Blessed indeed is the soul which, in the first passage with grief, has a Cobden to point out the way of immediate self-identification with some form of distress, of instant self-investment in the infinite sorrow of the race. There are those hinterlands of human experience, into which entrance is impossible

save to those who have come into possession of the talisman of personal sorrow and grief. There are those exigencies in human affairs, the understanding of which calls, not so much for the wisdom of the scholar or the persuasion of the preacher, as for the comforting presence of someone who is known to be of the true fane and fellowship of bereavement. There are ever in life those events that are inscrutable mysteries, and remain so to all save the initiate, who have been given to look upon death and live.

This fact it is which warrants the conviction that there is about so devastating a fact as grief an acquisitive quality, whereby the soul makes a certain holy gain out of what seems, at first sight, irreparable loss. So it is that, far from being impoverished by the incidence of personal sorrow, there is that indubitable sense in which the grief-stricken soul is made rich in a new and positive capacity to assuage with its own the world's sufferings. For the first time, it may be, a life finds itself, by reason of its own need, to be in possession of a power to discover for others where flow the hidden streams of solace. It may be that a life, erstwhile obscure and isolated, suddenly finds itself to be sought out by an increasing tide of human kind, who seek a sympathy that is compounded of experience and insight. Gradually life comes to be lived, not so much as a chalice of pain to be drained to the last bitter dregs, but as a vast measure of opportunity, to be filled with those healing ingredients that shall staunch the many and bitter wounds of the world, and make the burdens of human sorrow less grievous to be borne.

To think of grief as a vocation to be learned is to admit of grief as a teacher to be trusted. There is a blending here of the impersonal with the personal, which is altogether salutary. Not the

least of the positive aids that may accrue to the human soul from grief undertaken as a vocation, and from bereavement regarded as a tutor, is the realization that grief is able to bring to fruition, in a moment, as it were, many a rare virtue, into the cultivating of which under other auspices there may go years of unrequited effort.

There is no more favorable ground for the growing of humility than the soil of grief. Herein are latent properties, which somehow seem to lend themselves to the production of a state of mind that is remarkably free from the stain of self-sufficiency and the dross of pride. It may be by reason of the soul's voluntary acceptance of God's proffered assumption of responsibility for the incidence of grief, and a consequent willingness to give God time in which to make his inscrutable mysteries plain. Or, it may be that the glimpse of that greater and better part of life which is out of sight makes the soul supremely indifferent to the lure of all worldly preferments, and to love only in response to the invisible leadings of the spirit. Certain it is, however, that there may come to pass within a life, in the compass of a single hour, and under the tutelage of grief, such a breaking-up of the hard crust of self as may induce the culture of true humility, which years of conscious effort cannot avail to produce.

There is a rare sense of human fellowship that springs full-grown from the soil of grief. The very universality of sorrow seems to promote a corresponding community of understanding. The bitterly divisive power of such elements in life as nationality and creed and color cannot forever front the mighty fellowship of grief. They who are become initiates in the vocation of bereavement find themselves bound together in a comradeship that will admit of no surface distinctions of race

or rank. Companions in a great venture, they move onward toward a common hope, which is not revealed to other eyes, ever attended by tolerance and good-will. The mothers of the world, whom war has made childless; the lovers of the race, who await no earthly consummation of their love; the children of all lands, who must needs age into a happy childhood, keep step together to the eternal music of God's promises, which only they who sorrow may hear. This is that mighty crusade of compassion, which shall yet possess the citadel of human life for Christ and his love, and raise there the Cross of his eternal mercy.

The soul that grieves is ever the soul in flight. Like a bird startled from its covert by some rude alarm, the soul seems to take wing at the first shock of grief. It is this restless fugitive quality inherent in grief that oftentimes bears hardest upon the sensitive soul. Yet even here the bane is not without its blessing. For so it becomes possible for the storm-driven heart to envisage all life in terms of its own motion and flight, in the pursuit of goals rather than in the preservation of bounds and limits. Thus the very blow that desolates the soul is become as well the touch of deliverance upon the mind and the spirit, whereby it finds itself at once consorting with all souls of all ages who have worshiped a living God, who have cherished a growing religion, and who have dared to keep their minds mobile and open, in the face of driftings of doubt.

It is not to be gathered that grief is any fleckless Eden, where virtues grow in untrammelled loveliness. There are coarse growths and rank which issue from its soil, and which require a single eye for their detection and a firm hand for their uprooting. Yet, for all this, should there be overlooked those tender blooms of meekness and love and as-

piration, which grow most readily in the soil of bereavement?

Jesus Christ is often spoken of as 'a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.' This does not mean that He was devoid of the capacity to enjoy life, or that He was lacking in that resiliency of spirit which makes human life tolerable. He was no pallid ascetic, who drooped and languished under the lash of untoward circumstances. Rather, from childhood, Jesus looked at life clear-eyed, and it took shape, before his eyes, as a vocation to be learned and mastered. In such a spirit, and with an enthusiasm that was contagious, He set Himself about his Father's business. Sorrow and grief were his; but instead of being mastered by these twain, He laid them under the tribute of his belief in life as a divine calling, whereby the soul might grow to infinite stature and grace.

There are three events in Jesus' earthly ministry which, though separated in point of time, are bound together by a single moral purpose. The Wilderness experience, with which his public ministry opened, the Cross upon which it was held by some to have ended, and the Open Tomb, whereby his life was completely and forever vindicated — these three facts in Jesus' life are large with moral and spiritual import. There was the initial struggle for self-possession; and herein is to be seen the real meaning of the temptation experience. One cannot give away what one does not possess, and the fact of the Cross, with its self-denial, is inexplicable apart from Jesus' self-possession, sternly won and steadily maintained. By the same token, without self-denial, there can come to pass no real self-fulfillment. 'Except a kernel of wheat fall into the ground, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.' The Cross made inevitable the Open Tomb, with

its eternal guaranty to all men, not merely of immortality, but of a complete self-expression, which is, after all, that for which men hunger and thirst.

It is with the assurance, which is ours, through Jesus Christ, that life can not and will not stop short of a complete fulfillment of itself in God, that we may conclude these pages. Once more we find ourselves seeking refuge and strength in the thought that 'the greater and the better part of life is out of sight.' For it is this conviction that has within its possession the power to break down all barriers of time and space, to merge the future and the present in a blessed sense of timelessness, and to fill every mood and posture of the soul with a holy suggestion of Presence. When the heart that is weighed down by its

grief once sees for itself where gleam the spires of that eternal city, not made with hands, then is possible a new sense of direction to life. While many of the old landmarks may have been swept away by the sudden incursion of sorrow, there shines, more than ever lucent in the moral firmament, the star-promise of God. It is bright with the assurance that the exile march of human life, with all its weariness of body and heaviness of heart, shall not long be halted or ever concluded in the desert of despair and futility, but must move with irresistible purpose to the consummation of all that is partial, to the completion of all that is fragmentary, to the revelation of all that is hid, in Him from whom all life is come forth, and to Whom all life is set to return.

BEREAVEMENT

BY JEANNETTE TOMKINS

I do not want my body white to lie
In the dark earth when I have gone away;
The hands, that will both work for me and play,
The feet, that have gone always far and nigh
As I have wanted, the soft hair that I
Have loved to let fall down at close of day
And feel it warm about me; yet they say
I must to these forever say good-bye.

My soul, that is no part of me at all,
That I have never learned to understand,
Will go with me into that far-off land;
Yet when, unwillingly, I hear it call —
How shall I this endure, from life to sever,
To leave the lips that kissed my love, forever?

THE QUARE WOMEN. VI

MOONSHINE

BY LUCY FURMAN

I

THE night of the women's return from the funeral occasion, there was again some shooting down in the village, as there had been the night previous; and the women feared that Billy Lee was one of the culprits, as Lethie came up in his place to milk their cow next morning.

They were much troubled, and as Uncle Ephraim Kent, on account of rheumatism, was unable to come to his reading lesson Monday morning, Amy and Virginia, accompanied by Isabel, went across Troublesome after dinner, to consult with him on the subject. The Kent lands extended for a mile or two along the far side of the creek, and Uncle Ephraim's home was in a hollow opposite the village. They crossed on a long footlog, which was chained to a great water-elm on Uncle Ephraim's bank, so that it should not be entirely carried away by 'tides.'

The old man was sitting just inside the doorway of his ancient log house, trousers rolled up, and his legs from the knee down bound in red flannel. His wife placed chairs. It was Isabel's first visit to his home, and her eyes flew at once to the long old musket and the strange musical instrument that hung over his 'fireboard'; and as soon as possible she asked him about them.

The musket, it appeared, had been

the one used by his 'grandsir,' the old Cap'n, when he 'fit under Washington'; the dulcimer he himself had made when a young man courting his first wife (the present one was his second).

'Dulcimore,' he said, 'used to be the onliest music in this country — the knowledge how to make 'em and pick on 'em was fotched in by our forbears. But banjos and fiddles has nigh run 'em out now.'

At Isabel's urging, he picked a tune on the old dulcimer, laying it across his knees and using two quills, one to 'note' with, and one to pick with. The music was like the droning of a million mosquitoes.

He said that the old musket was still in use in his young days — that he had killed many a deer with it. 'Allus in them days I follered wearing red, because hit makes the deer stand at gaze. And' — pointing to the crimson linsey hunting-jacket that hung on a peg by the door — 'I'm still a-wearing hit, though there hain't been a deer seed in these parts for allus. In them early days I never bothered with no shoes, or even moccasins — the soles of my feet was so thick I could easy crush chestnut-burrs with 'em. And many's the time I have laid out all night in the pouring rain and never kotched ary cold. Present-day young folks hain't

no account — they have tendered theirselves too much.'

He also had his wife get out from a chest his greatest treasure — his grand-sir's old yellow, crumbling Bible, 'fotched out in his saddlebags when he come acrost from Old Virginny. And which now,' he said triumphantly, 'I can read myself, nigh as good as him.' So saying, he opened the faded pages at the Twenty-third Psalm, and, with some prompting from Amy at the hard words, read it through proudly.

The women then broached the subject of their visit — the shooting in the village the past two nights.

'I heard hit all,' said the old man. 'Hit hain't Fult and his crowd, or Darcy and his'n, thank God! but just some of the sprouting-age boys that has got hold of liquor some way, and tuck too much.'

'But where do they get the liquor?'

Uncle Ephraim shook his head. 'No deeficulty about that,' he said. 'Stillin' most gen'ally starts up pretty prompt attter the crap is laid by. You see, the folks in this country mostly feels they have got a fair right to do what pleases 'em with their corn they have raised, law or no law, and that the Gover'ment hain't got no business meddling. And I don't know but what they got right and jestic on their side, so fur as right and jestic goes. But what I look at is, the devilish harm the liquor does. Casting an eye back over a long lifetime, and the awful wickedness of men, and the general meanness of their manœuvres, I can't hardly ricollect a wrong that did n't have whiskey behind hit or mixed up in hit. The infamous stuff!' he cried, leaning forward in his chair with clenched hands, 'hit ought to be buried face downward, unfathomed deep, and writ over the grave, "No resurrection"!''

Settling back in his chair after a moment, he continued in a different

voice, 'Folks is allus a-counseling me, "Take a leetle corn-liquor for your rheumatiz", hit's the holpingest medicine ever was made." And so hit may be. But I'd sooner stand the pain as to pour that devil's potion down my neck. Now don't you get tore up in your minds over them boys, women — I'll ax around and try to get on the track of where they're getting that liquor.'

In the evening, just before the 'sing,' the women spoke to Fult.

'Them boys need to have their necks broke for drinking too much and disturbing your peace that way,' he said; 'they ought to know when to stop. If I'd a-been in town, I'd a learnt 'em. Hit won't happen no more; I'll put fear in 'em before I leave.'

Sure enough, it did not happen again that week, and the women's fears were laid to rest.

So, also, were Isabel's. Fult's behavior toward her during the weeks was perfect. When he and his crowd rode in from the farm for the late afternoon play-parties, he was friendly and pleasant, chose Lethie and herself impartially for his partners, made no effort whatever to see her alone, either then or after the evening 'sings,' and did not permit himself so much as a glance that would trouble her. Occasionally he and his friends would be absent at one or the other time; but usually they were on hand, as were also Darcy and his crowd, and the women congratulated themselves that the young men, the dangerous element, were keeping entirely out of trouble.

Every afternoon the heads of the work, Virginia and Amy, continued their walks, visiting the homes up all the creeks and branches within a radius of five or six miles, often not returning until nearly dark. On account of helping with the play-parties in the afternoon and conducting the sings in the evening, Isabel could not join these

expeditions, much as she longed to. But when she learned that they proposed going up Noah's Run Saturday afternoon, she declared she would for once desert duty and go along. The previous Saturday a woman from the head of that branch had visited the hill, with a tiny, withered baby in a black-calico dress with white polka dots; and the appearance of the poor little creature had so wrought upon Isabel that she decided to follow it up.

Saturday morning she hastily made a little dress and cap from one of her own pretty petticoats, bought the remainder of a very primitive baby outfit down in the village, and was ready to start with the others after dinner.

II

They followed Troublesome for a couple of miles, then turned up the winding branch that bore the name Noah's Run. Less than a mile from its mouth was a small store, with nags tied to limbs outside, and men sitting on the puncheon benches in front. The storekeeper's home, a neat, weather-boarded house, was the first visited. The wife welcomed the women as old friends, having visited them on the hill, and her nine children also having attended the classes pretty regularly. They asked her, among other things, if typhoid had as yet appeared up her branch; there were already two or three cases of it in the village, where it seemed to be expected as confidently as the coming of summer. She said it had not yet begun on Noah's Run, though everybody was looking for it.

'Everybody on the branch is a-trying to stave hit off by dosing up on corn-liquor. A draap all around is what me and my man and all our young-uns takes of a morning and of a night.'

To their suggestions that drinking-

water be boiled and flies be kept away from food, she was impervious. 'Corn-liquor's the shorest way,' she said.

Hers was the last and only house on the branch which had a window, the others being all windowless log cabins.

At the first of these, the mother, fat, flabby, and dirty, claimed to have been unable to visit the hill because of poor health. 'I got the breast complaint — some calls hit the galloping consumpt', she informed them, proudly. She sat complacently on the small, rotting porch, fanning herself with a turkey-wing, while a dozen tow-headed children (boys wearing a single garment, — a cotton shirt, — girls in ragged cotton dresses) gathered around to stare with steady, unblinking eyes at the strangers, and numerous chickens and ducks, and a large litter of pigs, wandered through porch and house.

'I have heared a sight about you quare women, and have longed to lay eyes on you,' the invalid said. 'The quarest thing I heared was that not nary one of you had a man.'

They admitted the truth of this rumor, and she gave them another searching inspection, remarking afterward, —

'Don't none of you appear to be pining, though — I allow you have got past hit. I've heared old maids has a mighty happy time when they git through strugglin'.'

What did she do for her 'breast complaint'? Well, a nip of corn-liquor was the 'clearingest' thing known for breast and neck. Was it hard to get? Oh, not now, since the crap was laid by.

Were her children in school? No, indeed; there was n't any school to go to on Noah's Run — never had been. She would like to see her boys get larning — hit helped a man along; but as for gals, she herself had gotten on without any, and she allowed women

were in general better off without it. 'Not meaning no disrespect to you that have got hit,' she hastened to add. 'But you see yourself how hit is — a woman that sets out to ketch larning is mighty apt not to ketch her a man.'

On the porch of the next cabin stood a great loom and two spinning wheels. The woman of the house was out in the middle of the branch, washing wool by treading it in a loose basket. She let down her skirts, dried her hands on her apron, and hurried toward the guests, taking them through a clean-swept yard into a clean-swept cabin. Everything was clean — the floor, the chairs, the three fat beds in the room, the broad hearth, her own gnarled hands and striped homespun dress and apron, the shirts of her boys, the faded dresses of her girls. She said she had only seven children at home now, her 'main oldest' boy having died a few years back, and her three oldest girls having married. She said this oldest boy had been a 'pure scholar'; that although he had never 'sot in a schoolhouse' a day in his life, he had in some way got hold of a speller, and taught himself his letters, and before he got through could spell every word in the book, backwards or forwards, and knew all the reading the same way. If he had lived, it was 'ontelling' what heights he would have climbed to.

'Davy there, my thirteen-year-old, he has the like ambition,' she said, pointing at a boy whose fine, intelligent face flushed under their gaze. 'He'll larn, someway or nother, though I don't know how; for, though there's a big mess of young-uns on this branch, there hain't a sign of a school, nor likely to be, 'pears like.'

One of the younger boys lay across the foot of one of the beds, with his throat tied up. 'He follers having the quinzey,' said his mother. To the question, What do you do for him?

she replied, 'We make him set and rest frequent at corn-hoeing time, and I give him a little corn-liquor to kindly help him up when hit's handy. He's a smart-turned child, too — all my young-uns is, if they could jest get a chanst.'

The next cabin was that of a young pair only three years married, but in this time they had done their utmost in the way of replenishing the earth, as three 'least ones' attested. The home following was that of a pair of grandparents, who, having raised one large family, had now started again with eight orphan grandchildren. They, and the mother of thirteen in the next cabin, expressed fervent wishes that their young should have a chance at 'larning'; and in reply to the question as to what they were doing to prevent typhoid, responded, as others had done, that a little grain of corn-liquor was the best preventive known.

So far, the women had counted fifty-two children in the branch. In the next house there were eleven; and the home of the black-calico baby, at the head of the branch, four miles from its mouth, remained to be visited.

Arriving there, they saw the mother beside the branch, 'batting' the clothes she had just washed and boiled in a big iron kettle. She would lift them out of the kettle, lay them on a smooth stump, and then beat, or 'batle,' them with a flat stick. Evidently washboards were an unknown luxury up Noah's Run.

She came forward with joy when she saw the visitors. The wizened baby, still in the black-calico dress and a very dirty cap, lay on a pallet beneath a big apple tree, with a swarm of flies hovering over it, which an old, old woman who sat by, smoking a pipe, dispersed every now and then with a leafy switch. She took the pipe from her mouth to gaze at the strangers.

'Is them the quare women, Phronie?' she asked.

'Hit is,' replied Phronie.

'That hain't got ary man amongst 'em?'

'The same,' replied Phronie; then, to the visitors, 'This here is my maw's old granny that lives with me; she's terrible old — I allow nigh a hunderd. She don't like to live with none of her grands but me.'

'Stop talking and set cheers for 'em, Phronie,' commanded the old lady, sharply.

Whereupon Phronie went into the house and fetched out two chairs, which, with the one the grandmother sat upon, appeared to be the entire stock. When the other two visitors were seated, Isabel, picking up the poor little baby, from whose eyes the experience and suffering of ages looked out, took her seat on a convenient tree-root, whither the other children, who had scattered like rabbits on the appearance of the women, slowly gathered — nine besides the baby.

Here the old lady, with the remark, 'I was about to forgit my manners,' made a sudden dive into her pocket and brought forth a cob pipe similar to the one she was smoking, and a twist of tobacco, handing them to Virginia, with the invitation, 'Take a smoke.'

'Thank you,' said Virginia, 'but I don't smoke.'

'Don't you now? Well, that's quare — I'd larn hit if I was you. My ole granny used to look so pretty a-smoking. I kotched hit from her, same as I ketched my trade.'

'She follers doctoring women when their time comes,' explained Phronie.

'Me and my ole granny together has brung very nigh all the babes that come to this country for a hunderd year,' boasted the old woman. 'But, women, if you don't smoke, take a chaw.'

'No, thanks, I believe not.'

The old soul looked crestfallen. 'I allow you foller chawing manufact', and this here hain't nothing but home-made,' she apologized.

'No, I should prefer this to manufactured if I took it at all,' Virginia assured her, and to Phronie she said, 'Tell us more about your baby. How old is it?'

'Well, women,' said Phronie, in a surprised tone, 'I don't rightly know. Hit were borned quite a spell before corn-crapping time — about three or four week', were n't hit, Granny?'

'Nigher five,' Granny replied. 'I ricollect hit by the dark of the moon.'

'Then it's around four months old?'

'I reckon. But hit hain't growed none sence the day hit come.'

'Has it been sick?'

'No, hit don't appear to be — never hollers or cries none; I never seed a civiler baby. Hit jest lays and pines and pindles.'

'Do you nurse it yourself?'

'Give hit suck, you mean? Yes, I allus have a plenty for two young-uns. And hit'll mostly take the teat all right, but will jest kindly mouth hit, and not suck hearty like t' other young-uns.'

'What do you do for it?'

'Nary thing on earth but give hit good corn-liquor reg'lar. I seed from the start hit was puny-like, and commenced right off dosing hit generous, four or five times a day, to help up its stren'th and wake up hit's appetite.'

'To help up hit's stren'th and wake up hit's appetite,' echoed the old granny, in her high, cracked voice; 'hain't nothing like good corn-liquor, for young or old.'

'And hit was hard to get, too, at corn-crapping time,' complained Phronie; 'but,' virtuously, 'I allus managed.'

'If I were you, I would not give it any more,' said Amy. 'Doctors nowadays say it is very bad for babies, and

stunts their growth and poisons them badly. Suppose you try for a couple of weeks not giving it any.'

Phronie and Granny looked at her in open-mouthed amazement.

'Phronie,' said the old lady at last, 'these here quare women has got a sight of book-larning, and if they was to spend their opinions on books, I'd listen at 'em. But what does a passel of old maids, that hain't got a baby to their names, know about babies?'

Phronie's objection was on a different ground. 'Hit would look too mean,' she said, 'for me to drink hit myself and not give none to my child.'

'Try leaving it off yourself, and see if your milk won't agree better with the baby,' suggested Virginia.

But the old lady spoke authoritatively: 'Hain't nothing like liquor for nursing mothers.'

The women were silenced. But Isabel opened her bundle and exhibited the things she had brought for the baby, and asked if she might give it a warm bath and dress it up.

Phronie immediately set things going. Two of the boys were ordered to chop wood and make up again the fire under the big kettle, another to draw water from the well, one of the little girls ran for the family towel, another for the soft soap, another for the dish-pan. And there, under the apple tree, in the dish-pan, Isabel gave the poor little skeleton baby the first comfortable bath it had ever had in its life, drying it afterward, not with the soiled, stiff family towel, but with one of the soft rags she had brought. She bathed it — all but its head; for on this point Granny and Phronie were adamant. To wash a babe's head, or leave off its cap, under a year, was certain death. 'And I love my child too good to run any risk,' said Phronie. The best Isabel could do was to put the clean cap on the dirty little head.

The small creature looked up at her out of its age-old eyes, and rewarded her by going to sleep in her arms.

Phronie insisted that the women should stay to supper, the afternoon being about gone. They had brought sandwiches with them in case of a late return, but accepted her invitation.

Four or five of the children then ran down a chicken, which Phronie killed and fried. She also warmed up a pot of string beans, and made biscuit and coffee, and the visitors sat down to a plentiful supper, occupying the three chairs, while Ben, Phronie's husband, sat on the churn, and the nine children, not greedy and grabbing as most would have been, but always quiet and 'civil,' stood and ate. The women felt it to be a shame that such well-behaved, and apparently bright children, should be six miles away from a schoolhouse, and entirely cut off from opportunity.

III

When the guests were ready to start home, Phronie said there was a 'nigher' way for them to return by than the one they had taken coming — that the walk might be shortened two miles by going along the ridge-tops. This idea appealed — they knew it could not get very dark, because the full moon would be rising too soon. So Ben took them up the mountain in the rear, and a short way along the ridge, leaving them with the directions, 'All you got to do is to keep to the main ridge, whichever way hit winds, and not turn off on no spur; and hit'll fetch you right out over them cloth houses of your'n. And there hain't no varmints to bother you, less'n hit is a few rattle-snakes, which, if you don't step on 'em, won't do you no harm.'

The sun had long since set, but they went along in the clear evening light with an exhilarating view of other

ridges stretching off on every side. Along the ridge-top was a narrow, hard-rock formation, which had resisted the wear and tear of ages, and which made a good, clear path, and lifted them pretty well above the timber save where a great yellow poplar thrust its giant head up here and there. In the narrow valleys below, mist was already gathering. Pale stars came out and steadily brightened; but the women walked on in the dusk unafraid.

At last, after they had gone on for an hour, Virginia exclaimed, 'I think I know where we are now. To the right is the valley of Troublesome, and the land below us must be Fallon's, where Fult and his friends are getting out timber. And oh, there's the flush in the east where the moon is rising.'

An instant later Isabel exclaimed, 'Is n't that a light down in the timber just ahead of us?'

'Yes, it certainly is; probably Fult and the boys are having a 'possum hunt.'

'It seems to be a steady glow, not a moving lantern.'

'Well, a 'possum supper, then.'

They went on in silence, keeping an eye on the light, which was now just below them, apparently at the base of the rock, or cliff, they were on. Then they heard the murmur of voices. A thick curtain of grapevine here hung in and between the trees, so that in the daytime vision could never have penetrated to what was beneath. But now, through the interstices, they could plainly see, about thirty feet below them, the steady glow of a large fire, which appeared to be under a sort of furnace of rock; a number of planks and barrels; several rifles leaning against a tree; and some of Fult's crowd of young men. Four were engaged in a game of cards, by the light of the furnace; another was watching the game and feeding the furnace with an occa-

sional chunk of wood; still another was working at the barrels; while the last — Charlie Lee — was sampling the tiny stream that trickled from a pipe in the barrel nearest the furnace and fell into a bucket. Fult himself was nowhere to be seen.

'These boys are not having any 'possum supper,' said Virginia, in a shocked voice; 'they are running a still.'

'Oh, they could n't,' exclaimed Amy, 'after all Fult's promises to us.'

'I've been wild to see a still all my life,' said Isabel.

The three stood rooted, gazing with all their eyes. As they looked, Fult himself, rifle on arm (evidently he had been on guard below), stepped into the circle of light.

'Mend up the fire, boys,' he ordered; 'we want to finish this last run-off. Hit ought to be nigh done now. Charlie, quit tasting them strong shots — you hain't able to stand hit.'

Stooping over, he tasted a 'shot' himself, to tell about the stage of the liquor. At the same moment Isabel, in her consuming desire to see the fuller workings of the still, stepped nearer to the cliff-edge, and with her foot struck a small rock, scarcely more than a pebble, which bounded off the cliff. It could not have made much noise in falling; but instantly the furnace light was completely muffled, every voice was stilled. Then, before any of the women could stir, a bullet whizzed just over Isabel's head, and a sharp command of 'Halt!' rang out. There was a sound as of someone scrambling up through trees and vines, and in another instant Fult, rifle in hand, stepped on the cliff before them, into the moonlight.

He looked, and stood as if turned to stone.

For a long moment nobody spoke. Then Amy found her voice.

'We were spending the afternoon on Noah's Run,' she said, 'and the people kept us to supper and sent us back the near way, over the ridges. We saw the light, and wondered what it could be, and stopped to see.'

'I allow you found out,' laughed Fult, unpleasantly.

'We did; but with no intention of spying. We did not dream you would do such a thing as run a still.'

'I never drempt either hit could be you women, or I would n't have shot when I heard the rock fall, and seed a head again' the sky-line.'

'I suppose you have forgotten all your promises to us,' said Virginia sadly.

'I hain't broke a single promise to you,' replied Fult, indignantly. 'I don't break my word. Nary one of my crowd hain't done a bit of drinking or shooting or broke the peace in any way.'

'But the liquor you are making?'

'Hit ain't for this country. I aim to take hit to the Virginny line and sell hit there at the mines, where I can get a good price.'

'But you did let some of the younger boys get hold of some, did n't you?'

'I give a jug unthoughted to Bob Ainslee for going an arrand, never thinking of him and t' other young boys getting drunk on hit.'

'Oh, why do you do these things which distress us so, and which are directly against the law?' implored Amy.

'Laws hain't nothing to me if they're onjust,' he declared, defiantly; 'I don't think hit's wrong to use the corn I have raised in stilling liquor, or I would n't do hit. But,' in a changed and troubled voice, 'I would n't have had you women see this still for a thousand dollars.'

'Why?'

'Oh, because you look at things different from me. You have got strange

notions. You don't understand our ways up here.'

He cast a desperate, searching glance into Isabel's face, as if in the wild hope of finding some understanding and sympathy there. But her eyes were dropped.

There seemed nothing more to be said on either side. The women turned away and began their homeward walk.

'Won't — won't you let me — or Charlie — see you safe home?' Fult asked, in a choked voice.

'No, we feel safer alone, thank you,' replied Virginia.

And they walked on, leaving Fult standing like a statue.

Three hours later, the six women on the hill were awakened from slumber by the most frightful sounds — rapid shooting, hard galloping, blood-curdling whoops and yells — down in the village street, and knew only too well that Fult and his crowd had drunk deeply and ridden in to 'shoot up' the town. Compared with this, the scattering shots of the previous Saturday and Sunday nights had been but feeble child's play. For an hour, death and destruction seemed to be let loose. The women lay trembling in their tents, hoping against hope that no one would be killed, feeling that their summer's work had been utterly in vain; while down in the village mothers crawled under beds with their children and lay flattened against the floor, to dodge the flying bullets.

Every person in the village sought safety but one — that one was Lethie. Directly over the street where the frenzied boys dashed back and forth, she knelt by her window, following Fult's figure in wild apprehension and terror, and sending up incoherent prayers for his safety. It was nights such as this which had saddened and aged the child beyond her years.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PLANTS

BY CLIFFORD H. FARR

I

THE subject of this paper is chosen with the full realization that it savors of heresy at the outset. The answer to the question, Are plants conscious? seems so self-evident, that this question would scarcely be chosen for use in an intelligence test for college freshmen. It perhaps might find a better place among the conundrums which the psychiatrist holds in store for his patients.

It was none other than Aristotle who stated clearly and conclusively: Animals have souls, plants do not. And then, as if to make it doubly sure, the renowned Linneus began his great work by writing:—

Lapides crescunt;
Vegetabilia crescunt et vivunt;
Animalia crescunt et vivunt et sentiunt.'

(Stones grow; plants grow and live; animals grow, live, and are sensitive.) Indeed, the very word 'animal' comes from the Latin *anima*, meaning soul, spirit, mind. And therefore, by derivation itself, plants are found to be devoid of consciousness.

Charles Bonnet, nearly two hundred years ago, arranged natural beings in a single series, varying all the way from complete soullessness to complete soulfulness. The series is as follows: rocks — corals — truffles — plants — *mimosa* — sea-nettles — polyps — worms — crustaceans — snails — snakes — eels — fish — flying fish — birds — bats — quadrupeds — man — angels — archangels — seraphim.

It will be observed that, in this list of twenty-one forms, the fourth from the soulless end is the plant, and the fourth from the other extreme is man. Charles Bonnet would say, then, in modern language, that the question as to whether or not the plant has a soul is a matter of relativity. As compared with rocks, plants do have souls; as compared with man, they do not. A similar situation would obtain with respect to man. As compared with plants, he has a soul; but in relation to archangels and seraphim, he has none.

Professor Titchener writes: 'The plant mind, if there is such a thing, must be so extraordinarily rudimentary and so totally different from our own, that it is hopeless to try to form an idea of it.' And so I hereupon apologize to my readers for inviting their attention to a hopeless proposition.

However, I have the conviction that, had Dr. Titchener devoted as much time to the study of plant psychology as he did to human psychology, using the same methods, he would have arrived at the conclusion that the mind of the plant, far from being 'extraordinarily rudimentary,' is really extraordinarily well-developed.

In the first place, we must agree to expect nothing of plant-consciousness which we do not expect of human consciousness. The domain of human consciousness is limited; and no small part of our hesitancy about plant-consciousness, is, I believe, due to the fact that

we look for feats of psychic behavior in plants which really transcend the limits of human consciousness, and, not finding such, we turn away disappointed, or, shall I say, happy in the feeling of 'I told you so.'

We must realize that human consciousness has nothing at all to do with the fundamental processes of life. Consciousness may step in and control for a short period of time the rate at which we breathe; but it can have no effect in the long run upon the amount of oxygen which passes into our bodies, or the amount of carbon dioxide exhaled. Much less can it have any effect upon the intimate intracellular processes of respiration and assimilation. Neither does consciousness enter into the process of digestion (though perhaps the same cannot be said of indigestion). Not only are growth and development entirely free from conscious control, but, I presume, growing pains are the only instance of their ever pushing up into the conscious realm at all. The human being is not ordinarily conscious of the clotting of blood or of the healing of wounds, to say nothing of exercising any psychic control over them. The most we can do is to make conditions favorable for such processes.

It is not reasonable, therefore, for us to expect that the fundamental life-processes of plants should prove to be conscious acts. If we find that synthesis, assimilation, respiration, conduction, digestion, transpiration, growth, and regeneration are not conscious processes in plants, we shall not be at all surprised. In fact, if the reverse should prove to be true, we should indeed be very much amazed.

II

There appear to be three chief aspects of the domain of conscious human behavior. First among these is protec-

tion in an emergency; that is, enabling the organism to avoid danger. This includes mechanical injury, danger from extremes of temperature, from unfavorable gas-relations, from animal enemies, and from injurious substances in our foods. And so the sense-organs of taste, smell, contact, temperature, sound, and sight set up processes in our minds, enabling us to adjust ourselves with respect to our environment.

The second phase of human consciousness consists in enabling the organism to get food. As evolution has gone on, the animal has found it necessary to devote less and less conscious effort to protection, and more and more conscious effort to getting food. Even the physician, who is devoting all of his superior intelligence to protecting the community, and the policeman, who is devoting all of his superior physique to the same end, must confess to themselves that they are only earning their daily bread.

And the third phase of human conscious effort is in procreation. While the developmental processes which that act initiates are entirely beyond intelligent control, yet the reproduction of the species is in its inception a conscious act. And with it are bound up many of the feelings and emotions which play such a large part in art and music and the movies, and which make for so much of weal and woe.

It would be the logical thing, then, in looking for the existence of consciousness in plants, to investigate the possibility of its expression in protection, food-getting, and reproduction.

But, the skeptic will say, plants cannot move anyway, and therefore they cannot protect themselves; plants make their own food, and therefore they have no need to go out and look for it, or dig for it, or fight for it; furthermore, insects carry the pollen from one flower to another, and so

plants have no need of love or hatred in relation to their sexual life. But to this logic let us not yield too readily.

The most valuable method of the psychologist is introspection. In fact, it is the only method which gives conclusive results. I know that I have a mind; but I do not know positively that anyone else in the world is conscious. Someone has written: 'Mental processes are those which form part of the experience of one person only.' How consoling this thought must be to the psychopathic individual, to know that, however hard the psychiatrist may try, he cannot find what is in his patient's mind. And who knows but that plants laugh in like manner at our hopeless efforts to understand them?

All study of minds other than my own, then, rests upon analogy entirely. You behave in a similar way to me, and therefore I conclude that you must have a mind. You have the same structure of sense-organs, brain, and motor-mechanism that I have, and therefore I conclude that your psychic life is like mine. My contention, therefore, in this paper, is that I can demonstrate just as well that the plant has a mind as that you have a mind. Both are matters of analogy of structure and behavior.

The monkey and the parrot have sense-organs and brains; their behavior is quite similar to mine; and therefore I conclude that they too have minds and are conscious. And so on down the animal kingdom: I find no place where I can draw a line and say the animals on this side are conscious and those on the other side are not. Jennings, Mast, and others have shown such wonderful feats of behavior in the lowest group of animals, the Protozoa, that I find it impossible to separate them psychologically from the higher forms.

But the lowest forms of animal life are indistinguishable from the lowest

forms of plant life. Let me challenge anyone to tell whether the flagellate, *Euglena*, is an animal or a plant. If the Protozoa have minds, then *Euglena* must have a mind. And if *Euglena* has consciousness, then must also *Chlamydomonas*, which behaves almost exactly like it. And before we know it, we have climbed down out of the animal tree and are starting up the plant tree, without having touched *terra firma* at all. In fact, we find that the two trees have a common root-system, and that the latex of human kindness permeates the veins of all their branches alike.

As for structure, plants are composed of cells as are animals. The living part of the plant cell is like that of the animal cell, with the exception that the former in some instances contains plastids. These are the centres of food formation. It is very difficult to imagine how the possession of such structures in relatively few cells would result in a lack of consciousness.

Unlike the animal cell, however, every plant cell is enveloped by a more or less rigid cell-wall. This wall prevents the plant cell from readily changing its shape or size, and hence the development of motor tissue in plants is all but entirely prevented. The plant is thus structurally almost totally deprived of the ability to express internal experiences, either physical or psychical, by movements of its body. We must take this into account when we attempt to determine whether or not plants display mental traits. They may be just as sensitive as are animals; they may feel just as keenly, and think and associate just as well; but they rarely have the opportunity of expressing their sensations or feelings by motor-activity. Do we think the mourner who bears his grief in silence less sensitive than the one who weeps? If we should place an animal in a plaster-of-paris cast and, after stimulating it,

find that it is unable to react, should we conclude that it does not experience sensations or feelings?

But, despite the general inability of plants to express their psychic life by motor-responses, the plant nevertheless has sense-organs, tracts for the transmission of impulses, and some motor-organs for response.

The sense-organ of equilibrium of the plant is constructed upon the same general plan as are the semi-circular canals within the human ear; but it is much more delicate and efficient in its response. In the very tip of the root there are very small grains inside of cells. If these grains are brought into contact with any side of the cell-membrane except the normally lower side, as they would be in case the root were placed horizontal, a stimulus is initiated in these cells, which is carried up the root several millimetres to a motor-organ, and the root gradually bends down until the tip becomes exactly vertical again.

The human mechanism for equilibrium is not very delicate when compared with these plant organs. The human body must be moved several degrees from the vertical before any impression is made upon consciousness; but the plant responds to the slightest departure from the vertical. Aviators tell us that they do not know whether they are right-side-up or upside-down after they have been in the air for a time. Thus, when put to a severe test, the human mechanism for equilibrium becomes entirely inadequate for the situation. Not so with the plant. I can rotate a plant on a clinostat for hours, or even days, and it will respond to the stimulus of gravity at the close of this interval just as readily as a plant that has been standing upright.

There are sense-organs for contact in plants, especially prominent in the case of tendrils, of leaves of certain

insectivorous plants, and of the stamens of the barberry. If the hairs on a leaf of *Dionea* are touched, a stimulus will be transmitted to a motor-organ in the mid-vein. This will result in the leaf closing, as does a book.

There are sense-organs for the reception of light in leaves, and motor-organs which respond. In most leaves these motor-organs are microscopic in size, and hence the ordinary observer does not see the movement of a part of the plant in response to light. However, in the sensitive plant, *Mimosa*, the movement is of such magnitude that it is plainly visible to everyone. This plant has its leaflets folded when in the dark. If light is thrown upon them, they open. The light stimulus is received by the sense-organs, transmitted by conductive tracts to motor-organs, and we see the response, in just the same way you rise to draw the shade when the sun beams in upon the book you are reading.

The special tracts along which the impulses are transmitted are known as sieve tubes. These very much elongated cells are arranged end to end, and form a continuous line of communication from the tip of the leaf to the tip of the root. Furthermore, they extend into every vein of every leaf, forming here a wonderful network of paths of transmission of stimuli. Miss Lewis has recently discovered that in practically all ordinary leaves every cell is within one tenth of a millimetre, which is one two-hundred-and-fiftieth of an inch, of the nearest vein. In the human hand there are some cells as much as one half a millimetre from the nearest nerve. This close proximity of the sieve tubes to every part of the plant indicates the readiness with which stimuli may be caught up and carried to other centres.

That these sieve tubes do transmit impulses is shown by the fact that, if

they are severed in the leaf-stalk of a sensitive plant, the leaf will not move when one strikes it; whereas any other tissue may be cut without affecting the ability of the leaf to react. Evidence still more conclusive has been published in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society of London* for March of this year. A glance at the data which Dr. Bose here presents shows that the tissue marked *phloem*, in which the sieve tubes are located, transmits impulses with from six to sixty times the speed with which they travel in other tissues of the leaf-stalk.

In the higher animals there are sense-organs and tracts for the transmission of impulses, association centres, and motor-organs. We have shown that all these are to be found in plants as well, with the exception of the association centres, which must now be considered. Are there any structures in plants which resemble the ganglia and neurones of the nerve-tract of animals? In the sclerenchyma tissue of plants we have cells with many elongated projections, which make contact with other cells at their tips. Of the exact nature of these contacts we know as little as of the nature of synapses in nerves. But it seems that there are just as good possibilities of make and break in one case as in the other.

III

We will now turn to behavior. The simplest psychic process is sensation. I can cause the leaflets of a sensitive plant to close by using several different stimuli: by placing it in the dark, by contact, by shock (jarring), by ammonia gas, by altering the temperature or the moisture relations. But, in each case, one would notice the ability of the plant to distinguish different intensities of the stimulus. If I stroke it gently, the leaflets close; if

I strike it sharply, the whole leaf bends downward.

The tendril of the wild cucumber is far more sensitive to pressure than is a human being. It will respond to as small a pressure as 0.00025 of one milligram. The roots of all plants are far more sensitive to electrical stimuli than are we. The weakest current that can be felt by a human being is about 10 milliamperes. A root exposed to 0.025 of one milliampere will curve in the direction of the cathode. At 0.2 of a milliampere it will turn toward the cathode first, and then toward the anode. And at 0.5 of a milliampere it will curve at once toward the anode.

The tendrils of the passion flower will curve downward if the under surface of the tendril is stroked gently. It is, therefore, evident that the lower side is sensitive to contact, and a stimulus there received is transmitted to a motor-organ which accomplishes the curvature. Now, if we stroke the upper side, the tendril will not curve at all, and we might therefore conclude that the upper side is not sensitive. But we should be wrong in such a conclusion. The upper side is just as sensitive as the lower side, but there is no positive motor-organ which will enable the tendril to curve up. I can demonstrate that this is the case, if simultaneously I stroke both sides with equal intensity. In this case the tendril will not curve in either direction. Sensations have been received on both surfaces; they have been transmitted to motor-organs respectively, and the responses of the two motor-organs have counteracted each other, so that there is no resulting movement of the tendril. We have then shown the existence of a negative motor-organ on the upper side of the tendril—an organ which is unable to act independently, but which is able to counteract the operation of other motor-organs. I know of

no better evidence that plants do receive sensations, and that these impulses are transmitted to motor-organs; but that, because of the existence of cellulose cell-walls, the plant is unable to make a visible response, although it is able to counteract other reactions.

Now, the responses to sensations in plants may become fixed into habits, just as they may be in our kind. If a plant of *Oxalis Bowei* is left in the greenhouse, under normal conditions of illumination during the daytime and of darkness at night, and then is placed in a bright light at night, the leaflets will remain folded. Leaflets of these plants have been opening in the daytime and closing at night for generations; and so firmly has the habit become fixed, that this plant folds its leaflets during this night as usual, though it is in strong light. If this plant remain in a dark room, illuminated at night, and be left in the dark during the day for a period of one week, it will change its habit, so that it now will open at night and close during the day. It does not acquire this new habit during the first twenty-four hours, nor during the second; but gradually, within a week, it completely changes its daily periodicity. In this change of habit, the plant has shown the same reluctance and obstinacy as the man working at the factory in changing from the day to the night shift. It is to be noted further, that this plant will resume its old habit upon return to normal conditions more rapidly than it acquired the new one, displaying what our grandmothers would have called backsliding.

The flowers of the common marigold are very interesting in this connection. The day and night periodicity in the opening and closing of these flowers can be reversed in the same way as for the leaves of *Oxalis*. But in this case the lengths of the intervals can also be

varied. If I illuminate for eight hours in place of twelve, and then leave them in the dark for eight hours, the flowers will, in time, learn to open and close alternately for eight-hour periods. Or I can establish a six-six periodicity in them. But if I try it for four hours of light and four of darkness, the plant apparently becomes disgusted and reverts to the normal twelve-twelve periodicity. We thus have a display of temper, which is, I take it, a very highly developed psychological trait.

Now, many responses of plants — and this is true also of human beings — may be regarded as reflex acts, but not so these of *Oxalis* and *Calendula*. The psychologist holds that consciousness emerges when reflex acts will not meet the needs of the situation. When we reverse the illumination, therefore, we have an instance of a reflex act which is not meeting the situation. During the first night of illumination the leaflets remain closed. The plant has encountered a new situation which it has never met before; neither have its ancestors, in all probability, ever experienced strong light at night. Whatever benefit the plant derives by opening in the light is vitiated under these new conditions. The reflex act is not equal to the task. Does it not seem reasonable then to assume that consciousness here steps in and aids the plant in meeting a problem by the formation of new habits?

Not only do plants experience sensations, and form habits and break them; they also exhibit memory. If I expose a pot of oat seedlings, the sheaths of which have not yet broken, for twelve seconds to one-sided illumination, and then cover them from the light, they will curve over in the course of about forty minutes, so that the tips will come to point in the direction from which the light had been received.

One evening last summer a rabbit wandered into my yard, and found an

apple lying under one of the trees. The next evening the rabbit returned and nosed about under the same tree. He had remembered the place where he had found the apple, and had returned to the exact spot. And just so the oats remember the direction from which came the light needed in their food-making processes, and turn in that direction, even though the light has disappeared, and is no longer present to their senses.

IV

Passing now from the simple psychological processes of sensation, habits, and memory, to the more complex ones, let us first inquire whether or not plants display reason. Mathematics constitutes the most extensive and ideal system of logic. Let us see if the plant mind is mathematically inclined.

The basis of mathematics is addition and subtraction, and it can readily be shown that plants perform both these operations. If, in place of exposing these oats for twelve seconds continuously, I had exposed them for six seconds, then waited a short time and exposed them six seconds more, they would have reacted in exactly the same way as in the case noted above. Or, if I expose them for four three-second periods, or twelve one-second periods, they will add up the individual periods and, if the sum is twelve, they will react. Or they will add periods of unequal lengths, such as a three-second period, a four-second period, a two-second period, a one-second period and another two-second period, and if that makes twelve, they will react. If it is less than twelve, they will refuse.

Furthermore, if I expose them for fifteen seconds on one side and four seconds on the other, they will subtract and, finding the answer to be eleven seconds, will not respond. But if I expose them for seventeen and one-

half seconds on one side and five and one-half on the other, they will respond, because the answer to that problem is twelve. Finally, I can change the minimum presentation time from twelve to almost any other interval by varying the intensity of the light. So that I can cause these plants to add and subtract almost any intervals of time, and they will give me the answer with a precision which seems almost uncanny.

Do plants exhibit feeling? Feeling is defined by one psychologist as a mental process which accompanies an approach to, or a departure from, a condition of equilibrium. The approach toward equilibrium is pleasurable and the departure from equilibrium is unpleasant or painful. Now the condition in which one finds a *Mimosa* plant in the dark may be taken as a condition of equilibrium for that plant. In this condition the leaf-stalk is raised and the leaflets folded. The appearance of light causes the leaflets to unfold; this must therefore be an unpleasant experience, because it involves a departure from equilibrium. If, however, I now stroke the leaflets gently, they will fold again. They must be pleased over this, because it is returning them to a condition of equilibrium again. But, if I strike the leaf sharply, the leaf-stalk drops. This is a departure from equilibrium and hence must be painful. So that, when I stroke the leaf gently, it is pleased, and when I strike it sharply, it experiences pain; just as my dog is pleased when I pat his head, and pained when I kick him.

Most people, however, will not be satisfied with habits or memory, or even with reason and feeling, as evidence of a psychic life in plants. They must be shown an instance of volition on the part of the plant before they will be convinced. Now, it must be remembered that there is still some

question as to whether or not any living thing really has a will-power which it can assert; or whether, on the other hand, our actions are not simply determined in a mechanical way, while our consciousness sits by, like the purchaser of a Liberty bond, watching the war going on, with a sort of egotistical feeling that he has a good deal to do with the outcome.

I presume that the average person exercises will-power most commonly in connection with the things he wears and the things he eats. Inasmuch as plants wear no garments, they are deprived of one of these opportunities to show their volition. In regard to selecting materials which are taken into their bodies, the plant displays the same ability of choice that the animal does. The human being exhibits two successive selective processes. The first is a conscious act of selection, and we make a great deal of our ability to decide whether we wish malted milk or hot fudge sundaes. And then, later, after the concoction has passed into our alimentary canal, the cells which line that tract further select materials, rejecting the indigestible and, to an extent, the undesirable and harmful.

But both these processes are far from efficient. We choose for eating many things which are not good for us; and after we eat them, the cells lining the alimentary tract do not successfully protect us by refusing to absorb injurious materials. The many internal poisons are such because they are not rejected when they get into our alimentary tract. The body of the diabetic continues to take up sugar, though that substance may cause serious results.

The plant, on the other hand, finds itself in a soil of which the constituents are highly variable in kind and in quantity. From this soil it selects, by a single operation, the substances which it uses in metabolism. The clover

plant absorbs just five and two thirds times as much calcium as does the barley plant growing beside it; and the barley takes up just eighteen times as much silicon as does the clover. The result is highly more efficient than the selection of materials by the human being. We know of very few substances which are poisonous to plants. The plant prefers to reject the injurious compounds rather than to absorb them and thus avoids suffering the consequences as does the animal.

In the reaction of roots to temperature and light, we have further evidence of volition in plants. The optimum temperature for the growth of corn roots is 34 degrees Centigrade. If they are grown at a lower temperature, say at 28 degrees, and a hot plate is brought near them, they will curve in the direction of the plate, that is, they will grow in the direction of the temperature at which they grow fastest. If they are being grown, however, in a temperature above 34 degrees, say at 40 degrees, and a hot plate is brought near them, they will curve away from it, that is, they will again grow in the direction of the temperature at which they will grow fastest. Does it not seem proper, then, to conclude that these roots show intelligence with respect to temperature and to assume that they are happiest in the temperature at which they will grow best, inasmuch as they display a choice of that temperature, as opposed to any other temperature above or below the optimum? Human beings do not always choose the food which is best for their bodies; but the plant invariably chooses from the soil those salts which are best for it, and also chooses the temperature at which it will grow best. Does not the plant, then, display greater will-power; does it not yield less to temptation than does mankind?

Now, a similar phenomenon can be

shown with respect to light. The function of the root of the plant is to absorb water and salts, and to anchor the plant. It is, therefore, to its interest to grow away from the light; and this characteristic of roots is one of the things which causes them to grow downward into the ground. The stem of the plant, on the other hand, bears leaves, which must have light in order to manufacture the food of the plant. It is, therefore, necessary that the stem shall grow in the direction of light, in order to carry the leaves to a position of maximum illumination. If I place a tumbler of white-mustard seedlings in one-sided illumination, the stems will bend toward the light and the roots away from the light. The plant has thus exhibited will-power in controlling the direction of these organs so that they will operate to the best interests of the entire organism.

But while we marvel at the intelligence of this plant, let us not lose sight of the mechanism by which the movement is accomplished. In fact, we can in this case follow the whole chain of events on purely physical grounds. Light retards the rate of growth of all parts of all plants. The reason, therefore, that the stem turns toward the light is not that the will-power of the plant has directed it so to do, but that the side of the stem nearest the light is retarded in its growth by the rays of light themselves, and therefore the opposite side, growing faster, causes the stem to bend toward the light.

But then, why does not the root also bend toward the light? The reason is not difficult to find. The root is a slender translucent organ. The curved surface of the root on the side toward the light focuses the rays of light

through the root and upon the opposite side, so that, as a matter of fact, as Blauuw has shown, the side of the root away from the light is really the most highly illuminated. This side will then grow more slowly, and the root will curve away from the light.

The question is, then, Is the plant conscious of its reactions to light? Before we had arrived at a physical explanation of this behavior, we were perhaps ready to ascribe to it an intelligence. Once we have found a physical explanation we rapidly seek to abandon the idea of a psychical experience in the plant. But is that necessary? When we find the physical basis for a certain behavior of an animal, shall we then abandon the idea of a concurrent consciousness in that animal? Perhaps we may some day find the physical basis for the fact that I prefer to go to the Pagoda for luncheon rather than to Whetstone's. Will that prove that I have no will-power, no intelligence?

Driesch challenges the mechanist to conceive a machine which will accomplish results such as those performed by the animal. Indeed, may not the plant be such a machine? May we not hope to explain some day all its reactions on purely physical grounds; and yet is there not some evidence of a psychic life as well? My plea is this: let him who would explain nature from the vitalistic standpoint, study the plant as evidence of the vitalistic nature of physical phenomena; and let him who would explain nature on purely mechanistic grounds, study the plant as evidence of the mechanistic basis of psychic phenomena. In this way shall we all come nearer to grasping the true conception of the unity of the universe.

HUMOR WITH A GENDER

BY ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER

THE attempt to draw a distinction between the humor of men and of women no longer precipitates an outburst of satirical masculine discussion. It is true that occasional flashes of wit in conversation have always been conceded to the credit of women. These have been generously recorded through the ages by men, but usually in the form of verbal duets with themselves. And a complacent idea has been more or less apparent, I fear, that the bass notes have inspired the treble responses! It fell at last to the lot of Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë, at a time when the burden of proof weighed heavily against them, to give a demonstration to the world of the ability of women to maintain a humorous point of view in extended writing — proving it thereby to be something more than incidental to masculine inspiration.

Theretofore, neither education nor humor had been an essential part of a woman's equipment; undoubtedly, it had been conducive to matrimonial harmony that she should echo her husband's ideas — so why not his jokes as well? And probably it was as difficult then as now to discover (although, of course, no one tried) which was the author and which the echo.

But, fortunately, during the last fifty years it has gradually ceased to be incumbent upon a woman to suppress either her thoughts or her jests. So both have flourished and grown apace! And both, I insist, are distinctive in quality.

In order to establish our distinction, we have only to group the forms of humor natural to each sex. In fact, they fall into place almost of themselves. To men belong of right the more obvious sorts: the witty speech, full of ridicule, irony and satire; the rollicking joke; the jest which has become an institution — like the mother-in-law or the inter-city joke; and last, the 'funny story,' with which men gravely 'tag' each other! For there is an absurd sort of etiquette among jokers, which demands that to a certain man belongs a certain story, on the principle of 'every dog his bone!' And, strange as it seems, they will endure countless repetitions of anecdotes and songs under this pressure of prior — and proprietary — claims.

Which of us does not attend ceremonial gatherings and feasts, where brave men laugh unceasingly (and patient women sigh) at that which they have heard before and must hear yet again — if they, in turn, are to be listened to!

Who has not heard it said reproachfully, to some brigand or free-lance of wit, 'That's Jim's story,' or 'That's Mac's song'! Two thousand years had to intervene before Mark Twain could, with impunity, annex the tale of the Athenian and the frog. So that raconteurs of jaded 'song and story' have only to invoke the joker's law of primo-seizure, to prevent trespass or to get a hearing.

In the gentler sex, the mirth-awakening sense finds expression in more subtle ways. Women have a quick

perception of absurdity, the ability to talk diverting nonsense, to accord a narrative its due of imaginative embellishment, and to carry on the give-and-take of conversation with amusing raillery.

Let a man prove unable to meet his partner at dinner (or for life) on these delicate and elusive grounds, and she either turns to serious talk or resigns herself to listening. And at this art she is an adept, in spite of that double-headed slapstick: 'Women never listen and have no sense of humor.' It is true that women are not amused by mockery; and they detest ridicule and deplore its effect upon both the user and the object, believing that it blunts the sensibilities of both. Feminine witticisms, even when not entirely guileless, are seldom wholly at the expense of others, and cheer oftener than they wound. The gift of mimicry is often bestowed upon women, but they rarely give it full play; whereas men value it as one of their best assets, and use it to full advantage.

These classifications cannot, of course, apply to those uncommon men who, by the accident of constant association with women, absorb (not always to their ultimate disadvantage) something of their traits and speech; nor to those women who deliberately imitate the facetiousness of men — often in its coarsest form — for purposes of their own.

These are the Lady Mary Wortley Montagus of to-day. They are to be found in many circles, but predominate in the fastest of the 'Smart Sets' of our American cities, and on the stage. They pander to the same kind of audiences in private and in public, and find their short-lived reward for the prostitution of their wit in the noisy applause of buffoons of both sexes. With them our differentiation has nothing further to do.

As to the subtlety of true feminine humor, the international controversy of Mark Twain and Paul Bourget is enlightening. Bourget, after a superficial tour of the United States, told his fellow Frenchmen that 'Americans hardly ever know who their grandfathers were'! Mark Twain, in retaliation, lost no time in informing the world that 'Frenchmen seldom know who their fathers are'! Now, so far as men are concerned, the story is quite complete. They love it just as it is. They do not want, and rarely listen to, the delightful sequel. Put it to the test by telling the story, and you will find that, from this point on, your audience is feminine.

To resume — Mark Twain and his readers soon found that his retort had gone straight home. Bourget and the whole French people rose as one man and accused Clemens of insulting them. Mark Twain at once apologized, 'to avoid war.'

He then offered to make the amende honorable by swapping jokes with them. He would begin all over by saying that 'Frenchmen hardly ever know who their grandfathers were.' Bourget must rejoin with 'Americans seldom know who their fathers are.' The laugh that went up from the world when it perceived *why* the shoe, which before had been so unbearably galling, now had no pinch, left France bewildered and discomfited.

Clemens had fearlessly bared his country's breast to receive the barb which had so grievously wounded another, and behold, there was not even a mark! For the merciless but witty revenge of his 'tit' for Bourget's foolish and unprovoked 'tat,' Mark Twain is joyfully acclaimed Prince of Humorists by his countrymen; his countrywomen care most for his subtle turning of the tables upon his unrepentant antagonist.

It is the initial sarcasm of which the woman is, I am glad to say, incapable. The English comedian, Foote, asked a man why he was always humming a certain tune. Being told, 'Because it haunts me,' Foote remarked, 'No wonder, when you're always murdering it.' One does not readily imagine a woman saying this, or even making the milder, though kindred response of Douglas Jerrold, when a friend announced that 'A certain air always carries me away.'

'Can no one whistle it?' asked Jerrold innocently.

Thackeray once reproached this same Jerrold for having said that his last novel was the worst he ever wrote.

'I did n't,' the critic replied. 'I said it was the worst novel anybody ever wrote!'

This Johnsonian way of knocking a man down with the butt end of a joke always draws an immediate laugh from men; but women are far more apt to wince secretly with the victim, or go to his rescue if he is unable to take care of himself. (Dr. Johnson's fling at second marriages, as 'the triumph of hope over experience,' shines in feminine eyes as a candle in the naughty, brutal world of his other jokes. His constant implication that men laugh to forget and women forget to laugh, carries no real dismay to the latter, for they are often silent when most amused.)

Women cheerfully sacrifice straightforwardness on the altar of kindness. They temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Thus, the question to a Frenchwoman, 'Which brother do you prefer?' and the answer, 'When I am with one I prefer the other,' would never have been uttered in the hearing of either.

Madame de Cornuel said gently to a friend, a man who constantly appealed to her for advice and help with

his family affairs but was never satisfied with the results, 'If I find a teacher for your son who answers all your requirements, I shall marry him.'

Madame de Sablière admonished a man who bored her, thus: 'Mon cher, you would be terribly stupid if you were n't so witty.' A rebuke of this kind possesses the best quality of discipline: it stimulates far more than it hurts.

Against unprovoked satire, however, a woman's brain and tongue are instantaneous in her service. It is not surprising that her swift attack often seems feline, especially to a more sluggish intelligence, which perhaps has missed the *casus belli* altogether. When aroused, her power of speech is a two-edged darting sword, the equivalent of a man's instinctive display of his fists. Therefore she gleefully joins men in instant approval of Sheridan's famous retort, 'I believe, on my faith, I am between the two!'—placing himself actually between two royal dukes, who had rudely told him they were discussing whether he was a greater knave or fool. And the remark, 'If I had a son who was an idiot, I would make him a parson,'—made by a peevish man to that witty clergyman, Sydney Smith,—and the latter's quick rejoinder: 'Your father was of a different opinion,' exactly illustrate a woman's idea of an unwarranted affront and its fitting punishment.

The rock that irretrievably separates the humor of men and of women, then, is ridicule. 'To tell a person lies and laugh at him for believing them' is someone's definition of a modern sense of humor. Women—and children—often quiver under the humiliation of this and ruder 'pleasantries'—so-called.

The most blighting of all derisive jests was perpetrated by Oliver Wendell Holmes, when he christened 'young

females,' 'spring chickens.' One hardly knows which term is the more offensive of the two!

Surely the little that men say lives after them with extraordinary tenacity. This distasteful bit of facetiousness, with which he sullied the pages of his 'Autocrat,' still poisons the mouths of men as gentle as he. And they remain entirely unaware of its dampening effect upon the volatile gayety of women.

It has often occurred to me that the line, 'Her humorous ladyship is by to teach thee safety,' might be punningly (in humble reverence of Shakespeare's English) applied to mortals as well as goddesses.

Favored, indeed, is the child whose training is in the hands of a woman with a whimsical point of view that is an integral part of herself, and who has quaint ways of thought and speech. No influence could better equip youth to meet the slings and arrows of fortune. A blithe form of admonition never devitalizes, never weakens the self-confidence of young or old.

It has remained for Somerville and Ross—two Celts—to phrase the ideal of a woman of humor in the larger sense: 'Inherently romantic, but the least sentimental; the most conversational and the most reserved; silent about the things that affect us most

deeply (which is perhaps the reason we are considered good company)—light-hearted, cheerful, and quite convinced that nothing will succeed!' Dryden proclaimed that 'her wit was more than man.' Hardly so chivalrous is the avowal of a modern Englishman, who declares of the stories of Somerville and Ross: 'It was not until I had read them three times, thank heaven, that I was told they were written by two *women!*'

The title of 'Humorist' is one that all men openly aspire to. It should be equally honorable when borne by a woman. Yet it is a fact that no woman covets it at its present value, or could have it bestowed upon her without being shamefaced about it. How shall men explain the disrepute into which it has fallen at their hands? Is it that they have betrayed their heritage—they who have been the self-appointed guardians of Humor's sovereignty for so many centuries? If so, do they not deserve that her humorous ladyship shall be taken from them and given over to the care of women? Who will lift her up tenderly, cleanse and make her sound, and finally deck her out with quips and quirks of fancy in gay and blithesome habit, so that, dressed like women themselves,—to advantage!—she may travel and illumine the highways of life?

POEMS

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

THE EMPTY HOUSE

ALL day the board was spread for you, all day the fire burned,
All day I waited for you more and more;
But my heart turned with the shadows when the evening shadows turned,
And a little wind of change has clapped the door.
I leave the bread and wine for you, the ember on the stone,
The key beneath the threshold wet with dew —
I'm off and down the road again I used to walk alone,
Before I ever built a house for you.

THE TRODDEN WAYS

LIKE little wandering trails that stray
From off the road and make away
Beneath green leaves, and never say
What they are meaning — where they go —
But tempt me ever till I know —
So in yourself I am aware
Of trodden ways that vanish where
Yourself is secret — O beware!
My feet pursue you — I must go
Forever deeper till I know.

THE NAME

THEY say a thousand words,
And then they speak your name.
A flight of passing birds
Are all their thousand words,
And they are all the same
But one — that is your name.

I startle when they say
Your name; when that is said,
I watch it fly away
With all the words they say,
And wish a net were spread
To catch the name they said.

THE WHITE MAN'S DREAMS

By his clay-daubed wall, that is silver-bright
In the wash of the white moonbeams,
Where the dark of his door is wide to the night,
The lonely white man dreams.

Where the moon is broad on the forest way
And the black men go and come,
The tribes that trouble the white man's day
Dance to the beaten drum.

To the ceaseless drum, and the broken call,
And the shout, and the storm of sound,
They dance and are dark, and they trample all
Their shadows, dark on the ground.

The dream that the white man waits, — alas! —
It is a thing so slight;
If these are the ways by which it must pass,
How may it pass to-night?

A LYRIC AND A LAUNDRY

THE DAWN

THIS year I love you and I cannot sleep;
 I weep at night who am too proud to weep;
 I hope good things a little while, and then
 Those sadder thoughts come darkly back again.

Only last night I lay and thought of you —
 I could not help it — till the morning dew
 Smelled strangely sweet; and then I seemed to know
 I might forget if I could let you go.

A LYRIC AND A LAUNDRY

BY EDITH KENNEDY

THE most insignificant employee of the White Laundry was Jenny Inello. Jenny had come from Naples three years before and had begun to work on the mangle as soon as she was fifteen. Her working-papers read sixteen. She was plain in spite of a pair of luminous brown eyes. Her personality was curiously remote and her coworkers found her dull. Her mother, who also worked at the laundry, resembled a bandit, including the gold ear-hoops and the red neckerchief. Her piercing black eyes followed Jenny always and everywhere.

Jenny was, presumably, as artless as on the day she left Italy. Gradually, however, a new quality had asserted itself in her being. The longing to be prominent among her laundry mates, though a little-guessed passion, had become an obsession. Jenny, after infinite pondering, conceived an idea.

When the 'stamp lady' made her weekly visit to the laundry, Jenny saved ten cents regularly, per order of her mother, who confiscated the remainder of her earnings. By means of persistent coaxing, Jenny succeeded in capturing five cents more 'to spend.' She secretly started another savings-book. For her little brother, she explained to the stamp lady, who was loud in commendation. Jenny had no brothers.

Her plan to impress the other members of the laundry was simple. It was merely to save enough to purchase three superb roses, which she would wear at work; for to have a 'steady' with cash enough to buy roses was a frankly envied state. She saved fervently, wearing the book around her neck, next her skin, day and night. Finally, the morning dawned when she had one

dollar. She planned to draw it out at noon and buy the flowers on her way to work next day, telling her mother that she was asked to purchase them by one of the girls. During lunch, which she ate with her mother at the further end of the laundry, she planned to leave them under her mangle.

The stamp lady appeared in due season, and Jenny produced from the toe of her boot her usual dime. 'Are n't you saving for your little brother today?' asked the stamp lady hopefully. 'No'm,' said Jenny remotely, 'I'm going to cash his book.'

She groped down her neck, and handed it over. His name she had registered on the cover as Edgardo.

'I have n't a dollar bill just now, Jenny,' said the stamp lady; 'but I'll give it to you before I leave the laundry.'

The noon hour wore away — and no stamp lady. Jenny's anxiety rose to a pitch, and remained there through the afternoon. At five, she met her mother for their homeward walk.

'What is this?' hissed her parent in raging Italian, holding up an envelope marked Edgardo. 'The stamp lady was hurried, and left it with me; and after all my watching, you got a feller and you save money for him.'

Jenny's anguish was such that she failed to notice a listening group of girls just behind her.

Upon reaching home, her mother took Jenny by the ear.

'You tell me,' she rasped.

Jenny tried to explain, but the fictitious Edgardo proved her undoing. The dollar bill passed into her father's pocket, and Jenny fell asleep that night a confirmed man-hater.

The next morning at work she gradually became aware that she was the

object of mysterious attention. Whispering, furtive pointing, a newspaper going the rounds. She could not fathom it. She went on nervously feeding napkins into her mangle.

At noon her mother lay on the shaking-table, pillowed her head on a mound of damp linen, and ate her lunch with Jenny near by. Presently approached one Felice, long the admiration and envy of Jenny.

'I know something,' she remarked. Jenny's color mounted. 'Ha, ha!' laughed Felice and chorus.

'What do you know?'

'I guess Mr. Hunt works on the papers, don't he?' went on Felice.

Jenny froze with horror. They knew her tragedy, and were wickedly furnishing her mother with false evidence. But no, Jenny noted respect in Felice's tone, as she continued.

'Don't tell me you don't know your feller wrote you a piece of poetry in this morning's *Post*!' Producing the sheet, she turned to the 'Personals,' and read to the electrified Jenny, in her liquid Italian voice, the following stray from the 'Selected Gems' column:—

TO JENNY

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I 'm weary, say I 'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I 'm growing old, but add —
Jenny kissed me.

LEIGH HUNT.

'What do you know about that?' asked Felice.

Jenny saw her chance and took it. 'Something, maybe,' she gave out to her profoundly impressed listeners.

Then she turned, palpitating. Her mother slumbered deeply.

Fate had paid her debt to Jenny.

THE AMERICAN JAIL

PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A PRISON INSPECTOR

BY JOSEPH F. FISHMAN

[Some criticisms of the articles which have appeared in the *Atlantic* on prison conditions have brought the charge of over-generalization. If terrible and inexcusable conditions have existed, why have the faulty institutions not been mentioned by name? It should be said at once that it has been through no lack of available data that the *Atlantic* has refrained from the specific, but in order that the discussion might be upon the plane of general principles applicable to a well-nigh universal condition, and not fall to a running fight over individual jails and particular wardens. But when this paper by a Federal inspector of prisons of sixteen years' service came to our attention, it seemed proper to add to general criticism the convincing quality of specific citation.

The institutions mentioned, however, are not peculiar, but merely typical. With a few notable exceptions, the jails of this country are in an inexcusable condition. Of course the inspection of all the jails cited could not be performed simultaneously; and in some instances conditions have been improved since the author last visited them. But for every one so improved there are hundreds deteriorating daily. Despite a good jail here and there, the conditions portrayed in the following pages are well-nigh universal. — THE EDITOR.]

I

ALTHOUGH there is a clean-cut difference between a jail and a prison or penitentiary, as institutions, it is true that the word *prison* has come to be used in a general sense, denoting any place where people are confined for punishment, or while awaiting trial. Penitentiaries and penitentiary inmates will be touched on in this paper as circumstances warrant, but I intend to deal mainly with the jails of the country, because every person charged with misdemeanors or crimes, whether man, woman, or child, goes to jail before he is sent to any other institution, be it a reform school, reformatory, house of correction, or penitentiary. It is, so to speak, the preparatory school of crime. Here it is that the more or less raw material is first moulded into shape.

If you want to decrease the numbers of criminals and crimes the jails of the country must be altered. At present they are initial breeding-places of corruption. There are nine chances out of ten, that, when a prisoner leaves the jail for the reformatory or prison, the 'job' is done.

If in reading this paper you should be inclined to say that, after all, men and women should not get into jail and then they would not be compelled to undergo such treatment, it is well not to lose sight of the fact that many of them are innocent and are eventually legally declared so, while the guilty are guilty in widely varying degrees. All persons awaiting trial receive, in ninety-five per cent of the jails of the country, exactly the same treatment.

The percentage of innocent persons is not negligible. Take a typical year in New York City. Of 3148 cases disposed of by the District Attorney's office, in which the guilt or innocence of the defendant was directly in question, 332 were acquitted. In other words, one out of every ten persons was found to be innocent.

During the past sixteen years, I have visited approximately 1500 jails in the United States, — many of them over and over again, — from Boston to San Francisco, and from Brownsville, Texas, to Seattle, Washington, as well as in Porto Rico and Alaska, in addition to a very large number of prisons, reformatories, reform schools, houses of correction, and asylums for the criminal insane. I have, I suppose, talked to forty or fifty thousand prisoners of every age and description, and of every degree of criminality, degradation, and viciousness; listened to their stories; investigated every phase of the conditions under which they live; and employed them in various capacities.

I do not think convicted men and women are mistreated angels in disguise. On the contrary, I believe that fully sixty per cent of those convicted are confirmed criminals, who, when their criminal tendencies are definitely ascertained, should be kept in confinement during the rest of their lives. Nor do I believe that many of those convicted are in reality innocent. Under the law every presumption is in favor of those charged with crime, and it is only in exceptionally rare cases that the innocent are convicted, although of course thousands are charged with crime who are subsequently acquitted. However, I decidedly believe that even those convicted, to say nothing of the unconvicted, should be treated at least as well as the ordinary animals.

What the public does not know is that when the judge says, 'Thirty

days in jail,' he is sentencing the prisoner to many more things than mere confinement in an institution. If the facts were known, in most instances the sentence would actually read: 'I not only sentence you to confinement for thirty days in a bare, narrow cell in a gloomy building, during which time you will be deprived of your family, friends, occupation, earning power, and all other human liberties and privileges, but in addition, I sentence you to a putrid mire, demoralizing to body, mind, and soul, where every rule of civilization is violated, where you are given every opportunity to deteriorate, but none to improve, and where your tendency to wrong-doing cannot be corrected, but only aggravated.'

II

I will begin my examples with the capital of New York State. At Albany are two institutions, the Albany County Penitentiary and the Albany County Jail, housed in one building and administered by one set of officials. Though named differently, they can both be properly considered as jails. In the so-called penitentiary are confined men and women who have been sentenced for from three months to a year; in the jail, persons awaiting trial and persons sentenced for from five to fifteen days.

The institution was built in 1847, — seventy-five years ago, — and while progress has been made in many matters, the antiquated design is still retained.

The cells are without light, natural or artificial. They are exactly alike — eight feet long, four feet wide, and seven feet high, with a barred door two feet in width. Each contains a cot two feet wide, allowing a two-foot space for the prisoner to move in. They contain buckets for toilet purposes, not always emptied daily.

Each Saturday, at noon, the prisoners are locked in their cells, where they remain till Monday; and during the remainder of the week they are similarly confined about twelve hours out of each twenty-four. In the 103 hours spent in this fashion each week, a prisoner can do no reading, and engage in no occupation whatever.

The odor throughout the entire jail is nauseating; the bedding dirty beyond belief. As vermin are everywhere, the deputy cautioned me not to brush against walls or pipes. There are no 'delousing' facilities for newly arrived prisoners, and he frankly admitted his helplessness in combatting this plague.

How does the 'long-term' man in the so-called penitentiary spend the remaining 65 hours in the week when he is not locked in his cell? There is work enough for only half the men; the remainder, leaving their cells at 7.30 for breakfast, spend the rest of the day in a large room, under the eyes of a guard on an elevated platform. They sit in utter and complete idleness, or, if they so desire, play cards and other games of chance. There are no books or magazines for these prisoners, the 'library'—consisting of agricultural reports, sermons, and a few other volumes—being used by the hospital prisoners only.

If a man is serving a sentence of a year, he spends 5356 hours in the dark cell previously described, and 3380 hours sitting on a bench doing nothing, or playing cards and listening to stories of crime. He gets no fresh air, no exercise, no recreation.

The sure proof of the efficacy of this system of correction is that, as I was informed by the deputy, a number of the men have come back eight and ten times.

There is a hospital provided for sick prisoners; but even here the sheets are black with all kinds of grime, and liberally sprinkled with bread crumbs and

other particles of food. If anything, the odor is worse than in the rest of the institution.

From Albany, the capital of New York State, let us jump to Cleveland, on the Great Lakes. Here, in the very heart of the city, near the square, and almost directly opposite the new and beautiful Cleveland Hotel, stands the jail. The place is so old and so saturated with the effluvia of foulness, so poorly lighted, and so frightfully ventilated, that it is a practical impossibility to keep it clean. One of the officials informed me that \$1200 a year is spent for insecticides, to give the tormented prisoners some relief from the burden of vermin.

For many long years this unbelievably vile place has been complacently used by the authorities to house men and women, many of whom, after spending weeks there, were never even convicted of crime. And though the money for a new jail was appropriated several years since, not a stone had yet been laid toward its construction, when I last made inquiry, a few months ago.

Here too are illustrated some of the difficulties under which the Federal Government works in the effort to secure suitable quarters to accommodate its thousands of prisoners. The Federal Government has no jails of its own. Instead, it boards its prisoners at so much per day in the various city and county jails throughout the country. Where conditions are objectionable, the Government sometimes transfers its prisoners to other jails; but in the larger cities it must use the jails, be they good, bad, or indifferent, at least during the terms of the Federal Court, when prisoners awaiting trial must be immediately available.

The last investigation which I made of the Cleveland jail was at the suggestion of United States District Judge Westerhaver, at Cleveland. I reported

the conditions to him. But, much as he and the Department of Justice would have liked to improve them, nothing could be done for the Federal prisoners, since it was impracticable to remove them to a greater distance.

In the great majority of jails throughout the United States, no effort whatever is made to separate the sick from the well. A very large percentage of prisoners suffer from venereal disease, and many of the cases are in an infectious stage. They drink from common drinking-cups; sleep on unwashed bedding used, possibly, by a hundred other prisoners, both sick and well; have common toilet facilities; lack the proper amount of cubic feet of air-space necessary to insure health; and are, by virtue of overcrowding, thrown into the closest possible contact. A considerable percentage of those in jail suffer with tuberculosis. But, as with other diseased prisoners, no attempt is made to segregate them from the healthy; and here, living in filth, with little fresh air and much overcrowding, they exist amid conditions which are ideal, not only for the quick progress of the disease in themselves, but also, for spreading it to others who have until then escaped it.

I have always regarded the county jail at Wichita, Kansas, as one of the worst three I have ever seen, the two others being in Charleston, South Carolina, and Grafton, West Virginia. The jail at Wichita is extremely old, and of a design which was obsolete twenty years ago. So far as I can recall at the moment, there are only two or three other jails of similar design in the United States. Each cell is practically triangular in shape; the cells are placed in a revolving cylinder, which is turned with a lever. When a prisoner is admitted, he goes up a runway into the cell. By revolving the entire cylinder, nearly all the cells are turned toward

a wall, apparently in order to increase the difficulty of escape. A prisoner may go to bed at night with his cell door facing the east, and wake up with it facing the west, if the cylinder was turned during the night to admit a new prisoner. The human refuse was carried into a trough at the base of the cylinder, where it was sometimes allowed to remain as long as a week at a time. Protests of the prisoners became so bitter and insistent, that the jailers were forced to take cognizance of it; so they finally abandoned the use of these triangular horrors, and permitted the prisoners to occupy cots in every nook and corner of the jail where there was sufficient room to place one.

The jail accommodated about twelve prisoners; but there were thirty-one Federal prisoners in confinement there on my last visit to this institution, — twenty-eight of them being 'wobblies,' and the other three 'bootleggers,' — to say nothing of several state prisoners. These thirty-one men, crowded into a room designed to hold twelve, had for shelter a roof which leaked in a dozen places and supplied the floor with unhealthy little pools of water. The jail was inadequately heated, and the prisoners suffered frightfully when the weather was cold. The bedding was never washed. Some of the blankets were so black that it was impossible to tell what their original color had been.

In addition, the place swarmed with rats of the large sewer variety, which ran across the prisoners' faces as they slept and generally tormented them almost beyond endurance. The floor was littered with filth and rubbish, with papers, remnants of decaying food, and every imaginable kind of trash, and from it all arose a nauseating stench. The bathtub was covered with a crust of dirt and filth a quarter of an inch thick. Both the sheriff and the jailer freely admitted that the jail was filthy

from top to bottom, but made this statement in the same tone in which they would have commented upon the weather.

This 'no-business-of-mine' attitude on the part of jailers is often carried to an amusing length, and my mind goes back to an hilarious day that I spent in Jackson, Kentucky. Jackson is the county seat of 'Bloody Breathitt,' the darkest and bloodiest of all the dark and bloody feud counties of this State. It is in one of the most inaccessible parts of Kentucky, and the neighborhood is so hilly that I do not believe there is a single automobile in the entire county, the chief methods of locomotion being by mule or on horseback. The jailer at this place was called 'Smoky' by the prisoners. Smoky was so good-hearted and indifferent that he not only did not care what the prisoners did inside the jail, but had no concern whatever with what they did on the outside. Any man who wanted to get out for three or four days to visit his family was cheerfully granted that permission. If some of them failed to come back, as several did, why it was simply considered too bad that some men had such poor memories. If a prisoner wanted to cross the river, half a mile away, to get whiskey which had been shipped in to him, he was allowed to go. It actually happened that prisoners, who were supposed to be serving sentence, got full of liquor and irascibility, and were placed under arrest by the town police. So, technically speaking at least, they were placed in jail while they were still in jail.

I protested to Smoky about allowing the prisoners outside. He replied that there was a deputy with a gun, who watched them. Upon being asked where this deputy was, Smoky said that he was *on the other side of the jail*.

While we were talking, a 'prisoner' walked up to us and said, 'Lemme have

the key, Smoky'; which Smoky obligingly did. In a very matter-of-fact way the prisoner walked over to the jail, unlocked the door, let himself in, locked it after him, and in a few minutes appeared at the window and threw the key down to Smoky, who unconcernedly picked it up as if nothing unusual had happened.

A notable feature of Kentucky jails is the prevalence of 'Kangaroo courts,' an organization for maintaining discipline which some jailers permit the prisoners to form among themselves. They make the rules and enforce them, and it must be said that in the majority of cases they do not temper justice with mercy. It is one way which some of the more indolent jailers have of relieving themselves of all responsibility for discipline.

Where there is a fairly high class of prisoners in the jail, and the jailer is indifferent, a Kangaroo court may be a very distinct benefit, as the prisoners will make and enforce rules concerning cleanliness and sanitation, preventing the throwing of food on the floor, spitting, and other unclean habits. But in most cases the Kangaroo court itself is composed of prisoners of an unusually brutal type.

In such jails the life of anyone who is not himself a member of the court is one of misery and persecution. The court levies ridiculous fines for imaginary offenses, and carries out its edicts with cruelty and callous indifference.

III

Let us continue our random flight.

The jails of Pennsylvania, with few exceptions, are very old; and while perhaps a little better on the average than in many states, are still far from being suitable for habitation by human beings. They are dungeons almost without exception, with cages for cells.

Nearly all have little if any work for the prisoners, and the majority give no fresh air whatsoever, and little, if any, exercise.

The jail at Philadelphia, known as the Moyamensing Prison, although very old, is well kept. The jail at Pittsburgh is exceptionally good, so far as its physical features are concerned; but both here and at Philadelphia there is the same idleness that prevails generally throughout the country. The warden at Pittsburgh is very competent. He understands his duties thoroughly, and personally sees to it that his orders are obeyed. He has been there over twenty years, which fact no doubt accounts in a measure for the efficient administration, since the institution reaps the benefit of his experience. Conditions are, as a rule, less satisfactory in cities where the jailer is changed with every change of administration.

But a very bad feature in Pennsylvania is the fee system of compensating jailers, which still exists in many counties in that state. Instead of being paid a salary, the jailer is given a certain sum a day to feed the prisoners in his charge, retaining, as part of his compensation, such portion of his allowance as is not paid out in food for the prisoners. For instance, if a jailer receives fifty cents per day per prisoner and has a daily average of fifty prisoners in his jail, he will get \$25 to pay for food. Every cent that he does not pay out for food goes into his own pocket. A more vicious system it would be impossible to conceive — that of one man lining his own pockets in the same degree in which he withholds food from another.

Pennsylvania is not the only state in the Union which has the fee system of compensating jailers. There are many others, including Kentucky, Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, Rhode

Island, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Tennessee, Arkansas, Ohio, Indiana, and Florida. It is uniformly vicious wherever it is in vogue. I know of some places in the country where jailers or sheriffs have made as much as fifteen and twenty thousand dollars in a year from the feeding of prisoners — or the non-feeding of them.

But the climax of criminal indifference is reached in Indiana's care of insane persons who become state charges. Of course, only an extremely small percentage of such persons is even charged with crime. Under the Indiana law insane persons must first be committed to the county jails, until the necessary legal steps can be taken for commitment to a hospital, and room made for them there. The Indiana State Board of Charities declares: —

Some states have made such provision for their insane that they can be admitted at once to a state hospital. Indiana has not done this. Necessary legal steps for commitment (to a hospital) are often a slow and tedious process, and *all the time the patient's chances of ultimate recovery lessen.* Usually there are from fifty to seventy insane persons in the county jails at a time. *In the last ten years the whole number admitted has averaged 935 annually. This year (1920) 892 insane were admitted.* [The italics are mine.]

It says, further: —

Attention is again called [note the 'again'] to the deplorable practice of caring for the insane in county jails. In several jails one or more insane were found. Seven insane men were found in the Madison County Jail. *Several of them had been there for many months, and one for two years.* These men were confined on the second floor, *without supervision or special care. There was no provision for locking up any who become violent.*

In other words, during ten years there have been 9350 insane persons confined in the county jails of Indiana, as the Board itself says, many of them

for months and even years at a time, with no attempt whatever to treat them, and no adequate facilities even for restraining them. During this time 'the patient's chances of ultimate recovery lessen.' And if an insane person should die under such treatment? Under the law every man is held responsible for the natural and probable consequences of his acts. Is a state then permitted to engage freely in the very same acts for which it so vigorously prosecutes the individuals composing it?

Let us jump to Missouri. From St. Louis on the east, to Kansas City on the west, I doubt if there are five county jails that could be described as being even in fairly decent condition. There are approximately 115 county jails in the state, and of these at least a hundred reek with the odors of leaky plumbing, or, what is far worse, with odors that result from having almost no plumbing. Almost without exception, from one end of the state to the other, they are unspeakably dirty and unsanitary, swarming with vermin, frightfully overcrowded, and generally so atrocious that it is hard to believe that they are meant to house human beings. Classification of any kind, except of the sexes and the negro and white races, is an unheard-of thing.

Cells are dark, unsanitary, and unfit for anyone to live in. Therefore, it is the rule to permit all prisoners to mingle freely in the open spaces between cells. Not long ago I visited a jail in one of the wealthiest counties of the state, where eighteen prisoners were occupying three cells; and near these, in a corner of the cell, was an insane prisoner who had been confined five days. Of the eighteen prisoners, six were boys under the age of eighteen. Black and white, sick and well, the prisoners awaiting trial were all crowded together. The cells were so dark that I stumbled over two boys lying on the floor. They were in the same cell

with a sick man; and but a few days before a man had died there with pneumonia, presumably contracted in the jail. Under such conditions these prisoners had lived for weeks, with an air-space of 67 cubic feet that should have been 500.

This is from a report of their own State Board of Charities and Corrections, made in the early part of 1914. 1914, you say! Yes, and the same conditions still exist in the vast majority of the jails of the state — the same conditions, with the further deterioration of eight years' use.

On one occasion, the bills that the Government was receiving for medical attendance on Federal prisoners at Kansas City became so high that I was sent on to investigate. The physician employed to treat Federal prisoners told me he was having particular trouble in the treatment of morphine addicts. According to his own statement, 'the jail was a sieve through which narcotics poured.' Just a few days before, the friend of a prisoner brought him a box of ice cream. The jailer stuck a spoon in it and discovered a large package of morphine.

The narcotic addicts are known among the prisoners as 'hopheads' and 'snowbirds,' while the use of drugs is rather tersely described by them as 'doing your bit on a pill.' Their methods of obtaining narcotics while confined are as ingenious as they are surprising. One of the more common practices is to endeavor to have their friends or relatives hand the drug to them concealed in some article of food, on visiting day. I have on many occasions seen apples, oranges, and bananas loaded with morphine. They had been so cleverly hollowed out and put together again that it was well-nigh impossible to detect it. There is no question that the less experienced officials very often have these tricks 'put over' on them.

Of course, many articles which prisoners are allowed to receive are sent to them through the mail. These packages are supposed to be examined by the officials; but here, too, new tricks are tried, which very often succeed. Large quantities of cocaine have been discovered in the heels of slippers, which had been removed, hollowed out, and replaced. It is just as necessary to examine closely the envelope or wrapper as it is to examine the contents of a package. A small quantity of cocaine is often placed by a prisoner's friend under the postage stamp of the letter which he sends him, or in a paper pocket made inside the envelope. 'Trusties,' too, whose duties take them outside the institution, must be watched. Every penitentiary has some of these 'outside trustees.' Frequent 'fanning' or 'frisking' (as the prisoner designates searching) of the trustees themselves is necessary if they are to be kept from bringing in narcotics. Very often prisoners obtain them through teamsters and other civilians, whose duties take them inside the institution. And I am sorry to say that it is even necessary, in a greater number of cases than one would think, to watch some of the guards as much as the prisoners. Frequently I have had to cause the dismissal of officers who had permitted themselves to be used as a channel between the prisoners and the outside world. This method of introducing contraband is, of course, the most difficult to detect. The foregoing, and other similarly secret channels, constitute the prison 'underground.'

The lengths to which the drug addicts go to get some of their favorite 'dope' are not difficult to understand, when one has seen the heart-breaking condition in which some of them are received. I have seen men whose normal weight was 150 or 160 pounds weigh 85 or 90 when they were received in

jail. When the drug is taken away, without any compensatory treatment, the torture the victims go through is indescribable; and even with treatment they suffer considerably. I have on many occasions seen them lying on the floor of their cells screaming in agony.

To take drugs suddenly and entirely away from such creatures without giving them some compensatory treatment is to plunge them into hell; yet in a great many institutions the drug is taken away immediately, and nothing whatever, except possibly some mild sedative, is given. This is because in many jails, particularly the smaller ones, the local physician has no knowledge whatever concerning the treatment of these unfortunates. Fully seventy-five per cent of them have never even heard of the Towne-Lambert or of other well-known treatments, the base of which is hyoscin. A prisoner placed under this drug for forty-eight hours or so loses his taste for narcotics entirely, and undergoes almost no suffering. I am very much in favor of taking the drug away absolutely, but of giving some treatment to relieve the intense suffering that follows.

Conditions in the jails of the larger towns and cities in West Virginia are disgraceful. To make the round of them is to go through a monotonous repetition of filthy pest holes and breeding places of crime and disease. From Wheeling to Welch, and from Martinsburg to Huntington, there is little if any choice.

The jail at Welch, West Virginia, I visited late at night, as I had a comparatively short time to stay. The prisoners were all asleep, and it was with a lantern that the jailer took me along the row of cells. In one into which he flashed his light I saw a prisoner about forty-five years of age, whose face indicated that he had run the gamut of dissipation, actually occu-

pying the same bunk, or hammock, with a boy who was not over sixteen years of age. What can one expect of prisoner possibilities when conditions such as this are allowed to exist?

As compared with the jails, the penitentiaries of the country have made tremendous strides during the past fifteen years. There are some of them, it is true, which are so old that it is well-nigh impossible to use the modern and more advanced methods of administration. But even in most of these an honest effort is being made to keep them in as good condition as their age will permit, and to apply such modern methods as are possible, in spite of the handicaps.

Occasionally something occurs which shows that here and there one is still being conducted as most of them were some fifty or seventy-five years ago. Such an one I found the Maryland Penitentiary of Baltimore, when I made an investigation of that institution during the fall of 1920.

Among very many other things I discovered that assault and battery, such as would have brought long terms to offenders on the outside, was being practised daily on the prisoners. It was most often done by a former deputy warden, — a pacific weakling of some two hundred and twenty-five pounds, — and a guard sometimes called by the prisoners the 'Blackjack King.'¹

¹ In the case of one prisoner, the deputy warden, feeling the need of exercise one day, and the prisoner being in a punishment cell at the time, decided he would punch him a little instead of a bag. He therefore went to the cell, bravely accompanied by three other men, and told the prisoner to come out. While the other three held him, the deputy warden pummeled him to his heart's content. It should be added that the prisoner weighed 125 pounds, and the deputy \$25. As might have been anticipated, the bout ended for the prisoner in a badly bruised nose, several knocked-out teeth, and a head split open behind the left ear.

IV

One of the chief causes of the conditions existing in our jails and prisons to-day is that in so many cases the men selected to conduct the institutions, as well as their subordinates, are entirely untrained for their positions.

The heads of such institutions must be men of some education and understanding, and it is absolutely necessary that not only they, but also the rank and file, should be trained for their positions.

On the one hand, the new warden is surrounded by young persons just starting on the downward path, and in the formative stage of their career, to whom a little sympathetic understanding and kindly advice from those in authority may mean the beginning of an honest life. On the other hand, he has to deal with the most vicious, resourceful, and determined criminals, quick to take advantage of the slightest opportunity to 'beat the game.' Of the latter class many are abnormal or subnormal, and it includes every shade of degeneracy and vice.

Besides the better-known forms of crime and criminal temperaments, he has to contend with the whole tribe of sexual perverts, who constitute one of the real problems of every penal institution. Here the new guard or warden, even though sophisticated and worldly wise in the ordinary acceptance of those terms, is confronted with a class concerning the existence of which he usually had only the slightest previous knowledge, if indeed he had any at all. Besides the various types of sexual pervert, there is the moron, high, low, and intermediate, the cretin, the mat-toid, and, in fact, every conceivable variety of abnormality or subnormality. Added to these, of course, there are the plain dyed-in-the-wool criminals and scoundrels, who would rather go

crooked than straight, and would kill their own mothers if it would redound in any way to their own advantage.

It is into this seething cauldron that the new warden is projected, and any new official is legitimate prey for every scheme and artifice, every deception and trick, which may have been old to the criminal classes for countless years, but which are always new to him. The inevitable reaction takes place. At the end of a year or two, after he has found that this vicious class has deceived and imposed upon him, has taken advantage of every trust reposed in it, has construed every privilege as a right and every liberty as license, the bewildered and disillusioned official entirely loses sight of the human element and looks upon every man or woman in his charge, whether young or old, convicted or unconvicted, as an utterly hopeless scoundrel, who is not entitled to any more consideration than a beast. He entirely loses sight of the other class—the smaller class it is true, but nevertheless sufficient in numbers many times over to justify efforts at reclamation. It follows, then, as a matter of course, that every rule of discipline and every method of administration are designed, not to help the smaller class, of whom something might possibly be made, but to hold in check, for the time being, the more vicious class. By slow evolution the new official comes to feel that his only duty is to see that prisoners do not escape.

The State of Michigan is an encouraging illustration of what a state can do toward remedying conditions in its penal institutions. Michigan, like a very few other states in the Union, has a law under which the State Board of Charities and Corrections can condemn and close institutions which are unfit, after first giving the offending county an opportunity to make necessary improvements. This Board can

even institute mandamus proceedings to compel the county to take action. Michigan also makes a particular effort to separate the juveniles from the older offenders. It is instructive to note that community indifference is such that the Board has more than once been compelled to resort to the courts to force certain counties to remedy conditions which had been repeatedly brought to the attention of the county authorities.

This Board is doing a splendid work, and the law empowering it is a step in the right direction. But, even so, do not think that the jails of Michigan are all models, because, notwithstanding the fact that the Board has been in existence many years, many jails are still dirty, out of date, and unsanitary, with no proper facilities for the temporary detention of the insane. The jail at Detroit, for instance, because of the city's phenomenal growth, has been greatly over-crowded for a long time. Several years ago it was condemned by the Michigan Board, but no new jail has as yet been built.²

Idleness is still the prevailing condition, both in Michigan jails, and in others that are well kept. The Cook County jail at Chicago, a very large jail, accommodating several hundred prisoners, is a striking illustration. During the day the prisoners are turned out in the corridors between the rows of cells. The jail is not clean, although it is considerably better kept than most of the jails in the country. But one look at these corridors during the daytime, when all the prisoners are out, will bring home to you with great force just what the idleness in our jails means.

² In spite of these variations, Michigan is indeed to be congratulated. So far so good. But, as will be explained later on, decent physical conditions are only ten per cent of the jail problem. The great curse is idleness, and this curse Michigan has not lifted, so far. There is a great chance here for national leadership, for such idleness in the jails is country-wide.

With the exception of a few who work in the kitchen and around the jail, no prisoner does any work, from the day he is received until he leaves. At a conservative estimate, the value of the labor here wasted is, perhaps, between a half million and a million dollars a year. But economic loss through the mental, moral, and physical stagnation of the prisoners cannot be counted in dollars. It is incalculable. To look into these corridors and see the hundreds of well-set-up and able-bodied men lolling around, doing nothing except exchanging stimulating tales of criminal adventures and becoming more proficient in crime, is enough to make one despair of any solution of the criminal problem while idleness continues.

All that has been said concerning jails here and there, in Louisiana, Arizona, and Illinois, in Indiana, Missouri, and Pennsylvania, and in Maryland and West Virginia and Kansas, may be said with slight variations concerning those in the great majority of the other states in the Union.

As they stand at present, the jails in the United States are melting-pots. Into them are thrown helter-skelter the old, the young, the guilty, the innocent, the diseased, and the healthy, there to be mixed with the further ingredients of filth, cold, stagnant air, and bad plumbing, and all brought to a boil by the fires of complete idleness. Only the strongest material can resist the fusion.

Less than ten per cent of the jails in the United States employ matrons to care for the female prisoners. In the remaining ninety per cent the male jailers have at all times free and unrestricted access to the women's quarters; and I have, not once, nor a dozen times, but actually upon hundreds of occasions, seen jailers walk through the women's quarters without even the formality of announcing their presence, taking it quite as a matter of course,

whether the women were fully dressed, half dressed, or scarcely dressed at all.

Girls of twelve and fourteen years of age are confined in the same room with abandoned prostitutes, and with older women who have fallen into degradation. Some of the younger girls are by no means hardened or cursed with an incurable criminal propensity, but there are among them many who would be easily amenable to suggestion and discipline. Their minds are still in a formative state, and they listen, of course, to stories of crimes, related with all the embellishments with which typical criminals, the vainest class on earth, love to surround their anecdotes. They emerge mentally polluted and beyond redemption, firmly convinced that everyone is 'crooked,' and that those in jail are merely the few unfortunates who have been caught.

V

It seems to me very clear that, if we are to reduce danger to the community and check the tremendous social and economic loss due to crime, we must first reform the jails.

First of all, they should be kept clean. If there is any excuse for other existing evils, there cannot be a shadow of justification for filth and vermin. Every jail should have a sufficient number of shower-baths — not tubs — and a sufficient amount of hot water at all times. It is unjust to compel a large number of prisoners to use one tub both for washing clothes and for bathing purposes. It is equally unjust to expect them to use cold water for bathing purposes in the middle of winter. Many persons are physically unable to take a cold bath at any time. And the use of one tub is exceedingly bad, even if there is plenty of hot water, and if it is not used for laundry purposes.

Every prisoner should be compelled

to take a bath immediately on his arrival, and at regular intervals of at least once a week thereafter. Not five per cent of the jails of the country have compulsory-bathing rules. If the prisoner is found to have vermin, he should be at once separated from the others. His clothes should be fumigated and, if in good condition, again given him to wear. If not, he should be furnished with an outfit.

Of course, it goes without saying that the overcrowding prevalent in so many jails should be immediately discontinued, and every prisoner allowed the amount of cubic space which physicians hold necessary to health. This is now the exception instead of the rule. And that the heating should be sufficient, and the plumbing modern and in good repair, is too obvious to require comment. Leaky plumbing and the foul odors which accompany it are certainly not conducive to health under the best circumstances; but when you couple these with improper ventilation, you provide indeed a good foothold for all kinds of disease.

The most elementary considerations of humanity seem to call for the complete segregation of all prisoners suffering with infectious and contagious diseases. Each prisoner, on arrival, should be thoroughly examined by a competent physician. If found to be suffering with a communicable disease, he should be kept away from the other prisoners until he is well, meanwhile being given proper treatment. Every jail should have a hospital room for this purpose. Not one in fifty has it now.

It is inexcusable to confine with others those who are suffering with communicable diseases. At a conservative estimate, I should say that in three thousand of the 3500 county jails in this country, no effort whatever is made to ascertain if a prisoner is diseased on his arrival, or to segregate

him if it should be known that he is suffering with a contagious ailment.

Physicians who attend jail prisoners should make a study of the ailments usual among them. As I have heretofore stated, very few such physicians have even an elementary knowledge of the treatment of narcotic addicts. Their bungling causes an appalling amount of the most frightful torture, and torture, too, that is easily preventable. A large percentage of the men confined in jail are narcotic addicts.

Segregation, however, should not be confined to the sick. Juveniles of both sexes should be separated entirely from the older prisoners. It is not enough to confine them in separate cells. They should be in a separate section, or wing, entirely out of sight and hearing of the older prisoners. What is virtuously called segregation of juveniles in some jails is not segregation at all, but merely physical separation.

Every jail should have a matron to care for its women prisoners, and should, of course, have entire separation of the sexes. The male jailer should be admitted into the women's quarters only in the presence and with the permission of the matron, after the latter has assured herself that the women are all fully dressed. It goes without saying that the younger girls should be segregated from the women, as the younger boys are from the men.

While an attempt is made occasionally, here and there, at one or more of the forms of segregation mentioned above, one whole important phase of the matter is entirely overlooked nearly everywhere. This is the segregation of the convicted from those awaiting trial. The gross injustice, to those subsequently proven innocent, of herding them in with the guilty is one of the outrages which the state perpetrates upon those of whom it expects at all times the most upright conduct.

Another unnecessary injury inflicted upon the untried is the practice of compelling them to remain in jail for a long period of time, awaiting trial. It is not at all unusual to allow them to remain in jail for one, two, three, or four months, and sometimes much longer. During the war, I came across several cases in which the prisoner had been in jail for more than one year awaiting trial.

The prisoners should be given some exercise daily, and some kind of recreation at least once a week. These are not luxuries: they are necessities, and provide a safety valve for animal spirits which everyone requires.

Do not think this is 'pampering' prisoners. Confinement in a penal institution — that is, deprivation of liberty — is sufficient punishment in itself. Neither the community nor the prisoner is helped by the addition of mental torpor and physical inertia, which cannot do other than undermine health and character.

At least, reading matter could be supplied. This would be a very good way to give the prisoner something to think about other than the vainglorious tales of criminal adventure related by his associates. The American Library Association would find a worth while field if they would turn their attention toward the jails of the country.

I have personally known Federal judges to be swept off their feet with astonishment when told of the conditions existing in jails to which for many years they had been sentencing prisoners. Every judge should visit, at least once a year, each institution to which he sends prisoners, and should make these visits at unexpected times, so that the officials will not have an opportunity to 'set the stage.'

By all means abolish the fee system of feeding prisoners. Prisoners should be fed at actual cost, and no official

should be allowed to receive one cent of profit from such feeding.

But far more disastrous to the prisoners and to society than all the evils discussed above, is the curse of idleness. There are at all times anywhere from two hundred to three hundred thousand persons confined in the jails of the United States. Whether confined for a day, a month, a year, or fifteen years, they are kept in utter and complete idleness.

The economic loss to the individual and to the state, the mental and physical stagnation, and the moral pollution which inevitably follow in the wake of the man who has nothing to do, daily take their relentless toll in the jails.

Work of any kind should naturally carry with it a system of reasonable compensation for the prisoners. It can scarcely be expected that this compensation would be as much as that paid to workers in similar occupations on the outside; but it should certainly be sufficient to permit the prisoner to accumulate in two or three months a sufficient amount of money to float himself when he gets out, until he is able to obtain some work to do. It is not sane to make work of any kind an unknown thing for months and even years; to take away entirely the habit of wage-earning; to make it impossible to be accumulating a little fund against the day of release for continuing the broken thread of normal life; and then expect a man or woman, all lax and unaccustomed, to capture immediately an honest livelihood in the great struggle of economic competition. Such policy has as much sense as employing an incendiary in a powder-mill.

Determined though a man may be to lead a straight life, it takes but a day or two of hunger to bring him to a mental state of self-justification which is the first step to crime. To turn a man out in summer is bad enough; in winter, it is criminal.

Not the least of the just criticisms of our penal system is that the dependents of a prisoner suffer during his confinement more than he does himself. I believe some of this distress caused the innocent could be relieved, in a measure at least, by turning over to such dependents a portion, if not all, of the money which the prisoner earns, whether the prisoner himself is willing or unwilling. And unquestionably a prisoner who is subsequently acquitted should receive a greater compensation than one who is convicted. Certainly it is but a small recompense for the deprivation of liberty, and for the trouble, expense, inconvenience, and humiliation which his imprisonment has caused him. As the law stands at present, a man held in jail for months and then acquitted gets no compensation of any kind, although his imprisonment may have cost him many

hundreds of dollars through unemployment.

One of the basic necessities for maintaining the jails in proper condition is their regular inspection by some competent authority, empowered either to make necessary changes, or to recommend such changes and have them acted on by an authoritative board.

Not only competence is essential, but also the legal power to make necessary changes. This power should be vested in the inspection authority itself, or in some body to which such inspecting authority makes its report. The Michigan Board not only has authority to inspect jails, but is empowered also to institute mandamus proceedings to compel the offending county to carry out its recommendations, even to the extent of building a new institution. Such a law as this should be enacted in every state.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE PALIMPSEST

BY CAROL WIGHT

CENTURIES ago, there was a piece of parchment in a little booth in a blind alley at Rome, kept by a Carthaginian named Mythymbal. A Roman knight passing by bought the parchment, because he was a poet and thought it would be just the right size for an elegy. Renowned rather as an artist than as a shopkeeper, Mythymbal took real pleasure in painting the name of the knight, Cornelius Gallus, at the top of the parchment. On completing his task, he handed the parchment to the knight, saying, —

'This parchment is under the spell of a Thessalian. Before you use it, sacrifice a cock, but do not sacrifice yourself.'

The knight laughed genially, for his own name signified the 'Cock,' and to him the joke was no new one; but — he forgot the warning; and far away from Rome, and under the black cloud of the Emperor's displeasure, he wrote an elegy on the parchment, lamenting in sad and solemn words the disgrace that had befallen him, and the death that was to vindicate his memory. He

sealed the parchment with his seal, and sent it by his trusted freedman to his dearest friend at Rome. Then he fell on his sword and, as the blood gushed forth, he passed from one dream to another, till his life and his disgrace were ended.

His friend, Vergil, wept as he read the parchment, but even his tears were of no avail. He had to destroy the verses he had written on his fellow poet; for the word went forth that Cornelius Gallus was to be blotted out from the memory of mankind. So the parchment was laid aside sadly and secretly, and passed into other hands, when a young historian, whose initials were the same as those of Gallus, — for the Carthaginian made his C and his G alike, — possessed himself of the parchment. His soul revolted within him as he read the wonderful words that lamented the loss of liberty which had once been the glory of Rome. So it was that this young historian, Cremutius Cordus, dared to praise the Romans of the Republic. And then another Emperor sent forth another edict; and by order of the Senate the historian's life-work was burned with fire.

The poem on the parchment, which had lured him on to his own ruin, now pointed out the only path of escape. He shunned the public gaze, refused all food, and died, clutching the parchment, whereon, as if to emphasize their kindred fates, he had inscribed his own name over that of the poet, so that the two initials served for both, and one might read indifferently

CREMUTIUS CORDUS
CORNELIUS CALLUS

Now the parchment was alive, for the curse of the Thessalian witch was still over it; and, moreover, the poem written on it was immortal; and then, death is only a change from one state

to another, and the parchment had not changed as yet. It could not but feel, however, the potency of the spell. It recalled the words of Mythimbal and shuddered at their ominous power, when the friends of the dead man, after reading the parchment, one by one, dropped it, one by one, on the marble floor as if they were handling death itself — and such was the fact. So it was with a feeling of relief that the parchment felt itself picked up and secreted in the cover of a vase, by the last man who lingered there; and he too looked around fearfully, lest someone see the deed and accuse him of treason to the Emperor.

A soft light filtered through the vase, — for it was of alabaster, — lighting up the parchment but telling no tale of what was going on in the world outside. There it reposed peacefully for over a thousand years, when Pope Innocent, into whose hands the vase had passed, bestowed it on the man who had placed him on the throne of St. Peter. So our parchment had now come to live in the Monastery of Clairvaux. When the Abbot Bernard removed the cover of the vase, he found the parchment, for it had been shaken down from its long concealment by the journey. He placed it in the monastic library; and some days later a novice craved permission to read it, scratching his ear like a dog as he did so — for was it not a profane manuscript?

Once again, the parchment felt itself in the hands of a young man to whom it might make instant appeal. It sang to him of the love of woman, of the breath of battle, of the thrill of glory, of the littleness of death. So that very night he fled the monastery, doffed his cowl, donned his armor, and fell fighting for Louis of France against Thomas de Marl of Couci. His body was brought back to Clairvaux, and over his heart was bound the fatal parch-

ment, which longed to renew those peaceful centuries in the alabaster vase, for it regretted that its silent words could lure men on to destruction.

The Abbot bowed his head in pity over the backsliding novice, and breathed a prayer for the welfare of his soul. Taking the fatal parchment, he bade the librarian erase the profane song and inscribe thereon the hymn of Peter Abelard on the joys of Heaven. Accordingly a scribe scraped the parchment to a palimpsest. He spared the two beautiful initials painted by the Carthaginian; but so deeply had the firm hand of Gallus etched the lines of his verses, and so crisply had the pen of Cordus cut his own name and reinforced that of the poet, that, for all the scribe's scraping, there they remained, eloquent to the discerning touch though the eye no longer descried them.

It was a soul-sickening experience for the parchment, but it sought comfort in reflecting on the mortifications of the monks and the glory and peace of the new life. The scribe, who had scraped away the words, read them as he scraped, and shed tears of regret at his deed. Then he illuminated the beautiful initials with crimson and azure, and expanded them into the words 'Concilium Cælestium,' which means an assembly of the Inhabitants of Heaven. He wrote the hymn of Peter Abelard in letters of gold, and on either side he painted an angel pointing a finger at the place where the erased lines stood. Each angel had a silver trumpet, and blew a blast thereon that seemed rather to glorify the battles of earth than the joyful peace of Heaven.

The parchment had undergone a change and had now become a palimpsest which, in spite of its grand sound, merely means scraped again; and yet it means more than that: it means something that always lies hidden in the human heart — the hope of resurrec-

tion. So it forgot the past, and having put on the new man, indulged in a sort of ecstasy as monk after monk chanted its sacred words over and over, and prayers and tears fell fast upon its golden letters.

At last, it was flung into a dark corner, and slumbered on another hundred years or so, till once again the waves of war arose and rolled over the peaceful valley. Then the palimpsest disappeared for a season, and was next seen in the steel cap of a foot-soldier in the streets of Louvain. Down he went, and round he spun in the mud and blood of an inglorious street brawl. The tavern-keeper picked up the palimpsest and, to keep peace with the authorities, presented it to the University library. It was good to rest once more in the company of manuscripts and books, and to listen to the talk, not of monks, but of scholars. They, however, paid scant respect to the hymn of Peter Abelard, for the palimpsest was now catalogued as 'a late forgery of the sixteenth century,' though it was fairly curling to tell them all how it had witnessed the murder of Julius Cæsar and gazed at the galaxy of Cleopatra.

So there it reposed in dignified silence, till once again the world shook with the thunders of war, and a German soldier looted the palimpsest from the Louvain library, and sang the hymn of Peter Abelard to a wonderful profane tune, as he marched off with his companions. Such a thrill went through the palimpsest at the ring of his voice, that it felt once more as if marching with the Roman legions to battle.

Then, one bright morning, there came a low humming whistle and — the German soldier dropped like a slaughtered steer in the mud and water, and he lay there far into the night.

'Kamerad!' Whose was the voice?

The German, who was lying on his back singing as he gazed at the stars, tried to look around, but he could only move his arm.

'Sing,' he said in good English, 'and I'll tell you who you are.'

The American, who had studied under the German soldier at the conservatory at Berlin, answered, —

'I have not my voice with me; my voice is a violin; but I knew yours.'

'You are my pupil,' cried the German; 'I hope *you* pull through this accursed war. *You* must not die; *you* have a future before you.'

Men do not dwell on their differences when they meet in the valley of the shadow.

'Those were glad days,' said the American, drawing nearer.

'Yes, those were glad days,' repeated the German mechanically; 'here's a souvenir of them.' And he handed the American the palimpsest, which had a hole in it now. Then he sang the opening line of the hymn of Peter Abelard, not to the first wild tune, but to a sad solemn air — sang the opening line, but no more; and the American knelt over him till the glazed eyes had ceased to reflect the stars.

Rising to his feet, he tucked the palimpsest into his pocket, when, *snip* — and he went down, to wake in the hospital back of the lines. Before he returned to the front, he sent the palimpsest back to America, to his old Latin teacher, who was a professor in a great university. It journeyed across the ocean in the custody of a friend, who showed the bullet-hole and the blood-spots that had blotted out the library number and the words, 'A late forgery of the sixteenth century.' This was some consolation; for it is better to have no character than a bad character, when one goes on a journey.

The professor was writing an article on Cornelius Gallus, and had formu-

lated a theory about his falling into disgrace with fortune and in the eyes of the Emperor — a theory that was confirmed minutely by the elegy, which, of course, he did not see. So, when the palimpsest stood on his table against his Latin lexicon, it certainly had some precious knowledge to impart — and the angels pointed with their fingers and blew their silver trumpets, to tell him that here, at last, was an elegy of the long-lost poet about whom he was writing. The unhappy man did not heed them, as often happens when our good angels do their best for us; and so for the moment he missed immortality.

Next, a young girl picked up the palimpsest and sat looking at it, pale as ashes, waiting for the professor. She was a pupil of his, and held a letter in her hand that told of an exploded mine and how someone she knew was led back to the lines with a handkerchief over what had once been his eyes. She glanced at the hymn of Peter Abelard and dropped the palimpsest, for she would not be comforted. When the professor read the letter, he almost broke down; for he was an old man and loved his pupils exceedingly. The girl had come to him for a position. She was to be the bread-winner now.

Months passed, and there came to the home of the professor a soldier from overseas, whose face wore the blank resigned look habitual with the blind. Nervously he fingered the objects on the table, when, suddenly, the tips of his fingers began to run over the palimpsest and his white face flushed. He had learned braille in the hospital, and he was reading the palimpsest, reading the lines etched in its surface by the Roman poet two thousand years before. He was waiting for the woman who was to marry him, and waiting for his violin, with which he was to support her if she would marry

him. He was listening for her so intently, that he did not realize what he was doing, though he was stirred to his very soul by the silent melody of the verse. Yes, the palimpsest with its song of death was still alive, after twenty silent centuries. Again and again he went over the lines mechanically; and, fumbling with a pencil, he wrote the last distich on the desk-blotted; and all the time he was listening, listening — would she never come?

There was a step in the hall, a click at the latch, and they met. For weeks she had planned to be natural, just as if nothing had happened, forgetting that he could not see if she were natural or not. And he — he, poor fellow, had planned to set her free, and then go his own way: the way the fatal palimpsest had pointed out, the way his own heart had pointed out in the first desperate days of his darkness. But love ordered otherwise. So there they sat and whispered together, till the deepening twilight made her darkness one with his.

Then she brought him his violin, and he stood there playing in the night, and the music filled the room, swelling and floating out into the city street. The air was filled with dreams — dreams of the cold night-watches when the icy stars looked down on the motionless dead and the thin moon fled from the dawn; dreams of the thundering of the guns and the wailing of the spirits passing from pain to peace. Next, a soft rippling melody reëchoed the elegy of Gallus. Rome, exile, victory, swept across the strings. Then he thrust the violin under his arm and, taking the girl's hand, went forth into the street.

The old professor watched them through his window. He had failed to get his pupil a position, and he realized that it would not be needed now. Later, he discovered the lines written on his blotter and, dear honest-hearted

soul that he was, he thought that he had written them himself; so he ventured to print them in his article, to suggest what Gallus might have done! But his associates demonstrated in innumerable articles that the beautiful lines were ugly, and that Cornelius Gallus could never have written what Cornelius Gallus wrote. The time will come when the old professor will be vindicated; but, of course, that will be when he is dead and knows nothing about it.

Neither did he know, as he sat there busily plying his pen, that some day the parchment on his desk would disclose a great secret, and that rival scholars would contend as to whether Cornelius Gallus or Cremutius Cordus wrote the elegy found under their joined names; or whether both wrote it — or neither; and, finally, whether he, the professor, had not himself forged it! Yes, the spell of the Thessalian witch is still potent; for nearly everybody who touches the parchment becomes blind in one way or another — even the old professor in his simple truthfulness is not proof against the spell; even he is fated to be caught in the web of an insoluble literary problem; and so he will not miss the bauble called immortality, in the end.

And in the meantime? Yes, in the meantime, the angels blow on their silver trumpets with might and main, to announce their secret to the world, and point with telltale finger to the wonderful words that lurk unseen in the palimpsest, until a sightless soldier shall hush his violin for a moment and run over the syllables again; for, after all, as the old professor writes in his article, men do not read with the eyes alone, but with the heart; and if only that be true, our lives may be fraught with music and our spiritual eyes grow bright, even though our mortal eyes be stricken blind.

THE GULLIBLE GULLS

BY WILLIAM L. AND IRENE FINLEY

I

WE were standing on the shore, and tossing out some scraps of bread. We were trying to feed a gull with a lame foot; but the competition among the birds was so sharp that the food always went to the quickest. However, by tossing the bits just right, the bird with the injured member got his share. He stayed on the ground. The others were so expert that they caught the chunks of bread in mid-air almost as soon as they left the hand.

In the midst of the feast, a bystander stepped up and slipped in the stump of a cigar. It was grabbed before it hit the ground, and the glib onlooker haw-hawed at the joke. It was a good deal like the April-fool joke of coating a piece of soap with chocolate and handing it to a friend. The gull, however, was not so badly fooled, for he dropped to the sand and laid the cigar-stub on the beach, with a side cock of his head to take a look at it. Many a bite may be taken, or even swallowed, before one knows whether it is good for his physical make-up; but this in itself is not always an indication of stupidity. The point is whether the individual discovers his mistake quickly enough to react. Here is where the gull is more discreet than other birds.

An ostrich, for instance, has little idea of taste. He eats chopped alfalfa, grain, and pebbles. He takes a liking to oranges, and swallows them whole because they are bright-colored. Eating is merely a habit of swallowing with

him, and anything of reasonable size is gulped down, whether it is bread, a nail, or a doorknob. When it starts the journey down his long neck, it does n't come back. Here are two vital differences between the ostrich and the gull. The one is foolish and swallows from curiosity; the other is wise and has a decided taste. Again, when the ostrich makes a mistake by swallowing something that is n't good for his make-up, he seems to have no alternative; but the gull has the ability to order it up and reconsider.

I discovered this one day when standing on the beach at Netarts on the Oregon coast. The gulls had gathered around with expectant expressions. I tossed the nearest one a piece of salt salmon. As it was slipping down his neck, it occurred to him that it did n't have exactly the right taste. He ordered it out, and holding it in his bill, walked over to the edge of the water and laid it down. He looked at the fish with a side turn of his head, and then at me, with an expression that plainly said a man must be a fool to spoil such a good piece of fish. He shook it and soused it in the water, and started it on the downward journey again. Still, the morsel did not suit his palate. He ordered it out a second time, and laundered it thoroughly for ten minutes, until the salty flavor was gone.

Again, I find a gull shows more than blind instinct when it comes to hunting his meals. He has a bill that is not

strong enough to handle some kinds of shellfish. He eats a small crab by tearing it to pieces and swallowing it, shell and all. The juices of his stomach dissolve the meaty portions, and later he regurgitates the shell.

One day we were digging clams. I laid two or three out in the open, to see if the gulls would know the difference between these and the rocks. A gull picked up one of the bivalves and made off. I was satisfied that it was too hard a nut for him to crack. I was watching him with my field glass. He flew to a height of thirty feet and dropped the clam on the beach. Instantly, with a turn of the wing, he shot to the ground after it. Picking it up again, he spread his wings and swung upward, like a kite, against the wind. He did not let it fall by accident, for he did the same trick fifteen times, until it evidently struck a rock and cracked; then he planted one foot on the mollusk and tore out the meat. How did he learn the trick?

When a bird can crack a hard nut by using his wings and wits, he is hardly to be put in the class of the foolish and the stupid.

To go back to an earlier day—When the Jutes and Angles and Saxons moved from the north of Germany over to the coast of Britain, during the primitive years of hunting and fishing together, their various languages were gradually moulded into the Anglo-Saxon. One might easily picture several fur-wrapped, bare-legged fishermen bringing in their catch and cutting up their fish. A flock of gulls hovered around, to pick up the bits that were thrown away. The village wag may have noticed that the birds gobbled every piece that was dropped, and he may have jumped to the conclusion that these birds were simple-minded, easily fooled, and would swallow a rock as quickly as a chunk of fish. One of the

slang-users of the tribe may have called a slower-minded companion a 'gull.' At least, it seems the word was bandied about; and when the wise ones were gathering the scattered words into a vocabulary, they perhaps included this word in order to be up-to-date.

Along came William Shakespeare, and other writers who were in need of words, and 'gull' came to be another word for 'dupe,' and 'gullible' came to be a synonym of 'stupid' and 'foolish.' In order to be complete, when Noah Webster was making his dictionary, he took in these words; yet he may never have known how close he came to nature-faking.

I have watched with notebook and camera, and have studied the home habits of many varieties of birds, but I have never seen any species that shows more indication of gray matter, or is more versatile, than the gull.

II

During the summer of 1903, we spent five days and nights on the ledges of one of the sea rocks a mile off the Oregon coast. Here was a great pile of basalt jutting three hundred feet out of the water, like a huge haystack—one of those ancient centres of bird-population which still exist as they were before Columbus thought of sailing west. In the niches far up the side of the rock, and on top, the western gulls make their nests and rear their young. Black cormorants stand at rigid attention all along the top of the rock, and the colonies of California murre, in white waistcoats, crowd every available sticking-place, clear to the top of this sea-bird skyscraper.

A murre is a penguin-looking bird, with the legs clear at the end of the body, which, like the propellers of a boat, are valuable in the water, but not good for walking on the land. His

wings are better developed than the penguin's. He is a fast flyer and a rapid diver. He flies under water, using both wings and webbed feet in the pursuit of fish. When he returns from fishing, he sweeps in on swift wings, curving upward toward the twelfth story. When about twenty feet from home, he drops his legs and back-paddles as awkwardly as a man who has slipped on a banana peel. He lands sprawled out on the rock.

The murre is a tenement-dweller, crowding every shelf, and literally living between breathing walls. All he asks in the way of a home is a standing-spot on a ledge. There is no sign of a nest, not even a blade of grass or a stick to keep the eggs from rolling away. There is never more than one egg to a family. One is all a murre can care for. It is all she can tuck under her leg. It is larger than a turkey's egg, although a murre is only about one fourth the size of the big game bird. The shape of the egg is like a top; so, if it starts rolling toward the sea, it goes about six or eight inches, swings around on its own axis, and comes to a stand-still. Where a hundred murres live on a narrow, sloping rock-ledge, about two by twelve feet, the coming and going in the murre village might have rolled all the eggs into the sea, if the future of murre children had not been safeguarded in this way.

In a colony of a thousand murre eggs, I saw no two colored exactly alike. The combined effect was like a whole spring flower-garden of tints. They varied from pure white to washes of gray and brown and different shades of blue. On this background were elaborate patterns of all sizes and shapes, spots and lines of brown, gray, and velvety-black; sometimes thicker on the large end, sometimes on the small end. Some were daubed as with a brush, others scratched from end to

end as with a pen, and finished off with wild flourishes and scrawls. The variety in color really served like the number on the door of a house, so that one murre could tell her own eggs from her neighbor's.

While the murre has a slow way of populating the rocks, Mother Nature did her best for this bird. She made the shell of a murre's egg so tough that a gull cannot poke his nose into it. A murre is no match for a gull, who occasionally sees a murre's egg roll over the edge and drop to the rocks below. This means dinner to the gull. I sat on the ledge one day watching some murres fifteen feet away. They were scared by the falling of a rock loosed by the movements of some birds on the ledge above. As several murres left, I saw a gull light and deliberately give one of the top-shaped eggs a shove with his bill. It rolled about nine inches, but stopped. The gull followed, nosing it along until it cleared the edge and fell to the rocks below. He feasted on scrambled egg. As I looked at him, it occurred to me that he was not made of the stuff that was easily taken in, but was able to collect his experiences in terms of bread and butter. He could live by his wits.

Mother Nature may have figured on giving a murre protection in rearing his progeny, but she did not count on the mental aptitude of this other web-footed bird, with the blue-gray coat and snow-white head. A gull knows well enough that he cannot penetrate a murre's egg with a peck; but several times I saw one pick up a murre's egg, which was a very large mouthful, fly off to a quiet place just above the rocks, and let the tough-shelled nut drop.

The life of the murre is always on the fighting line. He has a long, sharp bill, and can give a powerful thrust which the gull has respect for. So, if undisturbed, a murre can hold his own,

because the egg, or newly hatched young, is never left without a guard: either the male or the female is always at home, night or day. Occasionally, if gulls are hard-put for a meal, two or more will join together in bluffing a murre by simultaneous attacks from front and rear, and thus get a meal.

If there is anything a gull likes better than a fresh murre egg, it is one that is just ready to hatch, or a tender murre chick. Once, when an old murre was a little negligent, I saw a gull grab a baby murre by the wing and swing out over the sea. The youngster kicked with such vigor that the captor let him drop. When he hit the water with a splash, the gull was there about a second later. Although but a few days out of the egg, the little murre knew his danger, for he dove. The gull calmly floated on the surface till the little fellow came up; then he was after him. The murre's diving endurance played out, and the gull grabbed him, and like a terrier after a rat, gave a few vigorous shakes and swallowed him.

Some birds profiteer at the expense of others. I once saw a gull get a meal in dealing with a half-grown cormorant, the menu being choice 'seconds.' The young cormorant had just finished a good fish-dinner, when the gull swooped down upon him, pecking and bullying, until he was mighty glad to deliver up the mess of pottage to his tormentor. The murre and cormorants are both good steady-going, hard-working fishermen. They are experts in their line.

When it comes right down to business, the gull always has an eye single to the getting of an easy living — as single as some people have. He does not necessarily have to trade with murre and cormorants. Along the southern California coast the gulls, that migrate south to enjoy the winter with the rest of the tourist population, move cheerily along the lines of least

resistance. If you will notice, you will see that there are generally one or more gulls following along with the brown pelicans, to watch them fish. A pelican is a big heavy bird, clumsy in shape, with a bill twelve inches long, with a pendulous elastic pouch attached to the under part. When not in motion, the pelican sits with his chin resting on his chest, as solemn as an old judge. All of which would lead you to believe that the concentrated bird-wisdom of the ages was centred in his brain.

Here again, appearances are deceptive. The pelican is as expert as the kingfisher at diving. From a height of thirty feet, he drops like a plummet into a school of small fish, and he backs up to the surface with his pouch full of fish and water. At this stage, he is in a helpless condition, because of the weight of water in his elastic pouch. As he stretches his neck and draws his bill up for the water to run out, the nimble gulls poke their noses into his fish-bag and get a meal before the slow pelican can retaliate. Thus, when a pelican deals with a gull, he belongs to the same old class of those who hold the sack while someone else enjoys the contents.

III

I do not want to be led off into a discussion as to whether it is right for one who has wits to live at the expense of one who is slow and industrious. Mother Nature equipped each of her birds for a special work. She gave the hummingbird a long bill, to suck honey from the flower-cups. She gave the woodpecker a chisel-shaped beak, to bore into the bark for insects. She gave the wise-looking pelican a dip-net, to do business with a school of sardines. But when she sent the gull out, he soon learned by experience, as he flew over the sea and looked down at a school of fish, that, no matter how quickly he

dropped to the surface, the members of the finny tribe were always about one one-hundredth of a second quicker, and had turned tail to deep water. A gull has n't the weight to reach more than a few inches below the surface. Lacking the physical equipment, and unable to go on the principle that might makes right, he used his wits; and the bird-world, like the human world, learned to pay tribute to brains.

It seems to me that a gull is more nearly at the head of the class than any other bird, when it comes to intelligence. Consider how versatile he is. Most people think of a gull as a sea-bird. Some species do live along the seashore, nesting on the off-shore rocks. Others nest entirely on the inland lakes through the northern part of our country. Although a gull has webbed feet, and can hunt his living like other waterfowl, yet he can compete with a robin or flycatcher and skirmish about the fields, or he can gather in a harvest of insects on the sagebrush desert.

Some people think these qualities, which tend to show a larger amount of intelligence in the gull than in some other birds, may be the result of racial characteristics. Gulls are gregarious in nature, nesting in colonies and living in flocks the year around.

Birds—like people—that live solitary lives do not develop their wits, however much they develop physically. The kingfisher, for instance, is a sort of hermit and, reptile-like, he still makes his nest in a hole in a bank. He is decidedly a specialist. Everything is forfeited to furnish him a big head, a spear-pointed bill, and a pair of strong wings to give his arrow-shaped body a good start when he dives for fish. He is top-heavy in appearance. His tiny feet are deformed and hardly large enough to support him. He knows nothing except how to dive for fish, and he never will know anything more. He

lives a solitary life, while a gull lives in a colony. Perhaps life among his fellows and among other birds has had something to do with developing a gull's wits, and putting him on a higher plane of intelligence.

The training that a gull chick has, from the time he emerges from the egg till he flies with his own wings, leads me to believe that he is started out in life with a discipline which lasts all through his varied career.

While hiding in the blind with my camera, in a gull colony on Malheur Lake in southeastern Oregon, there were hundreds of old gulls nesting two or three feet apart. Life was not communal. In a group of barnyard fowls, an old hen does n't care a whit whether she sits on one nest or the other. Often she will mother a neighbor's chicks as quickly as her own. Here each gull had its own nest-spot and eggs, and there was no overlapping with the neighbors. Several times I saw a young gull, either from wanderlust or because he was afraid of the blind, scamper away from his own nest. He was pounced upon by his parents, and driven back; or he was severely beaten by the neighbors, whose yards he invaded. I have at times seen a young gull with its head bleeding, almost pecked to death, because it strayed from home or got lost in a mix-up. I have often seen an old gull beat her nestlings unmercifully, for the unpardonable crime of straying from the family hearth. The youngster soon learns the lesson of obedience. If he does n't learn from his beating, he is starved until he returns to the home spot where the meals are passed out by the parents.

IV

While two species of gulls—like the California and ring-billed, which nest in the same colony on the inland lakes, or the glaucous-winged and western

gulls, which live together on the sea rocks—are alike in size and color, much as an Englishman would resemble a Frenchman, yet they do not interbreed. There is a steadfastness of character and trueness to species. If this were not so, we should have chaos, not only in bird character, but in the world of natural history.

There are nearly fifty known species of gulls, and every fall about a dozen different kinds gather along our coastlines. Coming from the inland lakes and from the stormbound sea rocks, this white-winged fleet sails into the rivers and bays, to winter about the wharf-lined waterfront. These are the birds of various color that some of our unthinking people call 'gulls.'

When food becomes scarce in one place, it does n't take the gull long to find new fields. It is a time-honored custom of the blackbirds to follow the farmer's plough in the springtime, and pick up a living in angleworms. From southern California to Washington, I have often seen the gulls fly inland, many miles away from water, and gather in a line behind the plough; for they have learned that a menu of angleworms is as palatable as a meal of fish. They can beat the blackbirds at their own game.

In Los Angeles, Portland, and Seattle, I have seen them in and about the cities, hunting for scraps of bread and meat in the back yards of residences. When it comes to a rub, a gull can even compete with an English sparrow, who, in the matter of holding his own, has been called a 'rat of the air.' It is not an uncommon sight to see a gull perched on the top of a flagpole, impersonating our picture of the American eagle, or sitting on the cornice of a modern skyscraper. However, toward nighttime, true to their webbed toes, the scattered members of the white-winged fleet always sail back to the river or ocean.

From an economic standpoint, the gull might have been adopted as our national emblem, instead of the wide-winged and fierce-looking eagle. There is nothing that will kill a person or a bird in the public eye like ridicule. If it had not been for the old town wag who started the idea that this bird was simple-minded and easily taken in, who knows but he might be our national bird representative on sea and land? Perhaps he was robbed of his birthright.

I do not mention these things because I expect the American eagle to be replaced. I have great respect for him. If I did advocate this, someone would say that the gull has not a fierce countenance like an eagle; yet he is just like an eagle in one way: he will fight when cornered. He knows a great deal more than an eagle about the business of hunting his living. He lives a simple, easy life, working his wits instead of going entirely on his physical make-up—which might look as if he really represented the American people better than the eagle.

There is another very important fact that must not be overlooked. In Alaska, where the American eagles have been most abundant, the salmon-canners, after years of unrestricted fishing, saw their business decreasing. So the blame was put on the eagle, because, occasionally, one of these big birds was seen with a dead salmon. The Alaska lawmakers put a bounty of fifty cents on each eagle. Ten or twelve thousand of these great birds have been killed, and the slaughter is still on. At this rate, the renowned American bird of freedom will be extinct in a few years. Who wants to be represented by a defunct species?

The more I think of it, the more I am led to believe that the gull may yet come into his own as the emblem of America. Of course, he will have to live

down the slander and ignominy thrust upon him by gossip-mongers.

In fear that Alaska lawmakers may introduce a bill to replace the American eagle with the gull, I might suggest that they first pass a resolution to investigate who is destroying the salmon crop of Alaska. This may clear the American eagle, and save him before he reaches the point of final disappearance.

On the other hand, if our people in idle indifference see the last American eagle brought to earth, they will raise little objection to the lowly gull perched above the Stars and Stripes. He is already a bird sacred in the history of Utah. On October 1, 1913, a tall marble shaft was dedicated to the memory of this bird, which saved the early Mormon settlers from famine. On the top of a granite column more than fifteen feet high is a great ball, upon which two gulls of gilded bronze are just alighting. On the sides of the square-base pedestal are four historical bronze plaques in high relief. The north tablet contains the dedication: 'Seagull Monument, erected in grateful remembrance of the mercy of God to the Mormon pioneers.' The east tablet shows the arrival of the pioneers; the south indicates despair, hope and the arrival of the gulls; and the west, the harvest.

The incident so strikingly commemorated happened in the summer of 1848, during a great plague of 'crickets' (locusts or grasshoppers), when the gulls came in great flocks to the settlers' fields and successfully checked the insect pests that were destroying the crops. The birds not only ate what they needed for food, but they gorged themselves again and again, as if possessed with the idea of ridding the fields of their scourge.

President Smith of the Mormon Church said, among other things, at the dedication: —

'I am only relating what I saw. Whenever the gulls had been filled to capacity, they would fly to the banks of the creek and there disgorge the dead pests, which lay along the stream in piles, many of which were as large as my fist. These piles literally covered the banks of the creek. After the crickets had been so nearly destroyed that they began to shelter themselves wherever they could from the attacks of the gulls, the birds became so tame that they followed under our wagons as we drove along, into our yards, and under every shelter where the crickets sought protection from them. With the help of the Lord, we were able to reap, that fall, a fairly good harvest.'

Around Malheur, Lower Klamath, and other lakes in Oregon and California, I have often seen the gulls sailing out over the fields and sagebrush plains. They hunt like little falcons, hovering over and dropping down to pick up grasshoppers. During the breeding season, this is the food-supply carried to their chicks, which live out on the floating tule-islands.

When the farmers began storing water, and leading it out in ditches to irrigate their alfalfa and beet fields, the gulls were interested spectators. As the water seeped into the soil, it drove out field mice, they were so abundant. The gulls soon learned to follow the course of the water, and became a most important economic factor by pouncing down and making their meals on these pests of the field, which eat the profits of the farm.

These are land-loving habits of the gull, which have been acquired. A gull really looks more at home following the steamers that ply the coast waters. He will sail along the stern of a steamer for days, because he knows that at least three times, between sun-up and sun-down, he will get a choice dish of seconds from the cook. There seem to

be reliable records of gulls following the same vessel from the Irish coast to New York, a distance of 2560 miles.

Did you ever watch a gull sail at the side of a ship, and apparently make headway straight in the teeth of the wind without moving his wings? He is an expert in the art of aerial navigation. He just seems to float along on outstretched pinions. It is a difficult feat. A small bird cannot do it. A sparrowhawk does it with rapid beating of wings. A gull seems to hang perfectly still; yet a close observer can see that there is hardly an instant when the wings and tail are not adjusted to meet the different air-currents, which are never the same at two different moments. He is a master of the air. A sailboat can only tack against the wind. Yet, by the perfect adjustment of his body, a gull, without a single flap of the wing, makes headway in the teeth of the gale. I saw one retain perfect poise, and at the same time reach forward with his foot and scratch his ear.

While gulls are abundant in every section of our coast line, when an amateur starts out to make the acquaintance of different members of the family, he takes on a problem that he can master only in a partial way, after long study and observation. At first sight, he recognizes the bird of snow-white breast and head, and delicate pearl-gray back. At the same time, he also sees the motley array of gulls of the same size, which are partly gray and partly white, and others of mottled gray plumage without a touch of white. These he might take to be entirely different gulls, yet they may all be of the same species, but of different ages.

When a gull chick passes out of his mottled downy stage, he is a plain gray color all over. This coat lasts him the first year. The second year, as he grows older, the white feathers begin to appear on his head, body, and tail.

He is passing out of his childhood. During the third and fourth years, he attains the white head of maturity, the white on the breast and tail, with a touch of black on the wings, and the delicate beautiful coat of gullhood. This applies to the herring gull of the Atlantic, the western, California, and ring-billed gulls of the Pacific. The laughing gull of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, the Franklin gull of the interior, and the Bonaparte and Sabine gulls of the far north, all have the jet-black head instead of the white. Their white breasts are flushed with pink, and their bodies mantled with delicate gray.

In our world of feathered beings, no other family of birds can take the place of the gull. He is a tireless hunter, patrolling our rivers, bays, and shorelines for scraps of waste food. He adds the right touch of wild life to the landscape. His association with other birds has made him a shrewd provider. His companionship with people has made him a keen observer, always at hand for a crust of bread, but quick to forget the thoughtless fellow who tosses him a cigar-stub or an orange-peel. Those who criticize the gull for the acts we have recorded toward other birds should not measure him according to human standards, for this implies mental and moral endowments equal to man. From an economic standpoint in relation to man, he is a good citizen.

The qualities of being foolish, stupid, or easily taken-in may apply to some people, yet it can hardly be said that a gull is a gullible bird. Not long ago, after a night of hard rain, the paved streets were covered with angleworms. Two of the neighbors really thought that the worms had rained down from heaven. It is safe to say such an idea never entered the heads of the gulls, skimming along those city pavements and picking up a meal of the worms, which had wiggled out of the saturated ground.

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

I

It would be difficult to name another man whose life has been so varied as that of Georges Clemenceau. We are inclined to think of him only in his last phase; but, in fact, the history of Georges Clemenceau is the history of the Third Republic. His story is wonderfully rounded off. If one ignores those early episodes of his student days, when he tasted the miseries of the Royal prison, his public life may be said to have begun with the defeat of France by Germany. At that time he was the mayor of Montmartre. Fifty years later his public career finished — if, indeed, it has yet finished — with the defeat of Germany by France, and the signing of the peace treaty in the same Galerie des Glaces at Versailles wherein, on the very date nearly half a century before, Wilhelm I was proclaimed Emperor.

There is an artistic perfection in this story which is rarely encountered in real life. But, if one reads the various chapters of his long life, one will find his biography full of vicissitudes. Clemenceau has been everything. He has had higher 'ups' and deeper 'downs' than any French statesman who could be mentioned. There have been times when he has been hissed out of politics by the almost unanimous voice of France. There have been other periods when the whole nation has clamored for him. More than once, everything seemed to be ended for him; but he merely turned to other occupations and bided his time.

I remember once having a long discussion with a man who held that the only complete character in history or fiction was Ulysses. Ulysses, he said, was husband, father, lover, statesman, warrior, wanderer, poet, who divined the secrets of earth and hell and was beloved of the gods. I was challenged to name another personage whose life was so comprehensive; and as I went over the great names of history and fiction, I was reminded that this man had missed much, in that he had been neither husband nor father; that man, though distinguished as philosopher, had been inactive; the other man, though both warrior and statesman, had never voyaged and so had kept the provincial mind. Perhaps I came nearest to naming the ideal all-round man when I thought of Mohammed; and since then it has occurred to me that probably Leo Tolstoi is of all men the most complete. But certainly Clemenceau must take a high and honorable place among the exceedingly few men who have tasted all experiences that life has to offer, and have revealed themselves in every capacity.

A native of La Vendée, where the house in which he was born is marked by a plaque, and a statue has been erected to him in his lifetime: after a stormy youth as student, in which already he wrote articles inspired by a high humanity, he obtained his degree of doctor. For some time he sojourned in America, living in the same chamber that had

been occupied at an earlier date by Louis Bonaparte, afterward Napoleon III. He wrote for the *Temps*, and learned English perfectly. For four years he remained, becoming professor of history and of French literature, in a *pension* at Greenwich, Connecticut. It was there that he met the young pupil whom he afterward married, on the eve of the war between France and Germany.

He has thus always had a penchant for America, and, indeed, during the War of Secession, allowed his sympathies with Abraham Lincoln to manifest themselves. For England, too, he has always had a special affection, from the days when he visited John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer.

Of his part in the war, by the side of Gambetta, it is unnecessary to speak at length. Clemenceau was one of those who pronounced against the conclusion of a peace which was a defeat. For revolutionaries of noble character, in spite of their faults, Clemenceau always had profound esteem, and he did not disguise his affection for Blanqui and Louise Michel. The protest against the seizure of Alsace-Lorraine was signed by Victor Hugo, Gambetta, and Clemenceau, besides the deputies of these provinces.

II

There followed seventeen years of Parliamentary life, filled with the most incessant action. Even during this period, he found time to devote his attention to the arts, and to him Édouard Manet owed something in the shape of support in his fight against the Philistines. He contributed copiously to journals such as *La Justice*. But, finally, the movement of General Boulanger found him a target for the most malicious attacks, and he was involved in the notorious Panama affair. He was accused, too, of receiving money

from England. Fortified by forged documents, his enemies raised such a storm that he was driven out of public life.

This was the end of a notable period. But another epoch opened. Clemenceau became the man of letters. As a journalist, it is estimated that his articles would fill more than a hundred volumes, each of 350 pages; and they are all written with extraordinary skill and force. In addition, his output as author is considerable. From *La Mêlée Sociale* to *Le Grand Pan*, from *Les Plus Forts* to *Le Voile du Bonheur*, the works of Clemenceau are alive with genius — which is, perhaps, another name for intensity.

Let it be remembered that Clemenceau, who is generally regarded purely as a politician, was the friend of most of the great artists of his time — Alphonse Daudet, Edmond de Goncourt, Claude Monet, Rodin, Carrière, Cézanne, Octave Mirbeau. Some of his writings on art are among the finest appreciations that I know. One may mention that magnificent article on the series of paintings by Claude Monet, 'Les Cathédrales de Rouen.' One may mention his appreciation of the sculptor Constantin Meunier. One recalls his fine homage to de Goncourt.

But essentially, perhaps, Clemenceau became the great polemist. There has been nothing like it in our time or, indeed, any time. His defense of Dreyfus is wonderful. The articles that came daily from his pen have been brought together in seven volumes and, although they deal with day-by-day developments, it is impossible to read them without being stirred to indignation. There is one article which begins 'C'est dommage.' Every short paragraph repeats these words as a refrain — 'C'est dommage!' It is quivering with passion, but one also feels the cold flame of irony.

One may criticize some of the later acts of Clemenceau, — the writer is bound to confess that certain measures, such as the arrest of Caillaux, appear to be shocking, and will assuredly be regarded by posterity as inexcusable blemishes on his career, — but those years which Clemenceau spent battling against the wild reactionaries who persecuted Dreyfus, who prosecuted Zola, who stooped to all iniquities, and whose hatred and fanaticism were sharpened like blades, is a glorious passage, which no subsequent blunders can efface.

Clemenceau showed himself to be courageous, indefatigable, fiery, a lover of truth and of justice, an enemy of corruption and of sham. His eloquence, his logic, his piercing satire, his social passion, have never been surpassed. Often it was at the risk of their lives that Zola and Clemenceau left the Palais de Justice, forcing their way through the excited crowd.

Gustave Geffroy says that these seven volumes of Clemenceau can be compared only to the *Lettres Provinciales* of Pascal, denouncing the Jesuits, and the *Correspondance* of Voltaire, aflame with the spirit of justice against the arbitrary denunciations and the condemnations of his time. These volumes are, at once, full of detail and of huge generalization.

III

At the age of sixty, Clemenceau was elected to the Senate, and once more began a new career. The years from 1902 were stormy. The separation of Church and State was one of the problems that agitated men's minds. The Colonial movement was much discussed. The voyage of the Kaiser to Tangiers seemed already to presage the war.

Clemenceau became minister only in 1906, in the Sarrien Cabinet; and it is curious to recall the names of some of the members of this cabinet — Bour-

geois, Poincaré, Briand, Leygues, Barthou, Doumergue — besides Albert Sarraut, who was Under-Secretary of State. As Minister of the Interior, Clemenceau had to suppress the strikes in the North. He has been accused of excessive vigor, but, on the contrary, the troops were given definite orders not to respond to provocations. Clemenceau himself went among the inflamed strikers, and his discourses helped to calm turbulent spirits. A large number of measures of social amelioration are due to Clemenceau.

After Sarrien resigned, President Fallières charged Clemenceau with the task of forming a new ministry. Stephen Pichon and Joseph Caillaux entered his cabinet, and so did René Viviani. Viviani took up an entirely new post, that of *Ministre du Travail et de la Prévoyance Sociale*. This was a reply to Jean Jaurès and his party, who were then actively preaching that only collectivism could improve the lot of the worker. He also took into his cabinet Colonel Picquart, of Dreyfus notoriety, in an attempt at conciliation.

Another reproach made against Clemenceau is his energy displayed during the wine-growers' revolt of 1907. It should be remembered that something like civil war was feared in the four *départements* of Languedoc. The mayors resigned en masse. Barricades were erected at Narbonne, and blood flowed. Bridges were burned or blown up with dynamite on the Canal du Midi. There were mutinies of soldiers. Clemenceau endeavored to play the part of peacemaker and, eventually, succeeded.

Clemenceau, indeed, though he may be chiefly remembered by his striking phrase, 'Je fais la guerre,' made vigorous efforts for international peace when he met King Edward at Marienbad, after the interviews that the British King had had with the German and Austrian emperors.

He fell from power, after three strenuous years, through an unfortunate and impetuous word that he uttered. Delcassé had intervened in a debate, and Clemenceau, recalling the circumstances of his resignation after the events of Algieras, practically at the bidding of Germany, told Delcassé frankly that he was responsible for the greatest humiliation France had experienced for twenty years. Now, the French start restively at the word humiliation, and it is not surprising that a snatch vote was given against Clemenceau.

IV

We have now reached the period which may be called the war period. It began with the surrender by Caillaux of a portion of the Congo, in return for a freer hand in Morocco. It was at the beginning of 1912 that Clemenceau's quarrel with Caillaux began. He accused the Prime Minister of conducting a personal and occult diplomacy over the head of the Foreign Minister. Caillaux himself quickly fell, and was replaced by Raymond Poincaré. It may truly be said that the war became inevitable after this Moroccan clash of diplomatic arms.

The two Great Powers of Europe faced each other, France wondering when the blow would fall. Poincaré was made President of the Republic. Clemenceau had gained a reputation for breaking ministries by his attacks in Parliament and in the press, and certainly he knew the precise moment and the right phrase.

During the war which followed the passing of the three years' military law, Clemenceau worked as an ardent patriot. He had but one thought — the safety and the victory of France. The first three years of the war saw him writing and speaking and inspiring France. As President of the Army

Commission he visited the front frequently. He soon became the most popular figure in France. The poilus worshiped him. There was a demand for his services as Prime Minister long before he was called to power by the President.

No one can deny the wonderful work he did in stimulating the French people and the French army. In 1917, I well remember, there were undoubted signs of lassitude. The soldiers were actually beginning to mutiny. The people in Paris openly declared that they had had enough of the war. There was certainly weakness shown by the Minister of the Interior, Malvy, whom Clemenceau accused of betraying the interests of France. Clemenceau saw the hidden hand of Caillaux pulling these strings of *défaitisme*, and he fulminated against the Minister of Agadir.

It is not my business to judge whether Caillaux behaved wisely or foolishly; but the actual charge against him was certainly not justified by the evidence brought forward, on his trial by the High Court of the Senate, after two years' imprisonment. Presumably Clemenceau would invoke reasons of state; and it has to be admitted that these drastic actions of Clemenceau, who became a veritable dictator, the arbitrary ruler of France, inspired fear among the pacifists and courage in the faint-hearted. Whether his methods could always be justified is a matter that I will not attempt to determine. His point of view, however, is easy to understand. Either France was to suffer defeat, or she was to pursue the war integrally against enemies at home and abroad.

Nothing was to be allowed to sap patriotism. The exigencies of war were to prevail over all considerations. Bolo, Mata-Hari, Almereyda, Duval, Lenoir, suffered death. Malvy was exiled.

Caillaux was condemned. The energies of the soldiers were stimulated. Foch was chosen as Generalissimo. The Americans began to pour in their troops. Clemenceau was omnipotent and omnipresent. He was everywhere, exhorting Parliament, soldiers, people, to supreme efforts. If any one man can be said to have won the war, certainly it is Clemenceau.

His discourses are models. They vibrate. His rough pleasantries were in every mouth. The confidence in him was unbounded.

Probably he would have been well advised, had he resigned office when the war ended. This was his apotheosis. This was his triumph. Unfortunately, he decided to take a hand in framing the terms of peace. The disastrous Treaty of Versailles is largely due to him. France realized instinctively the errors that were committed, though they were not so apparent as they are to-day.

When, a little more than a year after his greatest moment, he presented himself as candidate for the Presidency of the Republic, everybody looked askance. He was defeated. The idol was overthrown. Thereupon every cur who had groveled at his feet began to bark at him; and to-day, in spite of his popularity abroad, in spite of his immense services, he is blamed at home for all the misfortunes of peace, all the disappointments, all the disillusionments, all the disasters.

V

Will Clemenceau ever 'come back'? as the boxers say. It may perhaps be doubted. He is now eighty-one years of age and, although full of enthusiasm and capable of travels and lecture tours, could hardly, it is supposed, hold the reins of power day in and day out, once more. When the American trip was first planned, it was thought

that the old Tiger had emerged from his three years' silence, with the set purpose of sweeping aside the Poincarés, the Briands, and the rest, who had misapplied the Treaty and, like bad workmen, complained of their tools.

Great political significance was attached to these public declarations. If Clemenceau has no personal ambitions, it was argued, there exist the Clemencistes. Of no other French statesman is it possible to say that he has personal followers who constitute a party. M. Briand may have friends, M. Poincaré may have supporters; but there are in Parliament neither Briandists nor Poincarists. The Clemencistes form a group which is not numerous, but which is solid and may be powerful.

M. André Tardieu eight months ago founded a paper, *L'Écho National*, to which the name of his former chief was attached. M. Klotz is one of the persistent critics of the various French ministers. M. Georges Mandel, who was the wirepuller for Clemenceau, is still watching for opportunities. It was considered likely that, if Clemenceau made a successful American tour, he would return all-powerful. If he would only be a figurehead, he would be a great figurehead.

What would be said of him and of his party would be something as follows: 'Here is the man who, in a time of national crisis, in a grave emergency, when the Germans were winning, France was cracking, and all was nearly lost, came in to save the situation. He rallied the French people. He inspired the French army. He stimulated the friendship of England and America. He gave us unity of command. He won the war. Now another crisis, equally grave, is upon us. The French ministers have muddled things. French finances are bad.

Reparations are not forthcoming. What is perhaps worse is that France has lost the friendships which Clemenceau had strengthened. Italy is gone. The entente with England has turned almost to enmity. Even Belgium is hesitating. Poland is escaping. The Little Entente plays for its own hand. Worst of all, America is turning against France. The result of three years without Clemenceau has been the disruption of alliances and the destruction of friendships. Now Clemenceau reappears on the scene, and America is won back. His voyage has had a magic effect. He is undoing the mischief that others have done. He is the only man capable of undoing the mischief.'

It will be easily seen that such a representation of the case would be irresistible. Assuming that Clemenceau traversed America triumphantly, then he would surely return to France in triumph. The probability is that no such personal calculations occurred to Clemenceau; but that they occurred to his friends is clear by the manner in which they utilized his messages to America. That they occurred to his enemies, with whom he is plentifully endowed, is clear from the savage attacks that were at once launched against him by a number of newspapers, which, during his reign, had been obsequious enough, but which have since put the blame for all France's troubles on the former Prime Minister.

These newspapers broke out simultaneously into a torrent of criticism. They supported their accusations by documents which were more or less falsified by the omission of dates and vital paragraphs. The discussion raged about whether he had given Constantinople to the British, and prevented the French army in the East from marching toward Central Europe. Into this controversy it is unnecessary to go. I

call attention to it only as demonstrating the positive fear that seized certain people at the very idea of Clemenceau's activity. They saw in his self-imposed mission to America a political manoeuvre which they desired to outwit. Time alone will show whether their estimate was right and whether a new bid for power on the part of the Clemencistes, if not on the part of Clemenceau himself, was being made.

VI

In the meantime, one should take it that, whatever use may subsequently be made of Clemenceau's popularity in America, the predominant thought in his mind was one that was absolutely sincere. He remains the great patriot. He remains the great upholder of alliances. It may be that his vision is limited. It may be that he is wrong in attempting to divide the world into hostile camps and to preserve the anti-German league. It may be that Germany too should come into the fellowship of nations. It may be that Clemenceau has himself shown that he is outmoded, that he cannot get beyond 1918. It may be that his mind has become stereotyped, and that he foolishly imagines that the world can be stereotyped. But at least this justice should be done to the one man of our time who will enter into history with flags flying and trumpets blowing — the supreme figure of determination, of energy, of patriotic exaltation, of true warlike qualities: that he was not thinking of petty intrigues, and was not moved by amour propre or by political designs.

Always has he been simple in his habits. When the Panama scandal drove him from politics, he did not hesitate to tell the world of his debts, of his financial struggles, of his arduous efforts to gain a mere livelihood. The millions he was alleged to have

received by way of bribes, he demonstrated to be fictitious. And those who know how he has lived know that he has lived hardily. He has lived by his pen, and on the small stipend of the deputy and senator. He has shown perfect independence. In these days he dwells chiefly in the most humble of cottages in his native Vendée. His tastes have never been luxurious. He is a man who has loved fighting, one would say, for the sake of fighting, though generally he has been on the side of truth and justice — words which he has defined in beautiful language time and again, in his writings and in his speeches.

It is an unfortunate habit of the French that they find mercenary motives everywhere, and that they pronounce the word treachery far too lightly. Fiery as Clemenceau still is, there is no reason to suspect that he would leave, at his age, the quiet joys of his present life, would throw himself into the turbulence and confusion of politics for anything less than the highest motives.

One must applaud the ruling idea of solidarity which he preaches. His crusade in favor of the grouping of the three countries, France, England, and the United States, is one that deserves the warmest encomiums. There is no doctrine which requires more eloquent advocacy in these disrupted days of

national egotisms than the doctrine of our interdependence. The fraternity of peoples, which was accepted during the war and for some little time after the war, has been frittered away by niggling little-minded men.

One would have thought that no truth would be so self-evident as that the malheur of one country is the malheur of another. One would have thought that the sentiments which bound together the old comrades-in-arms would have outlasted the Pyramids, and that on this foundation a greater and more glorious era of peace and prosperity and mutual sympathy would have been built.

It is, alas! not so. It requires the tongues of the finest orators, the pens of the most persuasive writers, the influence of the noblest citizens of the world, to remind us of the real need of our day, when all our interests interpenetrate and interlock.

In so far as Clemenceau makes himself the apostle of this ideal of solidarity, he becomes a still more shining figure. But, although the unity of France, England, and the United States constitutes the firm foundation for the new world, there is something above and beyond even this fraternity — there remains the dream of Victor Hugo, and of kindred spirits, which is to give a fixed form and a charter to the UNITED STATES OF MANKIND.

THE AMERICAN WAR-LOANS AND JUSTICE

BY OSCAR T. CROSBY

I

LET the severe language of the statute declare the origin of our loans to the Allied governments of Europe during the World War. Thus it runs: 'For the national defense, and for the better prosecution of the war, the Secretary of the Treasury, with the approval of the President, may purchase the obligations of foreign Governments engaged in war against Germany.' Details follow, fixing the relationship between interest rates and maturities of the loans thus authorized, with the corresponding elements of loans that might be made by our citizens to their Government. For, already, it was contemplated that taxation alone would fail to supply all the material support of our adventure. This statute was signed April 24, 1917. On April 25, the British Ambassador received a check for \$200,000,000. A week later, half that amount was turned over to the French Ambassador. A little later, Italy fell into line as a borrower, then Belgium and Russia, Serbia, Greece, Roumania — all eventually called for aid.

The pace thus set did not slacken until the cause was won. 'National security,' slightly jeopardized by our declaration of war, had been preserved; 'the better prosecution of the war' had been accomplished by furnishing to our associates vast quantities of things without which they were in a fair way to lose entirely *their* national security. Measured in money, the aid thus

loaned is figured at about nine and one half billion dollars. Post-Armistice transactions, authorized by other statutes, carry the total (in round figures) to ten billion dollars. Nearly half of the total went to Great Britain. France came next with about \$3,500,000. Then came Italy with \$1,700,000,000. The remainder fell, in various lots, to other borrowers.

Governmental action is traditionally slow. The remarkable promptitude with which Secretary McAdoo proceeded (only twenty-four hours between receiving and exercising the responsibilities placed upon him by Congress) answered to a remarkable pressure brought to bear by the powers 'engaged in war against Germany.' I shall not soon forget the blunt declaration, made to me ten days before Sir Cecil Spring-Rice took the first fruits of our efforts, by a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. 'We have scraped the bottom of the box. They owe us and our associate banks four hundred million dollars — practically on overdraft, since we cannot sell the collateral remaining in our hands without making a panic on the New York Stock Market. You people in the Treasury must now bear the whole burden. We can do no more.'

Six weeks later, we learned that, in addition to this cash commitment, the Allies had contracted for about eight hundred million dollars' worth of goods, deliverable within six months.

Only the superb daring of a Lloyd George could have created such a dangerous situation. And only our entrance into the struggle could have turned danger into ultimate victory. Epic poets have sung chiefly of the violence of human passions in love and hate, in battle and murder, in storm by sea, in strange wanderings by land. These are dramatic. Yet a stirring tale might be told of work by day and night, while an untried course was found for financing our own huge needs and largely aiding struggling governments across the Atlantic. But all that story can wait — or, perhaps, it will never be told.

Just now the American people must concern themselves about the payment or nonpayment for that portion of their wealth which was transferred to foreign governments by a courageous Secretary and an approving President in a war triumphantly ended, to the great aggrandizement — after many and serious losses — of our comrades in arms.

Are we to find — as Polonius would have it — that 'loan oft loses both itself and friend'? Certainly there has been much cooling of that ardent sentiment which welcomed us into the fight, and approved us while we unstintingly poured our beef, pork, wheat, cotton, copper, steel, for the maintenance, not only of our own troops, but also for soldiers and civilians in all the Allied lands.¹ Experience has already

¹ While the greater bulk of these supplies came from our own fields, factories, and mines, much of it originated in neutral countries. In effect, by 'supporting the Allied exchanges,' we purchased for them large quantities of goods in Spain, Holland, the Argentine, and elsewhere. Even from British territory — as Canada and India — values running into the hundreds of millions of dollars went to the Allies, paid for in American funds, and now constituting a respectable part of the existing loans. It is further to be remembered that Allied governments sold much of all they received from us to their own private

given partial justification to the old Dane's caustic philosophy. Having wisely defied his introductory prohibition, — 'neither a borrower nor a lender be,' — are we now to find that our wheat has been lost along with the friendship which, for a time, it sustained?

Before seeking an answer to that question, we should show decent regard to an opinion which denies the character of just debts to the claims under discussion.

Those who hold this opinion boldly cast aside the letter and the spirit of the transactions *when they were made*, as well as the repeated assertions of the borrowing governments themselves — assertions so public and so recent that I may presume them to be lodged in the minds of all who may read this article. The dissenting views are those of individuals, on both sides of the ocean. They have created a considerable literature on the subject. The thesis of those who clamor for cancellation of our claims on 'moral' grounds may be thus summarized: 'A number

citizens. Receiving for these goods their own currencies, the burden of internal financing (through taxation or loans) was correspondingly diminished for these governments, and increased for ours. Cotton and copper, thus supplied to European manufacturers, appeared, as finished products, in competition with the products of the American people who had loaned the raw material. On account of representations made after I went to Europe, as President of the Inter-Allied Council on War Purchase and War Finance, loans in neutral countries were secured by the Allies, covering purchases made in those countries. The drain of dollars for these neutral supplies was thus diminished by several hundred millions. Some reluctance was shown in London and Paris to seek loans from minor powers. With this reluctance I sympathized, but I thought it my duty to request that efforts should be continued. Secretary McAdoo heartily approved my recommendations in this respect. Success came. Our own exchanges, which had suffered considerably, improved soon afterward, as a consequence of this relief.

of nations were banded together in a common cause; whatever each could (or did) furnish, in men and material, in furtherance of that cause, should be held simply as *its contribution* to that cause, even though specific engagements to the contrary may have been made during the period of conflict.'

Carrying still further the 'common-cause' idea, others seem to say: 'America entered into war long after her cobelligerents were involved, and long after she should have entered; hence our loans should be considered, not as collectible debts, but as a conscience fund, dedicated to, and in expiation (if only partial) of, our long-continued sin of omission.'

Anything that might be deemed a cool and dispassionate study of the causes of the war belongs to the future. Many people, on both sides of the quarrel, may discover facts that were hidden or distorted during the war period, either by the deliberately false, though patriotic, action of governments, or by the maddened zeal of private partisanship. And these discoveries will probably change all extreme views ascribing complete diabolism or complete saintliness to one or the other of the contestants.

II

Into the maelstrom of argument that is destined to rage over this subject, we need not enter now. For, back of the 'common-cause' and 'slackernation' cry, there is an assumption that may be formulated and discussed to-day independently of beliefs about the circumstances preceding the World War.

That assumption might be thus expressed:—

'Whenever two or more nations go to war, every other nation must promptly determine to take up arms against that belligerent whose action

is most condemned, and whose victory would, presumably, result in oppression of the conquered and in possible future encroachment against the rights (or interests) of all the onlookers. And if, for any reason whatever, such prompt decision is not made, but subsequently certain developments of the strife induce a former neutral to wage war against an objectionable belligerent, then the late arrival in the arena shall not only try to force redress of his own specific injuries, but shall also confess his wrong-doing through delay, and shall endeavor to compensate the earlier combatants on his side for this wrong done to them.'

Such a rule of action, if made universal, would, in every outbreak of war, divide the whole world into two hostile camps, all, save the original contestants, being swept into action by the hysteria of the moment. Or, it would so penalize and humiliate a nation preferring deliberation to hysteria, that it would find its interest best served by keeping out of the mêlée entirely, even though this course might involve much forbearance in respect to its neutral rights. This rule would condemn all those nations which permitted Great Britain to work her will upon the Boers; permitted us to force the Spaniards and Filipinos to their knees; permitted Japan to humiliate first China, then Russia. It would require us now to take up arms against the Turks, and, almost certainly, would embroil us with others whose views might be found contrary to our own. Under such a régime, the world's past history, blood-stained as it is, would appear as the Golden Age of relative peace.

Further, it would require us to hold in abhorrence Spain, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and nearly all of our neighbors of the Western World. If, indeed, the true cause of our war-making is to be found, not in the Lusitania

incident and others of like nature, but in some menace to Democracy, then these nations should be held to an accounting. After making some adjustment by reason of our tardiness (by what rule, let him declare who propounds the doctrine), we should, with the Mikado, the President of Liberia, and all other champions of Democracy, be justified in demanding of Spain, and other 'slackers,' that they beat their breasts in shame, and open their treasuries to the demands of outraged belligerents who fought *their* battles. Thus we can make war not only universal, but perpetual.

But, ere we thus career into chaos, driven by a worthy but unreasoning emotion; ere we take any official step which would make a precedent for this quixotic type of internationalism, let us put the new theories to the test of the hustings. Let a presidential election turn on the question whether or not governments are organized to represent the interests and the views of the majority of their citizens, who want to think calmly, even about things that profoundly stir their sentiments. There are many who, while recognizing that the groups called nations have interests in common, are yet convinced that governments should not hastily scan far horizons of space and time, and suddenly determine to sacrifice the lives and fortunes of the governed, to forfend against some general menace, thought to be discerned in the mists. They believe that, however justifiable may have been our final decision to war against Germany, it was also justifiable that we should take our time for observation, reflection, and action. They believe that the European nations involved in the war had, for years, been contemplating a probable conflict over complex interests, and had, therefore, what seemed to them compelling reasons for immediate de-

cision. They also hold that, if our own great power should rush into every quarrel, the world will not be fit to live in.

Let Nicaragua or Liberia fly quickly into passion — no great harm is done. But when the Giant of the West instantly translates the emotions of a majority, or a minority, into war — then quondam friends will all eventually turn against us, in fear of a destructive force that may at any time be directed against themselves.

The partisans of deliberation (save in case of invasion) prefer to stand on the record; to make no apology; to reserve liberty of action in the future — until, perhaps, an International Tribunal, armed to enforce its decrees, may have been set up for keeping peace among nations. Further, they hold that, if we are to make a new balance-sheet, based upon relative losses among belligerents, then we should also scrutinize relative gains. For this purpose, it is not necessary to allege — however probable it may be — that our associates had ever coveted, before the war, the ends which they realized at Versailles. Sufficient for such purpose, that they showed, in 1919, keen determination to gather the spoils made available to them by a victory not obtainable without our help. Nor were these spoils limited to moral justifications in having made 'the world safe for Democracy' by destruction of the power of Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs. Very material, indeed, are vast claims for reparations, vast transfers of territory.

It is not my purpose to criticize these acquisitions. But surely Americans might reasonably insist, if the account is to be opened on the basis indicated, that the work should be complete, if possible. And if evaluation is impossible, then no such basis should be adopted.

III

Shall we seriously undertake to measure all the elements of the problem? Shall we endeavor to give specific weight to relative danger; relative responsibility in the past for creating the danger; relative security gained for the future; relative losses, direct and indirect, suffered during the war; and relative gains obtained through victory? A little reflection, I believe, will lead most men to conclude that such an undertaking is not only impracticable but perilous.

No more fertile source of discord could be contrived than a conference called for discussion of these questions, in connection with a proposal to investigate the justice of our claims for repayment of values loaned to our war-time associates.

Cancellation of these claims is urged by a powerful group of men (chiefly, I believe, in New York), on quite different grounds from those just set forth. Instead of insisting upon the purely angelic qualities of our late companions in arms, they now think that they see much selfishness, much folly, in the uses to which the European Allies have put our common victory. And it is asserted that this selfishness is not only injuring the perpetrators, but is also actually lowering the price of American wheat.

Taking these assumptions as a text, the proponents of this theory now proclaim that we should purchase good behavior in Europe by a program of debt-cancellation, in connection with pledges from our debtors to conduct their affairs as we think they should be conducted.

In recent expositions of this doctrine, widely published, Great Britain has been excepted from the charge of arrogance, militarism, and imperialism, while those serious faults are strongly

urged against France. Hence, French policies specially are to be put in tutelage to our omniscient righteousness.

Other nations are to be told that they err through the adoption of protective tariffs. To this declaration I heartily subscribe — but I fail to see how it can be urged by the present Administration.

I wish it were possible, within the limits of this article, to destroy, by citation of facts, figures, and sound principles, the foundations of this much heralded gospel of American superiority and French inferiority in moral and political vision. But I must content myself with registering my own belief that its application in practice would be followed by endless confusion. And, if France should be puerile enough to take direction from us, we should be bound to assume grave, though ill-defined, responsibilities toward a host of unsuspected European complications.

If the proposals in question should ever appear in the Congressional forum, I think we may feel assured that, in spite of much confusion of thought on foreign policies, discussion will reveal the fact that we are not in business as a government, to make appropriations covering a bonus to foreigners in exchange for the privilege of directing their economic and military policies.

Perhaps the use of the word 'appropriations' in this connection will not be understood by some readers. Yet, in effect, the cancellation of our uncontested claims against other governments would involve, quite directly, an appropriation of values belonging to the people. Those values may not be collectible at par; we may even voluntarily diminish them, on purely financial grounds, — which will be suggested below, — but the just residue of them is public property, not alien-

able save for the public good. We should be patient, indeed, with our debtors, for their case is difficult; *but our patience should be directed toward recovery of the material values lent to others for their uses.*

And it is precisely in considering the actual material values supplied to the Allies that we may be led to propose or accept a reduction in the face value of the obligations received by us. The goods — wheat, steel, and the rest — that were loaned were valued, during the period of delivery, in money-terms much higher than those prevailing before and since the war. Gold, and its equivalents in currency, had lost much of their usual purchasing power. If we represent all goods by wheat, we may put the matter simply as follows: we lent, say, five billion bushels of wheat, and received due-bills, in terms of dollars, which, if delivered to us now, would have the power to purchase, say, ten billion bushels of wheat. Unless prices are again disturbed by war, it is probable that some such ratio will hold for many years to come. We might, therefore, permit payment to be made on the basis of the comparative index-numbers, taken for the war period and for the dates of payment as they occur in the future.

The thesis here suggested is familiar to economists. The practice involved has long been urged by many competent authorities as appropriate to all contracts of relatively long maturity. No situation, I think, could present a stronger claim for the application of this rule — if desired by the debtor — than the one we are considering. It would merely free the transaction from the effect of abnormal fluctuations in the value of money.

As one of a hundred million owners of these Allied obligations, I hereby register my consent to such a transaction.

IV

The matter of interest-rate is also one in which modification of existing understandings might reasonably be made. By the word 'reasonably' in this context, I mean that which would be meant in a parallel case between individuals, if the creditor, allowing a reduction in the original rate, were led to do so by a belief that his debtor would more certainly be able to pay the principal sum due through relief in respect to interest charges. Obviously this question should be made the object of detailed study as a basis for final action.

And so for the major question of the ability of our debtors to meet their acknowledged obligations. Whether we consider these obligations as defined by the letter of the contract, or as modified by the index-number rule as cited above, we should be ready to examine every case independently, and as lengthily as the debtors may desire. But we should *not*, I think, assume that present difficulties in Europe furnish data for wise conclusions. Obviously, the German reparations settlement must affect the sums realizable by us in the near future. And other disquieting complications in Europe — particularly their currency systems — will similarly react upon our claims. The effect of all such conditions, and of modifications in them, will be clearer in a few years than now. We may wait for final offers from our debtors until they say: 'We have made such and such provisional agreements as to reparations; and if you consent to such and such terms, in respect to our indebtedness to you, the whole chain of settlements will become effective.' That, it seems to me, is the limit to which we should go in permitting any relationship to be established between our just dues and the European imbroglio.

We need not enter into conferences over the subject. Indeed, since no delegate of ours could commit Congress to any particular action; since no administrative negotiation in treaty form could commit the Senate, it may be much better that we should steer clear of any engagements of European States, *inter se*, and simply pass upon proposals, if any be forthcoming, as to modifications of our own claims. We should *not* become materially, or morally, responsible for such mutual engagements as our ex-associates and ex-enemies may see fit to make among themselves.

In order, however, to be prepared as far as possible for prompt action, when action may be asked, our Debt Commission should be empowered to consider and report upon *any* propositions made by the debtors, instead of being restricted, as at present, to negotiations which are probably doomed to be barren. The statutory maturity-period is too short, the interest-rate — at least for some years to come — is too high, I believe. Let the Commission have two or three years for study; being empowered meanwhile to accept payments on account, if offered, but not to demand interest of embarrassed debtors. Let them be free to recommend to Congress *any* settlement that may seem wise to them, but to make *no* settlement, unless the debtors express willingness to meet the terms already indicated by statute.

In their report they should develop specifically the following subjects: (a) probable ability of each debtor country to *produce*, in five-year lustrums, a stated surplus beyond comfortable self-support; (b) probable ability of governments to acquire this surplus from their citizens without taxation so high as to defeat its object; (c) probable ability of world-markets to absorb such surplus; (d) probable form in which we

could receive this surplus over our tariff walls.

This last heading has presented serious difficulties to many inquirers. I think they underestimate the value of importations which do not compete with our productions. Thus, coffee, jute, tin, rubber, sugar, silks, and other such commodities make a great aggregate in our national purchases. If, through payments by foreign governments, our Government should, in effect, have a call upon these goods, then this call would be sold to our own citizens, and the dollar-proceeds would be available for paying our national internal debt and diminishing taxation correspondingly.

It will be said that our exporters would thus be prevented from exchanging their products for those importations. Some diminution might, indeed, be felt in this particular. And if man's appetites were strictly limited, if only a fixed amount of every article in commerce could be consumed by the race, then a static world would be unable to meet any change of conditions without severe shock. But, in fact, there is but one fixed element entering the equation — that is the cubic contents of the human stomach. This means that, if all of a given population have enough of meat and bread from a given source, no more can be consumed. Even in this matter of food, however, there is elasticity. Many poor people do not have all they *can* consume and *want* to consume of certain kinds of foods. And, in respect to clothing, housing, lighting, travel, amusements, and the like, there is, practically, no limit to man's desires. Let not the wealthy, who are now chiefly heard in lamentation over the ruin that will befall us if we receive equivalents for the things we loaned, forget the fact that millions of their fellow tax-payers will be glad to have

their share of the returns in increased consumption of both domestic and foreign goods. And let us remember that the hey-day of prosperity is not always with us. We have seen hard times. We may see them again.

Nor need we, as a nation, take into our borders immediately all that may be paid to us from abroad. Foreign investments may be increased *ad libitum*. Thus, the actual return to America may be spread over a longer period than that of formal payment. If the world's productive capacity continues to increase during the next fifty or sixty years as it has done in each such period since the day of Watt, our debtors can pay, and we can receive, all values in question. These represent only a fraction — roughly, ten per cent — of our total production during a period of *two years*.

This point is rarely understood in its full importance. We lived fairly well; we spent riotously on our own war-making; we increased our plant and we furnished vast supplies to our associates — all out of current production. Soldiers of all the Allied armies ate bread and fired projectiles which had been taken out of the ground only a few months before they were thus expended.

Bearing this in mind, we need not hasten to assume ultimate insolvency on the part of governments representing a far greater population than ours, when confronted with the task of returning, in a very long period, that which we furnished in one twentieth or one thirtieth of the time that may be allowed to them. Their national 'plant' (productive capital) is now, or soon will be, as great as in 1914. Nay, it will be greater. Certainly, they can return it if a reparations sum, even much reduced below the figure now fixed, be paid by Germany alone, in an equal or shorter period.

Let us equally avoid the rôle of Shylock and that of fairy godmother in dealing with our debtors. Thus may we preserve our self-esteem, and they the *credit of their governments*. A very precious possession to all the world is the orderly execution of contracts, both public and private. Friendship has its firmest foundation in sincere efforts to fulfill obligations. To me, no suggestion of cancellation came from European borrowers until about the time of the Armistice. Some confusion of mind at that time was to be expected. Everybody was shell-shocked. Time will restore mental poise.

COMMUNISTS AND PLOUGHSHARES. II

THE SOVIET COMPROMISE

BY LOUIS LEVINE

I

THE agrarian developments in Russia in the last year and a half may be regarded as an effort to digest the experience of the preceding four years, and as a groping for a way out of the situation created by the complex forces of the Revolution. After April 7, 1921, when the Soviet Government, directed by the Communist party, issued the now famous decrees inaugurating the 'new economic policy,' abolishing requisitioning and the state monopoly in grain, and allowing the peasants to sell their grain in the market, the Communists began searching for a new policy in the village.

After much discussion in their party press, they took the problem up at their party conference in December, 1921. They likewise made it the central topic of discussion at the ninth All-Russian Congress of Soviets, which was held during the same month. The discussion overleaped the boundaries of the Communist press, and attracted all those who are in one way or another active in agricultural work, regardless of political opinions.

A special Congress of representatives of the local land departments was held in January, 1922. An All-Russian Congress of surveyors and agricultural officials was held in February, 1922. Several hundred agricultural experts and agronomists — of whom less than

fifty were Communists — met in congress at Moscow, in March, 1922. At all these congresses, the discussion assumed a wide range and was characterized by a remarkable freedom of expression. Finally, the ideas which prevailed as a result of all this talk and writing were embodied in the decrees passed at the special session of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee, and are now the law of the land.

The following is a summary of the new principles and methods by which the Soviet Government, under the leadership of the Communist party, expects to reconstruct Russian agriculture:—

In the first place, from now on, each village is free to choose any form of land-holding it pleases. By a simple majority vote of its male and female members over eighteen years of age, a village may decide to remain as a mir, under which the land is subject to periodic redistributions, or to divide the land once for all among its members, or to arrange to cultivate the land as a coöperative enterprise, or to adopt a mixed arrangement for different sections of the land.

But as against this will of the majority, the new law allows more than one opportunity to those who prefer to farm individualistically. Whenever a general redistribution of land takes place, any number of peasant house-

holds, and even a single household, may leave the mir against the will of the majority, and demand that their allotments of land be situated all in one place, and be assigned to them for permanent use. During intervals between general redistributions, or wherever no redistributions are made, a number of households equal to twenty per cent of the total number of households in the village may at any time demand the right to leave the mir, and to have their lots assigned to them for individual use. In villages having over two hundred and fifty households, the demand for a division must be made by not less than fifty households. In all cases where such divisions are made, the land must be divided on some common basis — such as: so much per capita, or in accordance with the number of able-bodied adults in the family. Besides, the law requires that care be taken to make the divisions with the utmost consideration for those leaving the mir, so that they may not suffer from too great a scattering of landstrips, or from having their lots of land too far from their homes, or from a lack of water.

This phase of the new Soviet law is a definite abandonment of the old policy of communization. But the law goes even further, in the evident desire to let things that are well enough alone, as much as possible, and to accept the new situation created by the Revolution. Every village, or volost, according to the new law, is confirmed in the possession of whatever lands it now holds as a result of the general divisions which were effected in 1918, and which were then supposed to be provisional. Thus, the law accepts the new status quo, sanctioning the land frontiers that have emerged out of the haphazard land seizures and divisions of the agrarian upheaval. At the expense of 'justice' and equality,

the law is determined to cut short the consequences of the general land expropriation, and to fix land frontiers in fact, as well as in the minds of the peasants.

To measure the full import of this change in policy, this halt in equalization, it must be remembered that the land divisions in 1917 and 1918 took place chiefly within villages and within volosts. Inevitably, villages and volosts, within the confines of which there were many private and landlords' estates, increased their holdings considerably. In others there was not much to divide. As it was quite common for one village to hold land within the confines of a neighboring village, or for one volost to own lands in another, it was inevitable that the difficulties created by the unequal divisions should be complicated.

From 1918 on, these conditions gave rise to many quarrels and land disputes between village and village or volost and volost. To solve these difficulties, the land departments of the government were instructed to begin, and to push as rapidly as possible, the work of surveying and delimiting the land. The work, however, proceeded very slowly, in view of the shortage of surveyors and expert land officials. By the end of 1921 only 11,818,497 dessiatins had been surveyed and delimited, out of over 139,000,000, in thirty-nine provinces. Only 977 volosts out of 6147, in thirty-six provinces, have had their land surveyed and allotted, and in only 661 volosts out of 5489, in thirty-one provinces, has the land also been surveyed and allotted among the villages composing the volosts.

To complete this work now would not only require funds which Russia cannot spare, but also require many years, during which land-relations would have to remain unsettled. This

is what the Soviet Government wants to avoid. It wants security and settlement above everything else. The law, therefore, sweepingly breaks with the policy of the last four years and puts an end to all this official business of 'land settlement.' Only in cases where there is excessive scattering of strips and of lands between volosts and villages does it instruct the land departments to go on with the work of surveying and redivision. But in regard to all the other land, systematic and compulsory land-surveying and rearrangement is to be ended. All the lands now in possession of any village or volost are to be recognized as the heritage of that volost and village. If the inhabitants have any claims or complaints, they are to petition the government for a special survey and rearrangement, to be made at their own expense. Otherwise the government will keep its hands off.

In a similar way, each individual peasant is to be assured security and continuity in the use and working of the particular lot of land which is in his possession. The new legislation does not abandon the principle of land nationalization. The land remains the property of the State. Consequently, no one can buy or sell or give away or mortgage it. The only private right in the land which is recognized is the right to use it and to work it for one's individual profit. But this right is guaranteed in the new law to the fullest possible extent. The cases in which any landholder can be deprived of his lot of land are strictly defined, and are few. Thus, the right to the use of the land is forfeited in case the members of the household voluntarily relinquish such a right; in case the household dies out; in case of migration, or of the abandonment of independent farming; also when the land is taken over under eminent domain, in which case com-

pensation is offered in the form of another allotment. The law is guided by the idea that the peasant should be encouraged as much as possible in the use of his land. Thus, in those districts where the peasants are in the habit of leaving the village in order to ply special trades in the city, the law allows the peasant to retain the right to his land for two periods of crop rotation, which would ordinarily mean six years. And in case a peasant neglects his land, or violates the law of tenancy, he cannot for more than one year be deprived of the use of his land.

The renting of land is allowed under the new law, but it is restricted. Households economically weakened by natural calamity (bad harvest, fire, and the like), or by some social cause (death in the family, mobilization into the army, election to office, and the like), may sublease part or all their land for money, or on shares, for a period not exceeding three years, with the right of renewal for another three years. Only those households may rent land that can work it with their own means and with the help of their own family. No household that intends to quit agriculture may rent its land. The making of all renting contracts is under the jurisdiction of the local rural Soviets.

Hired labor on farms is also allowed, under certain restrictions. A peasant household may hire labor in case it is temporarily deprived of its own family working force by sickness, death, absence, or other cause. In districts where the peasant land-holdings are small, labor may be hired only for the season, for such special purposes as gathering in the harvest, mowing the hay, or threshing. In the districts where the land-holdings are large, labor may also be hired in order to plant the entire area and to carry out all the necessary agricultural work within the briefest possible time.

Under the conditions outlined above, the State is to aid the rebuilding of the peasant economy by a series of appropriate measures. First, as the difficulties of overpopulation still remain, the Government must undertake the amelioration of wild and bad lands, in order to create a surplus land-fund which may be used for the purposes of systematically organized colonization. Secondly, the Government promises to give more attention and apply more resources to the production of agricultural implements and of fertilizers, and to try to develop a network of seed-nurseries and breeding farms. Thirdly, agricultural experiment stations are to be developed, and agricultural schools and colleges encouraged to the fullest possible extent. Fourthly, a central land bank is to be organized, for the purpose of advancing long-time credit to the poorer peasants for the acquisition of farm animals and implements. Fifthly, in order to encourage the peasant in larger production, the tax that he has to pay is simplified. In addition to all these measures, the Government is also to encourage the organization of co-operatives in the villages.

The supervision of all these policies is assigned to the Commissariat of Agriculture. In order to strengthen the administration of this commissariat, the last Congress of Soviets directed that the officials of the local land departments should not be moved about too much — as is the custom now in most governmental offices in Russia. Besides, special land committees are organized in all provincial and county seats, upon which it devolves to carry on a vigorous campaign in behalf of the new programme of agricultural reconstruction. A Federal Land Committee, composed of representatives of several commissariats and of all autonomous republics entering

Soviet Russia, is empowered to co-ordinate the carrying out of the new policies, in coöperation with the Department of Agriculture.

The striking feature of the new agrarian policy is the compromise between state interference and *laissez-faire*. The Soviet Government practically agrees to leave the peasant alone whenever he desires to have his own way, and offers to help in all such cases, in which farmers and peasants have never been known to refuse assistance.

II

The new agrarian measures have created a mixed impression of amusement and consternation. The non-Communists, who form the vast bulk of the experts and officials in the various Soviet departments, ironically congratulate the Communists on having rediscovered Stolypin. The Revolution, they say, is at last letting-go the anchor. It almost suffered wreck on the waves of Communism, socialization, and other storm-producing isms. It is now seeking safety in the harbor of the pre-Revolutionary programme of the 'reactionary' Tsarist minister, Stolypin. On the other hand, the faithful Communists, Anarchists, and Socialists are disconcerted at the individualistic turn of the new programme, and are afraid that the work of the Revolution is being undone.

The Communist party, and its representatives in the Government, are trying to steer safely between the apprehensive taunts of the faithful and the ironical criticisms of the skeptics. The simplest argument — which naturally presents itself and which one group of Communist writers has adopted — is that of regarding the new agrarian policy as a temporary concession to the 'petty bourgeois' prejudices of the peasant and one which it

will be easy to retract at an early moment. This view finds favor with the rank and file of the Communist party — fanatical revolutionists, who are smarting under the abandonment of what they regard as inviolable principles. This view also has a propagandist appeal in the villages where the poorer peasants, who until now regarded themselves as the allies and special protégés of the government, are totally confounded by the new situation.

‘Has the Soviet Government deserted the poor and allied itself with the rich and strong?’ This question, says Nikulichin, a Communist writer, is agitating the villages now. And in order to calm these suspicious ones, this writer assures them that the Soviet Government is still ‘their own government.’ The new policy, he tells the peasants, is a forced, but temporary retreat. ‘We must sit quietly for a few years in our own land, tolerate hateful speculation, trade, and the money-making of greedy people. But, at the same time, we must persistently create big industries and collective farms, in order that we may afterward turn the wheel decidedly in the direction of Socialism, and abolish private economy altogether.’ In the meantime, he advises the poor peasants to organize themselves into agricultural artels and communes, and to fight hard against the encroachments of the richer peasants and the *kulaks*.

But such is not the view of responsible Communists and leaders of the Soviet Government. Not that they are unaware of the effects of the new policy. On the contrary, the Soviet papers are full of articles about its ‘direful consequences’ to the poorer elements in the villages. In the *Izvestia* of May 14, 1922, for instance, are several letters from peasants, complaining about the situation. One peasant, from the province of Moscow, writes:

‘Village life has become darkened. Many kulaks and speculators and traders have made their appearance, and undermine the life of the poor and honest people. The life of the peasants — especially of those who have many children — is becoming unbearable. . . . Many of them sell whatever they still have, and buy at very high prices the necessities of life, and thus become totally impoverished. They and their children go out begging, suffer hunger and cold, and die prematurely.’

Correspondents from different provinces write about the kulak who feels strong again, because he is on friendly terms with the new authorities; and complain that the new village Soviets, and especially the officials of the land departments, are becoming ‘imbued with the kulak spirit.’

Even allowing for the exaggeration that is inevitable in such letters, and for the bias in their selection, the fact of the differentiation in the village is undeniable, and is confirmed by all observers. But this fact, which, from the point of view of the class-struggle, should be welcomed by the Communists, is now frowned upon by them. At the All-Russian Conference of Land Departments, Ossinski, the then Commissar of Agriculture, after admitting the facts said: ‘We must try not to split the village. Our aim must be to maintain the economy of the peasants. Our policy must be oriented toward the middle peasant. In connection with the new economic policy, many are saying we should apply all our energies to organize the village proletariat against the village bourgeoisie. This is not the time for it. In the coming years at least, the work of the Commissariat of Agriculture will have as its aim, not politics, but the reconstruction of agriculture.’

Inspired by such purposes, the more responsible Communists have felt the

necessity of reconsidering the whole problem, and have put forward a theory which is an attempt to reconcile ideals with present practice. This theory has been forcibly expressed by Mesiatsev, a leading Soviet expert, in a series of articles, reports, and interviews, which can be summarized as follows: —

Our ideal still is, and will remain, the same, namely a coöperative and Socialist agriculture, which also means large-scale agriculture. But the attainment of this ideal cannot be hurried by force; it involves a long process of education and development; meanwhile, our new agrarian policy is necessary, in order to put Russian agriculture on a productive and profitable basis. But our new policy is in no way a violation of our ideal.

All we are really giving up is universal land-equalization, which is both impracticable and economically unjustifiable. We do not want the 'equalizing socialization' of the populists, but nationalization in the spirit of Lenin. But for this purpose all forms of land-holding are equally good. For Socialism depends, not on forms of land-holding, but on the development of technique and on electrification. Even homesteads may be but a step toward collectivism; for homesteading peasants take to coöperation. And as, generally, only the richer peasants prefer to settle in homesteads, there will remain in the village-commune only the poorer elements, which, under the influence of the government, may prove susceptible to collective ideas.

What we must hold to is the principle of nationalization. As long as that remains, there will be little opportunity for the excessive development of capitalistic relations in the village. Under a system of nationalization, there can be no accumulation of large tracts of land in a few hands; for there can be no purchase or sale of land, no mortgaging, and no abusive system of tenancy. The small and middle peasant will remain the predominant element in the country, and will develop his economy by the means of his labor and of state aid. The government will continue to encourage coöperation, and in time the peasant population will be won over to the coöperative

idea. The present agrarian policy is but another road to the same goal.

While the Communists feel that they have made a great détour from their original path, there persists in Russia a group of writers and public servants, to whom even the new agrarian measures have too many traces of Communism in them. At the Agronomists' Congress, this extreme individualistic view found free expression. Its chief exponent was Professor Brutskus, a well-known writer on agricultural economics. He welcomed the change in policy on the part of the Communists, but he accused the Soviet Government of not going far enough. In his opinion, the agrarian revolution in Russia was not caused by the fact that the nobility had held twenty per cent of the land. The real cause was that the nobility had interfered with the productive development of peasant economy by artificially maintaining the 'village-commune,' which had long since become a hindrance to progress, because it concealed the correlation of land area to population, and prevented the peasants from seeing that the betterment of their condition was dependent on the control of the birth rate, on proper regulation of overpopulation by migration, and on the use of more intensive methods in agricultural work.

Professor Brutskus teased the Communists for not realizing that Stolypin had been a 'revolutionist,' and for not having the courage to accept his programme fully and break up the 'village-commune.' The Soviet Government, he claimed, by a policy of neutrality, will only encourage the antiquated mir. He also advocated allowing the mortgaging of land, as well as the bequeathing of land to one member of the family in order to prevent extreme parceling. He claimed that such arrangements could be harmonized with the principle of nationalization, through

a system of leases for nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine years, such as exist in New Zealand. This view was supported by others, who urged the Soviet Government to develop an 'American type of life,' by improving the waste lands and organizing a system of homesteading on the American plan. That, however, the Communists still refuse to follow, and they continue to occupy their intermediate position.

There is a difference between Stolypin and the Communists [said Mesiatsev]: Stolypin was determined to break up the 'village-commune,' and to create a class of peasant proprietors. The Soviet Government will be neutral. It will leave the peasants free to make their own choice. It will try neither to maintain the mir nor to destroy it.

Our attitude toward the mir, or homesteads, or segregated land-holding, will depend on what is more productive. For instance, we will try to prevent the excessive parceling of land, because it is unproductive. We shall not allow redistribution of land if it hurts production. On the other hand, we shall do everything in our power to free the initiative of the careful and diligent peasants. Wherever the 'diligent minority' wishes to go its own way, in order to raise production, it will have our unquestioning support.

We Communists realize that Russia is large and that different tendencies will manifest themselves in different sections of the country. We do not expect that there will be a universal movement to break up into homesteads. More likely, the movement will follow the old lines. In the west and northwest, homesteads and individual farms will become more general. In the central districts there will prevail the tendency to divide the land into continuous allotments, and to form coöperative land associations. In the southeast, the large villages will break up into smaller ones, retaining the communal forms of land-holding. We shall watch all these movements, and apply our policies accordingly.

Such is the present position of the

Communists. My observations in Russia lead me to believe that they are sincerely endeavoring to hold to their new line. Nevertheless, if necessary, they will make further concessions.

III

Few people in Russia, outside of small partisan groups, are banking on a violent political change, or on the 'fall of the Bolsheviki.' The masses of the people have become politically indifferent, and ask only one question: 'Where will bread and aid come from?' The educated classes and the city population, which are not communistic or friendly to the Communists, have adjusted themselves to the new conditions. They place their hopes in the evolution of the government, and in the gradual transformation of the present dictatorship into some sort of democracy.

But, even assuming that a violent change is both possible and likely, it would not seriously affect the economic condition of the village. The misfortunes of Kolchak and the misadventures of Denikin and Wrangel have shown that no government which is suspected of sympathies for the old landlord and *tehinovnik* (bureaucrat) can win the peasant to its side; and without the active support or passive consent of the peasant, no government can last long in Russia at the present time. The Bolsheviki grasped that fact fully when the Kronstadt uprising came upon them, in the winter of 1921, and made haste to gratify the demands of the peasants by the 'new policy,' and by the agrarian measures already described. The Communists have repeatedly said since the Kronstadt uprising that they could not have maintained themselves in power, had they not made these concessions and embarked at once upon their new path.

This fact has a double significance. It means that, should the Bolsheviks be overthrown by an unexpected turn of events, any government which replaced them would have to follow in their footsteps in the village. It is also a guaranty that the Bolsheviks will have to carry out their new policies in good faith and in earnest. Thus, under any conditions, reconstruction must proceed on the lines laid down. This is why the new agrarian legislation may be justly regarded, not as a party measure, but as something approaching a national policy. The very criticisms directed against it prove the point. Laws which are passed by Communists, and which have so much in common with the pre-Revolutionary reforms of Stolypin, are evidently not far removed from the trend of economic life. The spirit of compromise that inspires the new legislation is another proof of the same point. For extreme individualism in the Russian village, with its traditions of the *mir* and its recent equalizing experience, would be just as doctrinaire to-day as extreme Communism was the day before. The new legislation prepares the ground for political relaxation, and room for the working of economic forces. Progress for the time being means moving further in the same direction.

The Russians themselves, and the outside world, will measure this progress by the same yardstick, namely, how quickly the agricultural resources are made to yield their utmost.

But even attainment of pre-war production presents enormous difficulties. The very first step — the reconquest of the area of cultivated land — is beset with complexities, which were clearly stated in the official report presented to the ninth All-Russian Congress of Soviets by Krizhanovski, a leading engineer, and chairman of the

General State-Planning Commission. According to Krizhanovski, who is otherwise optimistic, there is even danger of further regression, because 'as a result of the three-field system, in which the same grains are monotonously cultivated, and of the extremely superficial ploughing, the upper layer of soil is losing its clotty structure and turning into dust.'

The distribution of rainfall has been seriously affected by the wholesale and indiscriminate destruction of forests, which has taken place in the last few years because wood was practically the only fuel for railroads, factories, and domestic use. As a result of these and other conditions, says Krizhanovski, Russia 'is in danger of going through a prolonged period of drought,' and of losing entirely large parts of the black-earth districts of the Volga and the southeast. On the other hand, to bring under cultivation the waste and marshy lands, in order to make up for this loss, would require extensive ameliorations, — drainage in the north, irrigation in the south, reforestation, and so on, — all of which involve outlays far beyond the country's means.

The importation of machinery and implements, cut off in 1917, has not been restored to any considerable extent, and the prospects of filling the gap from Russia's own production are not brilliant. In 1913, within the confines of the present territory of Russia, 8,500,000 pieces of machinery and implements were produced; in 1920, only 2,000,000. In 1921, the production of ploughs was only thirteen per cent of that of 1913 — 100,000 pieces against 700,000; the production of sowers, less than one per cent; that of threshers, less than two per cent. Only scythes and sickles are still produced in appreciable quantities, because their production is largely in the hands of petty artisans and *kustars*, who manage

to keep going with imperfect tools, though the quantity is now maintained at the expense of quality.

The rebuilding of this industry, regardless of the best intentions, cannot be rapid. The trouble is aggravated by the fact that the Ukraine, which used to be the principal field for the production of agricultural implements, shows less capacity for recovery. According to the plan for rebuilding the industry, which the Bureau of Agricultural Machinery (*Glavselmash*) of the Supreme Council of National Economy has mapped out, it will take ten years to bring the industry up to eighty per cent of the pre-war output.

Neither has the government the resources, or the experts, to push the promised aid to the peasants by teaching them more intensive methods, or scientific systems of crop-rotation. The Soviet Government has fallen heir, in this as in other respects, to a sad condition, for the Tsarist Government never paid much attention to agricultural education. The agronomist experts are without shoes, without proper clothes, and 'look like plain peasants.' According to the delegate from Ekaterinburg, the agronomists in his district have to walk seventy and eighty versts in sandals, to attend meetings.

The greatest difficulties, however, are those of finance. It has been estimated that the minimum needs for the restoration of Russian agriculture are from two to three billion gold roubles. Considering also the needs for the rebuilding of elevators, railroads, and other enterprises connected with agriculture — the total would come to about ten billion gold roubles. These are sums which Russia cannot hope to muster from her own resources, for many years to come.

All these difficulties are complicated by the interdependence that exists between agriculture and other branches

of the national economy. The peasant in Turkestan, for instance, who during the last few years has been planting wheat instead of cotton, will not be induced to resume the cultivation of cotton, so long as the cotton factories make no demand for the raw material; and transportation is so broken down as to make reliance on outside sources of food risky. It is claimed that the peasants in the northern districts, who are now planting potatoes and rye where they formerly sowed flax and hemp, are unwilling to change back to their special crops, because the Government, which retains a monopoly of foreign trade, is fixing too low a price on those products.

The very process of reforming and transforming, in which all industrial life in Russia is involved to-day, affects the agricultural situation unfavorably. For instance, there is now a considerable supply of agricultural implements in the warehouses of the appropriate bureaus (*Glavselmash*, *Gos-selsklad*), but they are lying idle because, under the new economic policy, every bureau is supposed to do business on commercial principles, in order to show a favorable balance sheet. The bureaus possessing the implements claim that they have not the funds to advance credits to the peasants, who need the implements but who have no money. At the meetings held by the various bureaus, it was decided to request state credits to the amount of four million gold roubles. After negotiations dragged along for over a month the sum was successfully cut to a few hundred thousand gold roubles, and at the time of this writing the money had not yet been advanced.

The fiscal policy also continues to retard the efforts of the peasants. The Soviet statisticians may be right in their computations showing that the peasant to-day pays less to the Soviet

Government than he paid to the Tsar in the old days. But the natural form of the tax — so many poods of grain, so many eggs, et cetera — is irksome to the peasant, who never was a good and prompt taxpayer. The Soviet Government is aware of this, but it cannot help itself so long as the rouble remains little more than a scrap of paper, and the whole mechanism of exchange between city and village is disarranged.

In view of all this, the reconstruction of Russian agriculture cannot but be slow and painful. For the time being, efforts are still directed toward stopping further disintegration. From the information presented at the agricultural conference of the central provinces, held in June, it seems clear that for 1922-23 there will be a further decrease in planted area, as compared with last year, estimated at sixteen per cent, exclusive of the Ukraine. From the Volga and other districts come reports that it will be impossible to gather in the harvest, because of the lack of men and machinery and farm animals. Seeds for the winter sowing will not be sufficient; and though the harvest this year may be fair, the upward march may not begin for some time.

The *deus ex machina* on whom much reliance has been placed is 'foreign capital.' Though agricultural concessions are rather unusual, they would be comparatively simple in Russia, under present conditions. Both the govern-

ment and the peasants would welcome arrangements by which large tracts of land might be cultivated by machinery, under proper supervision, either on sharing terms, or on ordinary commercial terms. Such arrangements are not affected by the land-relations, though the new conditions in the village would make them easier. Offers to take land on such terms have been made to Germans. Arrangements with the peasants in the northern provinces to plant flax — by advancing capital and wages — could also be made. Of course, all such arrangements involve the consent of the Soviet Government as to exploitation of resources and exports; but I believe that could be treated independently of the general question of 'foreign investments.'

No one who has observed the Russian people can doubt the great future which is still before them. Their very stolidity in the face of famine, and the fatalism with which they philosophize about the millions who must die of hunger and the new millions who will take their place, are a striking expression of their elemental vitality and epic faith in the future. And if the alluring figure of the foreign investor recedes more and more beyond the political horizon, the Russians turn their eyes with the greater expectation to their own dispenser of hope and plenty — the good, old, erratic but ever-returning, 'Lord Harvest.'

AFTER WASHINGTON

THE FUTURE OF THE PACIFIC PROBLEM

BY J. O. P. BLAND

I

THE rapidly increasing volume of attention that has lately been directed by journalists and review writers to the Pacific problem (or, as it is alternately called, the Far Eastern question) indicates that public opinion is gradually coming to realize the importance and imminence of the struggle between the great commercial powers for the actual and potential trade of China and its great hinterlands. The Washington Conference may be regarded as an official, world-wide recognition of the fact that, as the result of the European war, the nations which are now most directly and immediately involved in this struggle are the United States and Japan. It also implied recognition of the truth that certain antagonistic elements whose growth and direction have been manifest to close watchers of the political skies since the beginning of the century, have now come to confront each other so closely, that it was necessary for the leaders of a nation which preserves its ardent faith in pacts and conferences, to discuss ways and means of preventing the economic struggle from developing into ordeal by battle.

Before proceeding to discuss to what extent, and in what way, the results of the Conference may be said to have served to diminish the points of friction and to postpone, or modify, the in-

evitable struggle, I would ask the reader briefly to consider an important aspect of the problem, which Mr. Harding and his colleagues, following the example of all peace conferences, tacitly ignored.

As the result of a painful process of education in elementary economics, the modern world is being slowly, but surely, led to perceive that its collective intelligence has no chance of triumphing over its collective folly, to the extent of making war as 'unthinkable' as many earnest people proclaim it to be, so long as civilization continues to be subjected to severe and increasing economic pressure. It remains eternally true that 'a hungry belly has no ears.' Governments and statesmen may agree to limit armaments and to subscribe to rules of international arbitration, but they can never stay the hunger-marches of virile nations, whose numbers have outstripped their food-supply, and who look for new places in the sun. Furthermore, the truth is forcing itself upon the minds of statesmen and political economists, that the intensity of economic pressure — the fundamental cause of war — can never be checked, unless and until our collective intelligence, discarding false sentiment and religious prejudice, is prepared to admit that the root-cause of this pressure lies in the modern world's unregu-

lated and excessive population. In other words, as Mill truly says, 'the triumphs of science over the powers of nature can never become the means of improving and elevating the universal lot, until, in addition to just institutions, the increase of mankind shall come under the deliberate guidance of judicious foresight.'

The Washington Conference testified once more to the world's belief in just institutions; but again, as at Versailles, a gathering of representative statesmen, endeavoring to devise means for the prevention of war, completely failed to face the fundamental realities, or even tentatively to discuss the only means by which the collective intelligence of humanity can ever hope to remove the root-cause of ever-recurring strife. Many noble sentiments were recorded about 'the torches of understanding having been lighted,' and about 'a public mind and world-opinion made ready to grant justice precisely as it exacts it'; much confidence was expressed in the foundations of world-disarmament, so well and truly laid by Mr. Secretary Hughes; and there was a good deal of talk about the hopeful dawn of new eras; but of the 'deliberate guidance of judicious foresight,' alas! there was neither word nor sign.

A very significant indication of the illuminating value of the new 'torches of understanding,' as well as of the persistence of the powers of darkness in high places, was manifested, even while the Conference was beginning its labors, when a public meeting, convened at New York by Mrs. Sanger, Mr. Harold Cox, and other leaders of the birth-control movement, to discuss the question of overpopulation as a chronic cause of war, was forcibly broken up by the police, at the instigation of a Roman Catholic prelate. And the representatives of a regenerate

world, discussing at Washington the limitation of armaments, apparently saw nothing remarkable in the spectacle of the arm of the law at New York illegally preventing any discussion of the limitation of cannon-fodder!

The unwillingness, or inability, of responsible statesmen to admit, or even to discuss, the obvious facts and inevitable consequences of the law of population, is the more remarkable in this present case of the Washington Conference, inasmuch as, on both shores of the Pacific, the evidences of economic pressure, due to rapidly increasing numbers, are matters of common knowledge, undeniable, and generally recognized. Every student of the Pacific problem can readily trace for himself the steady growth of the cloud of impending conflict, which loomed up forty years ago, no bigger than a man's hand, when first the rulers of Japan entered actively upon their policy of expansion on the Asiatic mainland, by challenging China's claims to the overlordship of Korea. Later on, the people of the United States looked on complacently, even sympathetically, while the Island Empire of the East made good its foothold in Manchuria and Korea, at the cost of a stern struggle with Russia.

But for some time before that war, and before the question of Asiatic immigration into the White Man's countries had produced a rankling sense of injustice in Japan and a feeling of irritation in America, it had become evident to many observers that the increase of population and of industrialism in the United States must eventually create a situation in which America's interests, and her rulers' conception of national security, would bring her into conflict with Japan's policy of economic penetration on the Asiatic mainland. Long before Mr. Roosevelt's declaration that the des-

tinies of America lay upon the Pacific (1903), or before her own inevitable expansion westward and need of Far Eastern markets were foreshadowed by the annexation of Hawaii and the building of the Panama Canal, the orientation of American foreign policy, conscious or unconscious, had steadily been toward the safeguarding of her interests in the Far East. In convening the Washington Conference, Mr. Hughes merely carried to its logical conclusion the policy of a long line of predecessors, and proclaimed to the world the fact that the United States, having become a great military power, intends henceforth to protect Oriental claims that were pegged out by far-seeing prospectors long ago.

It is, indeed, extremely interesting to cast back, and to observe how, since the days of President Monroe, successive administrations, while declaring that the interests of America necessitated complete detachment from the affairs of Europe, have never ceased to display an active interest in the affairs of Asia. Almost at the same time as the proclamation of the Monroe Doctrine, America sent Edmund Roberts, her first envoy to the East, to make treaties of peace and good-will with Annam and Siam. After him came Caleb Cushing, who negotiated the first American treaty with China (1844); and thereafter, the opening of Japan to the western world by Commodore Perry. Under President McKinley, America became possessed of the Philippines; Mr. Roosevelt's administration testified to its interest in the affairs of Asia by intervening as peacemaker in the Russo-Japanese war. There then followed a period of diplomatic manoeuvres, during which American statesmen, confronted first by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and later by the Russo-Japanese Entente, contented themselves with reiterating

diplomatic insistence upon Mr. Secretary Hay's principles of the 'Open Door' and equal opportunity, without any immediate intention of demanding their practical application.

With the great European war came, on the one hand, Japan's opportunity to advance her outposts, and to consolidate her position on the Asiatic mainland, and, on the other, the rapid demonstration of America's latent military resources. The broad shadow of to-day's events was then plainly cast. In October, 1916, at a moment when both Russia and Japan were visibly encroaching upon China's territory and sovereign rights, the State Department at Washington announced its intention of postponing the several questions thus created until the end of the war, 'no matter what conditions might arise in China,' restricting itself, for the time being, to the collection of information and records.

On the conclusion of the war, following once again the line of national interests, American statesmanship detached itself from the League of Nations and European 'entanglements,' and having done so, proceeded to convene a meeting of the Powers, to discuss the limitation of armaments and the arbitrament of differences in the Far East, that is to say, in that region where America's special interests and overseas possessions lie.

Seen in this light, the Washington Conference becomes the natural and inevitable conclusion of a national policy which, despite occasional lapses, may be traced back through successive administrations to George Washington's conception and justification of purely national interests. In America, as elsewhere, the first object of every statesman must always be national security; and the men of clear vision who direct the affairs of the United States to-day are well aware that, for

the great industrial nations, national security has come to depend more and more critically upon control of raw materials and of markets. They know that, within the lifetime of the present generation, America must be confronted, though in a lesser degree, with the same grim problem as that which confronts England and Japan (not to mention Western Europe), namely, the problem of finding and keeping ways and means of selling enough of its industrial products, under increasingly severe competition, to provide daily bread for vast masses of town-dwelling workers, who consume, but do not produce, food. And they look to find that market in China.

II

Since Mr. Secretary Hay first proclaimed the devotion of the United States to the principle of the Open Door in China, many events have occurred and many changes taken place in the balance of power, to emphasize and accelerate the development of America's interests in the Far East, and therefore to increase the probability of conflict between her and Japan, whose 'special interests' are already firmly established in that region.

As the result of China's rapid descent down the path of financial and political demoralization, and of her repeatedly demonstrated incapacity to organize any effective military forces, the defenselessness of the world's greatest undeveloped market has been made manifest, at the same time that her potential value has been enormously increased by reason of the collapse of international commerce in Europe. Appreciation of the value of the pearl which awaits the Power that shall successfully open the Chinese oyster is no new thing. If China succeeded in escaping political tutelage and economic

exploitation at the close of the nineteenth century, it was only because of the neutralizing effect of international jealousies. When Russia, in alliance with France moving up from Tonquin, came down upon the Middle Kingdom through Siberia and Manchuria, it was not the moral force of the principle of the Open Door, but only the restraining virtue of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which, for the time, made the 'integrity of China' something more than a diplomatic catchword.

Again, after the untoward announcement of Mr. Secretary Knox's scheme for the neutralization of Manchurian railways, when Russia and Japan joined forces, in 1910, and declared their intention to support each other's claims to vague but far-reaching 'special interests' in China's loosely held dependencies, the Open Door became practically closed in that region, American protests notwithstanding. When, in 1912, the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty destroyed the last remnants of central authority at Peking, China became the happy hunting-ground of political adventurers, and a swift process of 'economic gravitation' set in, which threatened to destroy her sovereignty at many points. But once again the kind Fates intervened: by the elimination of Russia as a great Power, the European war relieved China at least from any immediate danger of the fulfillment of Mouravieff's dream, and the risks she ran became obviously less with the disappearance of the Russo-Japanese Entente.

The 'Twenty-one Demands' imposed upon the helpless Chinese Government by Japan in May, 1915, showed, however, that the Elder Statesmen at Tokyo intended, should the course of events and the results of the European war favor such action, to take those steps, long planned, which would establish Japan's na-

tional security upon a firmly held position of economic and strategic advantage on the Asiatic mainland. The Twenty-one Demands were, in effect, something in the nature of a gamble on the outcome of the European war. Had it ended in a stalemate, or in victory for Germany, Japan's position would undoubtedly have been rapidly extended and strengthened in China.

Moreover, the nature and extent of these demands amounted to acceptance in advance of the termination, in any case, of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; for the claims thus advanced were clearly incompatible with the principles of the Open Door and equal opportunity. It was a gamble justified, from the Japanese point of view, not only by the uncertainties and opportunities of the general situation, but because the failure of Japanese attempts to colonize in Formosa, Korea, and Manchuria had led the Japanese Government, naturally enough, to regard the establishment and protection of 'special interests' in China (that is to say, of a position of political and economic advantage) as essentially necessary. Thus the end of the war, and the coming together of the new map-makers at Versailles, found the Far Eastern problem to lie, as before, in the reconciliation of conflicting interests, in the race for priority of opportunity in developing and exploiting the trade and resources of China. Only the chief protagonists had changed.

In spite of Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points, and of the benevolent activities of Women's Leagues for Peace and Freedom, and of other philanthropists, the truth was clearly manifested at Versailles, and subsequently demonstrated with equal clearness at Washington, that the conditions which Japan considers necessary for her national security and economic existence, are bound to conflict, with ever-

increasing intensity, with America's conception of her own national interests. Disguise the truth as we may with diplomatic phrases, the policy and pronouncements set forth by Mr. Hughes at Washington are intended to confine Japanese expansion within definite limits, and, at the same time, so to establish the principle of equal opportunity, as virtually to place China (and, for that matter, Eastern Russia) under a Four-Power protectorate, in the working of which America might confidently look for the support of England and France, to oppose Japan's claims to a preferential position.

It was equally made manifest at Washington, for those who had eyes to see, that beneath Japan's attitude of courteous acquiescence lies an unshaken determination to maintain at all costs the position of economic and strategic advantage in Manchuria and Mongolia, which the nation has won for itself at the cost of two great wars, and which its rulers consider vital to its future security. Therefore the Far Eastern problem of to-day, reduced to its simplest expression, lies in this question: how far, and by what means, can the respective interests of America and Japan, and their conflicting conceptions of national security, be reconciled, with a view to the preservation of peace? It is a question which immediately concerns the whole world, and particularly England, to whose manufacturers and merchants the peaceful and early development of China's potential trade has now become a matter of vital importance.

III

Bearing in mind the grim realities that lurk beneath all the polite conventions of diplomacy and the euphemisms of statecraft, and discarding the fashionable lip-service of sentimental ideal-

ism, let us first consider the *raison d'être* and immediate results of the Washington Conference, and then endeavor to forecast its ultimate effect upon the Pacific problem, as above defined.

It is unnecessary, for our purpose, to inquire to what extent President Harding and Mr. Secretary Hughes may have been moved by the exigencies of domestic politics in inviting the Powers to meet at Washington, and in endeavoring to secure such a readjustment of the Far Eastern question as would fulfill the requirements of American interests. There may be—indeed, there probably is—justification for the opinion expressed in the American press, that President Harding's hand was forced, in the matter of the Conference, by Senator Borah, representing a very strong element of public opinion, determined to expiate Mr. Wilson's failure at Versailles, and to vindicate American idealism in world politics; but even so, everything in the attitude and utterances of the Administration justifies the conclusion that the inception of the Conference was inspired by a national, rather than by a party, conception of foreign policy. Indeed, in proposing to bring the United States into something very closely resembling an alliance with other Powers, for political ends, Mr. Harding undoubtedly took risks which no former President had ever successfully taken. It is only fair to assume that he took those risks in the confident belief that the strength of public opinion behind the disarmament idea, and in favor of anything that might serve to promote the cause of world peace, would eventually secure the ratification of his treaties, even by the 'malcontent third' in the Senate. As events proved, and as the Conference proceeded, the activities of the 'no-more-war' idealists became an unexpected source of embarrass-

ment, at times, to the Administration; and Mr. Hughes's difficult task was in no way lightened by the necessity in which he found himself of reconciling to his ultimately practical aims a body of public opinion which, while earnestly demanding complete disarmament and a World League of Peace, at the same time evidently expected the Government to protect, not only China, but the remnants of Russian authority in Siberia, from Japanese aggression.

As a matter of vitally necessary policy, based on national tradition and on a justifiable anticipation of national interests, the Administration's first object was to reaffirm and reestablish the principle of the Open Door and equal opportunity in China; and, with that end in view, to secure the substitution of a new alignment of the Powers for the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Its immediate purpose, which lost nothing of its predominant significance by being omitted from the agenda, was, therefore, to secure at least the tacit approval of Great Britain and the Dominions for a policy which would aim at putting a check on Japanese expansion and challenging her preferential position. The procedure of the Conference followed, of course, the conventions of international courtesy: there were the usual references to a new world, regenerate by the 'spirit of generous coöperation,' and the delegates were invited to approach the solution of their problems 'with the full consciousness that they were working in the service of mankind'; but, as Senator Lodge justly observed at the conclusion of the proceedings, its success was chiefly due to the fact that its scope was strictly limited to matters of immediate concern to the United States.

On the subject of naval disarmament, which figured first on the agenda, Mr. Lodge was 'more impressed by the

limitation of the tonnage of ships and calibre of guns, than by the reduction of the number of capital ships.' It is safe to say that the other naval powers, and particularly Japan, were similarly impressed by the nature and terms of the agreement, proposed with such dramatic unexpectedness by the nation which, not so very long before, through the mouth of its servant Daniels, had announced its intention to build the greatest navy in the world. The Administration claimed and received no small measure of warm-hearted approbation for this *beau geste*, and for setting so forthright an example of pacific intentions; throughout the civilized world, the press resounded with eulogies of the statesmanship which had had the courage to take so bold a step on the road to universal brotherhood, and had shown a practical way to reduce the burden of armaments.

But the naval experts, who also stood and waited, and certain other cold-blooded realists, whose minds are trained to regard all such questions in the light of national security, were not slow to perceive the connection between a limitation of the tonnage of capital ships and the accommodation limits offered by the Panama Canal. Similarly, they saw that the practical impossibility of coaling and victualing an unlimited number of battleships and cruisers, based in the Philippine Islands, made it a matter of the most vital strategic importance for the United States to secure a proportional reduction of the number of each nation's capital ships, even though, in so doing, Great Britain should be left with a slight numerical superiority over America. As Lieutenant-Colonel Reboul observes, 'The ideal of President Harding is sincere, and the programme of Mr. Hughes is certainly capable of contributing, if it were pos-

sible, to the peace of the world; suffice it to point out that their objects are not incompatible with the immediate and imperative strategic interests of the United States.'

The Japanese, while fully alive to the strategical significance of the American proposals, were sincerely, and quite naturally, well-disposed toward any scheme which afforded a prospect of reducing expenditure on armaments, so long as no vital national interests were endangered. They therefore agreed to the disarmament scheme; but their acceptance was made conditional upon America's undertaking to maintain the status quo of fortifications and naval bases in her Western Pacific possessions, that is to say, in Guam and the Philippines — a condition which, in the event of war, leaves these possessions practically defenseless against a Japanese coup de main, and therefore deprives the United States of her only base for carrying out an offensive against Japan in the Pacific.

Thus regarded, the results of the Washington Conference undoubtedly make for peace, in the sense that, so long as the treaty remains in force (which should be till December, 1936), they make it practically impossible for either antagonist to do the other any vital injury. So far, so good; but no useful purpose is served by evading the truth that, while both parties at the Conference showed an earnest desire to find and pursue the path of peace, both were nevertheless obviously manœuvring for position, with an eye to the eventual possibilities of conflict. And the ultimate cause of strife — namely, rivalry for the Far Eastern markets — remained not only untouched, but with every prospect of steady aggravation, as the result of the treaties, and especially of their contingent resolutions, proposed by

Mr. Secretary Hughes and adopted by the Conference.

In the political sphere, the chief result of the Conference has been to put an end to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and prospectively, to strengthen the hands of the American Government by the expectation of British support for the principle of the Open Door. The position in which the Japanese representatives found themselves placed with regard to the Twenty-one Demands was plainly that of a defendant; and the official statement made by Baron Shidehara on the subject, placed on record with the Treaties, may fairly be regarded as tantamount to a confession that the gamble of 1915 had been unfortunate.

On the subject of Eastern Siberia and Saghalien, also, Mr. Hughes's exposition of American policy, his solemnly recorded declaration of the hope that Japan's pledges of evacuation would be carried out 'in the near future,' together with his expressed intention of revitalizing the principle of equal opportunity by virtue of the Nine-Power Treaty, all served to emphasize the possibility of Japanese isolation, as a result of the new political and economic conditions that have arisen since the war.

Finally, in the matter of Japan's 'special interests,' recognized, but never precisely defined by the Lansing-Ishii agreement of 1917, Baron Shidehara, while cheerfully subscribing to the principle of the Open Door, took occasion to reiterate the sufficiently obvious truth that it is to the Asiatic mainland that Japan must look for the raw materials and markets which are absolutely vital to her economic existence. He carefully refrained from introducing any argument or allusion in reference to that aspect of the doctrine of equal opportunity which had proved such a stumbling-block to Mr.

Wilson and the peacemakers at Versailles — namely, the question of Japanese immigration into continents other than the Asiatic. So far as Japan was concerned, every sleeping dog was allowed to lie undisturbed. With inscrutably smiling faces her delegates went home, to ponder at their leisure over Mr. Harding's eloquent peroration, and, in particular, over his assurance that 'the achievement of the Conference had been supreme, because no seed of conflict had been sown; no reaction in regret or resentment can ever justify resort to arms. The very atmosphere has shamed national selfishness into retreat.'

Mr. Frank Simonds, whose wide knowledge of foreign politics and affairs makes him a peculiarly distinguished figure in American journalism, was practically alone in pointing out, at the time when Mr. Hughes's policy began to be outlined, that the principles he was seeking to 'revitalize' involve the assertion of a moral guardianship over China, and a course of action definitely committed to limiting Japanese expansion in the only direction which has been left open to them; a policy which, according to every historical precedent, must inevitably lead to war. Mr. Simonds might well have added that the principal factor in the Far Eastern problem, the unknown factor upon the determination of which Japanese policy now waits, lies in the nature and proclivities of whatsoever national government shall, in process of time, emerge out of the present chaos in Russia. For it must be evident that a renewal of the Russo-Japanese Entente of 1910, with Germany redivivus in the background, would very rapidly devitalize the principle of the Open Door in China.

For the present, however, the principle has been revitalized, and in the words of Senator Lodge, an immediate

result of the Conference has been 'to render such aid to China as may help her to secure real independence.' Nevertheless, it remains eternally and undeniably true that the *fons et origo* of the Far Eastern question — China's defenseless weakness and lack of constructive initiative — can never be remedied by any number of treaties and resolutions, whether adopted by four or by nine Powers. The preservation of her integrity and sovereignty can be achieved, in the long run, only by her own efforts and by the growth of a genuine spirit of patriotism, which shall aim, in the first instance, not at constitutions and parliaments, but at a systematic reform of the administration, particularly in the field of finance. And this being so, the future of the Far Eastern problem must depend upon the readiness and ability of the rulers of China to avail themselves of the latest period of grace afforded them by the present position of international affairs, and by the aid proffered to them from Washington. Thus regarded, the outlook cannot be considered hopeful; for the most prominent groups and individuals who have recently come to the front in Chinese politics give even less evidence than their predecessors of any real appreciation of their country's needs.

For the present, however, the principle of the Open Door has been proclaimed and accepted by all the Powers concerned; it remains now to be seen how the principle will work out in practice, when the various international commissions created by the Washington Conference begin their labors, especially those whose duty it will be to consider economic and railway conditions in the Far East, and the revision of the Chinese tariff. In these negotiations, it is safe to predict, the rival Powers will continue, as in the field of strategy, to manœuvre for position;

and the avoidance in the immediate future of such a divergency of views as might lead to a serious crisis, or even to a *casus belli*, will depend in the first instance upon the interpretation which American diplomacy and the body of public opinion behind it decides upon attaching to that extremely nebulous expression — 'equal opportunity.'

Japan, reassured as to the strategical situation created by the limitation of armaments, and sincerely anxious to reduce her national expenditure, will, no doubt, proceed with the withdrawal of her military outposts in Shantung, Siberia, and Saghalien; but, as I have already said, it is not possible to conceive of any circumstances, or any cause other than decisive military defeat, which can ever induce her to abandon her position of economic and strategical advantage in Manchuria and Eastern Mongolia. On the contrary, she will undoubtedly continue to develop with all the resources at her disposal, and to accelerate at every favorable point her 'peaceful penetration' into that 'field of economic activity' upon which, as Baron Shidehara frankly told the Conference, she depends for her very existence. It is also quite certain that this process of peaceful penetration will continue, as heretofore, to be facilitated by the incorrigible venality of Chinese officials — a deplorably constant, and apparently increasing, factor in the Far Eastern problem.

IV

The first thing requisite, therefore, for the maintenance of the atmosphere of 'harmonious coöperation' created by the Washington Conference, would appear to lie in a clear definition and recognition of the position of undeniable advantage which, with the help of China's complaisant officials, Japan

has been able to build up, since her war with Russia, in the region from which she ejected that Power, and of the 'special interests' thus created. At the same time, it will be necessary to recognize the simple fact that, say what we will, these 'special interests' (for example, the control of the South Manchurian railway system) do, in fact, stultify the principle of the Open Door, much in the same way that America's peaceful penetration of Mexico stultifies it in that country, or her acquisition of the Panama Canal nullifies, at that point and by virtue of the Tolls Act, the principle of equal opportunity for the maritime commerce of other nations.

Among the statesmen gathered together at Washington there appears to have been a sort of tacit impulse, or agreement, to profess belief in the reality of the equal opportunity and Open Door 'Snarks,' and to persist very seriously in their pursuit; but, as a matter of fact, everyone at that solemn gathering must have been perfectly well aware that both these beautiful abstractions are, in reality, 'Boojums.'

All euphemisms apart, the Pacific problem is the problem of a struggle, in which each of the rival Powers, desirous of developing and exploiting the Far Eastern markets for its own benefit, is endeavoring by all possible means to obtain a position of advantage. And the struggle is intensified and complicated by the fact that, in the meantime, the rulers of China, pursuing their traditional policy, are seeking, in the first place, to reap some material advantage for themselves from this rivalry, and, in the second, to 'set one barbarian against the other,' so that, in the ensuing strife, the Flowery Kingdom may evade the penalties of the concessions, or 'special interests,' granted to one or other of the rivals, or to both. The very ma-

terial advantages which Chinese officialdom derived from declaring war against Germany in 1917, with perfect impunity and no responsibilities of conflict, have not been, and are not likely to be, forgotten; nothing would suit the Peking Government better to-day than to see the United States at war with Japan, and, after a period of watchful waiting, to cast in her lot with America, and thus liquidate the large burden of loans borrowed from Japanese financiers, against various concessions, during the past ten years.

Japan's present policy, following the methods inaugurated by Russia in 1897, is that of 'conquest by railway and bank'—a policy whose rapid successes could never have been achieved by either power without Chinese official connivance. America's policy, unofficial but nevertheless unmistakable, aims at obtaining a position of advantage at Peking, and thus throughout the country, by supporting the aspirations to rulership of the ultramodern school of Young China officials, trained to the profession of American 'democratic' ideas in American universities, and ostensibly pledged to the furtherance of American interests—incidentally, therefore, be it observed, to the stultification of the principle of equal opportunity.

The rapidly increasing influence of American-educated Chinese students in Chinese politics, and their quite unconcealed purpose of inciting public opinion in America to increasing hostility against Japan, constitute factors in the general situation whose importance must not be overlooked. The effect of their insidious propaganda has recently been greatly reinforced and stimulated by the sensational, gravely injudicious, and often unfounded utterances of the late Lord Northcliffe in Australia and California, during his world tour.

Few people realize how far-reaching and powerful is this skillfully organized propaganda of Young China, in its appeal to chivalrous sentiment combined with material advantage, not only upon evangelical and educational societies in the United States, but also upon a large section of the American press, and, in a less degree, upon public opinion in England. Those, however, who have occasion to study the signs of the times, as reflected in recent American literature dealing with the Pacific problem, can hardly fail to have been impressed by the unvarying similarity of opinions expressed, and policies advocated, by the semiofficial propagandists of Young China,—for example, Dr. M. T. Z. Tyau, Mr. S. G. Cheng, Mr. Joshua Bau, and others,—and those set forth in such widely read works as Mr. Mark Sullivan's *Great Adventure at Washington*, Mr. Sydney Greenbie's *Pacific Triangle*, and Mr. Alexander Powell's *Asia at the Cross-Roads*. These last may not represent the official mind of America, but they do most undeniably represent the views of those from whom great numbers of well-meaning but uninstructed readers take their opinions, and, ultimately, a dead weight of prejudice, which in its turn is bound to affect American policy.

The tone and temper of these books,

and others, published in the United States during and since the Washington Conference, are, generally speaking, such that no impartial observer, alive to the stern realities underlying the Pacific problem, can easily persuade himself that it is likely to be permanently and peacefully settled; for there is little or no evidence here of any broad-minded, sympathetic recognition of the real issues involved, nor any definite attempt to solve the problem in a spirit of 'harmonious coöperation' and reasonable compromise. The American writers above-named, and many others, wield the 'Big Stick' with an exasperating assurance of moral superiority, and leave one with the uncomfortable feeling that the Great Republic's Pacific policy is not likely to diminish the rigor of the impending racial struggle for survival, or to avert any of its increasing penalties.

At this point we are forced back upon the question with which our review of the situation began—a question wider than the Pacific, older than Nineveh and Babylon, namely: Is it possible for the idealists' vision of universal brotherhood ever to be attained, unless and until the collective intelligence of humanity brings the increase of mankind under the 'deliberate guidance of judicious foresight'?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE PERSONALITY OF A HOUSE

THAT every city has a personality, you are probably aware. But the little minor personalities that make up the character of the cities — do you know them? They are the houses, the quiet unadventurous houses, which are steeped none the less in an atmosphere of adventure, of happiness and sorrow, of feeling more than human, because it is larger than that of one human being and includes many. Every house on every street is a story, if you could but hear it with that sixth sense common to children, to fairies, and to poets. There are houses that belong in other centuries, or other streets. There are houses, alas! built for certain persons who have never found them; and what more pitiable than domestic affinities forever separated by unfeeling miles?

I know one house that has met its kindred spirit. A crooked side street meanders in the most casual fashion among lawns and gardens. Behind one of the lawns — a shady stretch, covered with shamelessly long grass and peeping ferns — lurks the house: small, with unpainted clapboards weathered a soft brown-gray. It has a stone chimney grown with perpetual ivy; and around the porch, geraniums seven feet high blossom like inadvertent roses. An apple tree brushes careless fingers against the wall; the roof slopes low, with an air truly temperamental; and audacious crimson rambblers lift their heads to the open windows. Who but a poet could dwell within? — and he does.

If you are incredulous, if you doubt that houses have as much personality

as persons, look for windows that smile or frown, the next time you challenge life to adventure by walking along a street. Pay a respectful glance to the old-fashioned house, where a hedge escorts the flagged walk to the front door: the house that is like a Colonial lady, charmingly aloof and aristocratic. See the friendly-faced little dwelling, shingled in dark brown, with a multitude of diamond-paned windows, and two chimneys that fairly chime their symmetry on the passer-by. A short lawn spreads between porch and sidewalk, with violets running tame among the grass-blades.

Look, for contrast, on the modern apartment, parti-colored in cinnamon-brown and lemon-yellow: it is written with blatant egotism and self-satisfied smugness, from the three chimneys forming a straight angle on the roof to the brick walk that marches to the street, accompanied by magenta petunias. Even a haunted house is a relief in comparison, though haunted houses have about them a tinge of sadness that hangs like the crape veil over a widow's face. Alone, and — worse than forgotten — feared, they mope by the roadside, with windows sunken in and chimneys awry, while memories go tap-tapping along the broken floors, like thoughts through the mind of one half-insane. Indeed, you will find a house to companion every mood, though among houses, as among people, it is hard to reach the depth of comprehension that makes for perfect friendship.

But I know a House. It is a large ample house, with a broad lap of lawn, and flowing skirts with a pattern of gardens. Children scrambling about

its doors lend it a maternal air, and sometimes a harassed appearance; for although there are only four, they seem many more. They are in a large number of places at apparently the same time; and they choose alarming and unprecedented spots in which to gambol. The ridgepole is one; the shade of the chimneys is indefinably alluring. Imagine fairies playing hide-and-seek behind your side-combs! They are undependable children, too. One or another, or several, are forever disappearing, to hunt for the end of the world, or to go Into-the-Deep-Woods-Fowling. Then the House looks worn and worried till they reappear; whereupon it becomes once more cordial, protecting, gracious.

Even beneath mild presentiment concerning the children's whereabouts, the House is delicately hospitable in manner. As soon as you enter the parlor, with the gentle aroma of its old-fashioned name about it like an aura, you feel that, at last, you have found someone who understands you, welcomes you, sympathizes with you, and invites your sympathy and adoration in return. There is a Franklin stove, with brass andirons glimmering, and a fire ready to dance into flame at a wish. There is wall paper of golden buff, with a deep Chinese rug to match, and furniture harmoniously covered with soft crimson brocade. In every corner where flowers do not breathe sweetly, books whisper. The ceiling is generously high — high enough for any dream you may send soaring, to spread its blue wings freely.

You are sure that no other room could bring so many dreams to birth, until the House invites you into the room called (still with the old-fashioned aroma) the library. It has Indian-red walls, and a Christmasy rug of dull green and red. For the rest, there are old books and old pictures, with the

odor of the Civil War about them, like spice in potpourri. General Hooker hangs over the broad stone fireplace, where the spirit of fire only waits to be summoned. Beside him is 'War-is-Hell' Sherman, with Sheridan, Grant, and Lincoln sharing a second wall, and Napoleon exotically near-by. Six bookcases bow each other around the rest of the room; you can almost see their powdered wigs and plum-colored knee-breeches, such an air of old-time courtesy and goodwill emanates from them. It may be because they keep courtly company with Dickens and Thackeray, Dr. Holmes and Robert Louis Stevenson — he the most modern, and so much more than modern. Shelves of poetry stand faithful to Chaucer and Pope and Dryden, gentle Jean Ingelow, Burns, Tennyson, Bryant, even Longfellow of the humble gift and great heart — a jumble of periods and persons. Through a wide bay-window comes the silent speech of the pines; flowers spread little trails of scent on the air; the House lays her goodly best before you.

Upstairs is still the generosity of high ceilings and many windows. Books that have gone wandering hand-in-hand with the children greet you from table or bed where they lie. The House wears a pleasant rumpled aspect, as if to say, 'There! One can't keep tidy, with those darling children forever romping and ruffling one; so forgive me, take me as I am, and be as comfortable as you like, yourself.'

The General's room, well off to the front, is inviolate, dedicate to the General; a storm of newspapers snows the floor under daily; the air is colored with unchallenged tobacco smoke. It is a small false tropic all winter long, with red roses trailing over the walls, and a huge fire almost bursting the little stove, which flushes to match the roses, in its endeavor to hold fast. A light

burns over the depths of a mighty armchair, glowing on the record of the Revolution one night, on the War of the Rebellion another, again on the World War. There the General sits, with his friends: newspapers, cigars, many old pipes with a comfortable reek, and visitors who talk with him of new wars, old battles, Lincoln remembered. It is a room that is mate to the library, fit lion to that purring friendly lioness.

Up and up, overhead, sprawls the attic, stretched out in a dusty length under the warmth of the roof. It is an unfloored place for the most part, with loose boards laid across a few gaps, and cobwebs leaning down in wonderfully heavy masses from the sloped beams. Adventure holds finger to lip from long, long dark vistas beyond the insufficient window — a kindly Adventure with gentle eyes, not a creature that snaps out unexpectedly and sends you flying, with screams. It holds possible secret rooms in its pocket, and perhaps a little old lady, who will give you three wishes from the tip of a crooked wand.

And still higher, if you climb arduously through a trapdoor into the dazzle of outdoor light on the roof, you look into the tree-tops, as if they were the cups of flowers. Down there, down where you usually play in the grass, how small and far it is! It does not seem like distance grown dizzying, but as if you had quickly become a giant, able to cradle ordinary people in your hand. The House, instead of putting on timidity, or letting shingles slip beneath your feet, holds you in her close arms, and gloats with you on the singing of the pines, of the robins, of the wind across the jeweled sky with its million facets of sunlight. Through her very finger-tips to yours comes her love, her protection; you know that, wherever you travel, to whatever strange or awful places you may go, she will send light wings of thought brushing through

your mind. Her strong bosom, her gardened skirts, the sweet breath of her pines and the deep calm of her encircling embrace, will be the memory of a mother almost as dear as your own, of your happy, happy life playing fairy behind the chimneys of your House.

UMBRELLA WHIMS

HAVE you ever noticed the difference between a New England rolled umbrella and one done up in New York? There is a vital significance in the general attitude toward the umbrella in these two sections of the country. Like many other things of inimitable lines, umbrellas are handed down in New England. Tinged with a rich amber color, large, strongly jointed, of the finest steel ribs, of hickory staff, and built of imperishable cotton, they are in daily use among the first families of the land. They adorn stately colonial halls, neat closets, of Massachusetts neatness, and are sometimes put away at night with the silver.

They are seldom used when there is not a drenching downpour. Cloudiness and light rains are not considered reasons for employing the aid of an umbrella — snow and hail, never. It is not a rare thing in New England towns to see citizens in firm and thick clothing, proceeding about their business with umbrella in hand, but with its ribs in vertical position, flapping unhappily, with the wrong end to the dripping skies. You quite frequently see it.

I have seen umbrellas used as weapons against burglars, tramps, mice, and dogs. They are used, too, as aids in locating lost articles, which have rolled under furniture too antique to be moved. They are converted into window openers-and-shutters, into props of various kinds, shields from the public gaze and from the glare of the sun, and into parachutes, by youngsters who are

impelled by some strange force to jump from haylofts and break their legs. They are often converted into common carriers. I have frequently seen an infinitely superior person dip down into her umbrella for a handkerchief or pocketbook.

The umbrella, which in its origin was a sunshade or movable canopy, has always been regarded in the Far East as a privilege of high rank, and is even now used in ceremonial processions. In a northern New England town, at four or half-past, the front doors of every other house on a very beautiful elm-shaded street open almost simultaneously, and prim ladies issue forth, umbrella in hand, to make their afternoon calls. It all breathes high ceremony, but without color and without sound.

I suppose the umbrella has been the cause of murder in all degrees, the direct stimulus to larceny, grand and petit, a breaker of friendships, and an all-round ready tool of the Devil. It incites fine, honest men and women of unquestioned integrity to the act of stealing: you yourself have observed this fact, and perhaps have some personal knowledge of the twist that a piece of silk or gloria stretched on ribs of steel can give to the most unbudgeable conscience. It is extraordinary to meet one of your best friends on a street car, possessed of an umbrella with a rather elaborate handle, in which initials are deeply cut. Neither the ornate staff (which sometimes happens to end in an alligator's head or a bull dog or a rose), nor the initials, match up with your friend's character or name; and he will conduct the conversation from the North Station to Brookline, oblivious to the fact that he is a thief caught with the goods on. I repeat: it is extraordinary that the 'rugged honesty of New England' has been given a death-blow by the umbrella. If you call his attention to the thing, no blush of shame appears,

but he will casually remark how very fortunate he was to have found an umbrella in the reception-room of Parker's, with no one sitting by it.

The umbrella is now recognized as a means of analyzing character — it is a key to the more elementary and basic things. Do you prefer a tall or a short umbrella? a silk or a cotton one? a steel or a wooden staff? a straight, curved, or right-angled handle? Silver, gold, or plain, ungarnished and unvarnished wood? Do you prefer gargoyles, birds of paradise with glass eyes, or parrots, to grasping a knot of hickory? Does it have to be of the folding variety? Answers to these and similar questions give simple data concerning temperament, habit, and taste; and they can be put by almost anybody into proper psychological form. Take the last question — if the umbrella does have to be a folding one, it would indicate vision; a decided interest in the relation of weather to clothes and, therefore, economy; an aversion to traveling with apparently unnecessary burdens, and, therefore, sensitiveness; it would also indicate a love of labor-saving devices, therefore laziness, or merely progressiveness — this would have to be decided in the final summing-up. I would say that the simplicity of classifying users of umbrellas might develop into a fascinating and popular indoor sport. Try it.

P. S. — Word has just come that the umbrella has been used in New York as a carrier of bombs. Two Germans were recently arrested for trying to blow up the outfit of J. P. Morgan & Co. The bomb was located by the police in an umbrella, which the aforesaid Germans were carrying aboard the Third Avenue Elevated.

P. S. No. 2 — A curious and really quite extraordinary comment on the

baffling qualities of the umbrella has come to my attention through Ida Tarbell. In writing her experiences on a Chautauqua circuit, she says: 'I informed an audience once that we were a nation of one hundred thousand people; and a gentleman on the front seat took me to task. I did not tell him that the reason I had made the slip was that directly in front of me was a little mother trying to keep quiet an obstreperous child of two and a half or three years, by raising and lowering as rapidly as she could a big blue cotton umbrella.'

OH, HOW DELICATE THEY ARE!

WORDS, I mean. 'Sure a little warm cup of tea would do them good.' It was so that that scamp, Billy Dawson, once prescribed for the devil; and what the father of imaginative literature himself required, a mere word may very well accept. Many of them are Lydia Languiques, consumptive heroines. They are but strangers here; heaven is their home.

Or like a snowflake in the river,
A moment seen, then gone forever.

The motto for all dictionaries should be

HERE TO-DAY

I am only forty-six years old. To remember a quarter of a century is nothing. A locust tree that I used to run the lawn-mower over is now shading the garret windows. It only proves that locusts are fast growers. Yet in my short life I have outlived the hey-day of a good many words. 'Uplift' was a hearty fat word in my young days. A 'high brow' was a dignified expression for a desirable trait. 'Ladylike' was a sweet rosy little creature. But oh, how delicate! It has grown anæmic, nervous. It never smiles; and people avoid coming in contact with it, for fear it may be a germ-carrier.

'Domestic,' too. 'Domestic' survived one long and serious illness, contracted at the time when it was first applied to houseworkers. It caught the 'flu' from housework at that time, and was left with a weak heart. It had n't yet got back its strength, when woman suffrage attacked it.

People associate with these ailing words, without realizing the danger they run. There are people who will shut themselves up in a room with 'respectable,' and they are pathetically surprised when they find themselves bilious. Fresh air will cure them, of course; but they complain that it is cold out of doors.

Some words have never been strong. A good many of those with clinging and deprecating dispositions have constitutions to match. 'Hence' and 'thus' were born with rheumatic tendencies. They have to sleep between the hot blankets of printed pages, and are never met walking the streets of conversation. They boast, like Mrs. Pullet, of the boluses they have taken, in order to live on at all.

I hear that 'project' has been taken very ill — the result of overwork in the normal schools. Poor 'constructive,' too — what a pity! Two or three years ago, how well he was looking! He began to fail very fast soon after he fell into the habit of taking part in sermons, and in those moralizing tidbits that still fill up chinks in papers. He has grown very old — you would hardly know him.

Dissipation ruins some words. 'Bourgeon' is the horrible example (poor verb!) of a word that literally drank himself into a decline. Young words that frequent free verse, and are seen in the company of asterisks, will all end like 'subtle' and 'desirous.' I saw poor 'subtle' the other day, for the first time in years. His nose was radiant. Subtle, I believe, was heard to say, when he was young and in the swim,

that he preferred a short and merry life. What nights he used to make! He began, before he was in long trousers, to associate with magazine poets.

But who knows when some obscure malady may attack a word which we consider absolutely healthy, and allow our children to play with! Some mothers, a few years ago, allowed that disreputable old 'hundred per cent' to come into their yards. How many epidemics of scarlet fever could be traced to him! He is now under observation in a hospital.

Of course there are whole families of good stout rural physique that we may all neighbor with as much as we like. 'Apple' and 'corn' and 'potato,' and 'boy' and 'girl,' and 'married' and 'buried,' 'Christmas' and 'Easter,' and 'pleasure,' and 'homesick,' and 'overalls'—you never see *them* with a thermometer stuck in their mouths. 'Washtub'—'baseball'—'Ireland'—'red-haired'—'thunderstorm'—'musical'—'bawling'—'fisticuffs'—who ever heard of any of these having breakfast in bed?

THE QUEST OF THE BLUE DANDELION

FIRST, let me state that there really are such things as blue dandelions. It came to pass in the following manner:

In the summer of 1913, a certain country gentleman, living in a certain Massachusetts town, and actuated by the commendable New England urge to buy everything that 'jined' him, purchased an adjoining estate, which happened to be a nursery garden. Instead of merely ploughing under such plants as he did not need for his own garden, he very public-spiritedly threw the grounds open to his friends and neighbors, to take what they chose; and I, *inter alios*, availed myself of the opportunity.

Among the items which I took was one peculiar small plant with lily-like leaves. There were no others like it in the garden, and it could not be identified by any of the botanists to whom I showed it.

Transplanted into my own garden, it received the most tender daily care, in spite of which (or, perhaps, because of which) it very nearly perished. Finally it bore a single flower, large and blue, closely resembling that of an aster. In due time this lone flower went to seed, producing to my surprise a dandelion-blow as large as a tennis-ball. Then the truth dawned upon me that I had actually discovered the fabulous blue dandelion!

Of course, the thing to do was to wrap the blow in a piece of gauze and save the seeds. But, alas, procrastination is the thief of blue dandelions! By the time that I got around to doing it, the blow had fallen (that is, the blow had blown), and only one small seed remained. This I saved and planted.

The next summer neither the seed nor the original plant came up, and the blue dandelion was lost to the world.

The following year, while touring in the Berkshires, I came upon a field of dandelions in seed. There were no flowers, it was true, but there could be no mistaking the lily-like leaves and the tennis-ball blows. Stopping the car, I eagerly crammed my pockets full of the precious seeds. On my return home, I planted a whole bed of them, and was overjoyed to have them all come up.

But this plant is a biennial. I should have to wait until the following June for the flowers. All summer I tenderly tended the bed. In the fall I matted it well with straw. In the spring the plants were still alive. Oh, joy! Tiny buds appeared. They grew and grew, and finally the longed-for day arrived. They burst into flower—bright yellow!

Nothing further occurred in my

quest until June, 1918, when I was stationed at Fortress Monroe, Virginia. Walking along the Buckroe trolley-line one day, near Old Point Comfort College, I found a small clump of blue dandelions in full bloom. I was not to be cheated this time, for these really were blue; I saw them in the flower. In a few days they would be in seed, and then I would return and my quest would be at an end.

In a few days I did return. But, alas, the trolley company had mowed the right of way, and my blue dandelions were no more.

The next spring found me still stationed at Fortress Monroe, in spite of frantic efforts to get to go overseas. But, just before dandelion time, I was transferred to another post, and in the haste of packing forgot to arrange for someone else to get the seeds for me.

In June, 1920, and again in 1921, I wrote to brother officers at Fortress Monroe, beseeching them to walk out toward Buckroe and get me some blue dandelion seeds; but my appeals produced merely ribald inquiries from some as to whether blue dandelions would be any more useful in violating the Volstead Act than dandelions of any other color. One friend did finally have the decency to take the trip, only to report that the trolley company had filled in its right of way with binders, thus covering up the spot where the precious flowers had used to grow.

Nothing daunted, I again appealed in 1922, this time including the Reverend Father Superior of Old Point Comfort College. He succeeded in finding a clump of blue dandelions which had not been buried by the unintentional vandalism of the trolley company; but he also succeeded in losing my letter of inquiry.

Nevertheless, realizing the serious-

ness of the situation, he made a frantic effort to reach me. The letter which he wrote me had my name wrong, the name of my company wrong, and it was addressed to the wrong city. Yet through one of those strokes of genius of the Post Office Department, which one reads about, but seldom sees, the letter reached me; and I at once ordered a shipment of the seeds.

But apparently there was more than one divinity shaping my ends. The very next morning, as I was walking along the railroad tracks in South Milwaukee, on my way to breakfast at the Bucyrus Steam-Shovel cafeteria, I spied a clump of blue dandelions in full bloom.

Now, if I had not just heard from the reverend father, this sight would have filled me with supreme joy. But, as it was, it came as a sort of anticlimax. It was as if Sir Galahad, after nine weary years of search for the Holy Grail, had returned home successful, only to find all the five-and-ten-cent stores displaying hundreds of Grails in their windows.

But there was this consolation: these C. & N. W. dandelions were n't exactly blue — they were more of a purple. Then a horrible thought struck me! Perhaps my memory was at fault after all these years, and the original blue dandelions had n't been a true blue!

Anyhow, I have collected the seeds and destroyed the plants. With these seeds and the ones received from the reverend father, I may be able to establish a monopoly, after all.

My quest is at an end? Perhaps. And yet I cannot help feeling that there's many a slip between the seed and the blue dandelion. Something may yet happen to my crop. I may yet be sorry that I have burned my dandelion plants behind me; that I have killed the plants that bore the golden seeds.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

John D. Long, 'son of Zadoc Long, of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine' was one of those typical Americans of the last generation — intelligent, honorable, likable, with a fixed code of principles — who led their communities, and built up the nation. With habits definite as his beliefs, he kept a journal from the age of nine, when he first learned to use an axe on the Maine woods, to the days when he became Governor of Massachusetts and Secretary of the Navy. Roosevelt was an assistant of his in the Navy Department, and not the least interesting pages of the journal tell of his relations with his fiery and impetuous junior. The passages we print here — a kind of epitome of by-gone America of the 40's — were selected — from twenty-four volumes of journal — by Lawrence Shaw Mayo, formerly of the History Department of Harvard University, and the author of a life of Jeffrey Amherst, Longmans Green, 1915, and of John Wentworth, Harvard Press, 1921. Ethel Puffer Howes renews her discussion — whether a woman can go on with her profession, though she be married — which began with 'Accepting the Universe' in the April *Atlantic*. She is a trained psychologist, and was Chairman of the Committee on Training of the Woman's Land Army during the war. Ruth Rose is an assistant in a Jungle Laboratory, being one of William Beebe's helpers in the Tropical Research Station, at Kartabo, British Guiana.

* * *

To look at unfamiliar China with Seal Thompson is to find spiritual refreshment and a new world. She is a Quaker, and a member of the department of Bible study at Wellesley, who lately returned from a year's teaching in Yen Cheng College, the women's college of Peking University. The Reverend Sidney Lovett is pastor of Mount Vernon Church, Boston. 'Bereavement,' a sonnet, comes to us from a new

poet, Jeannette Tomkins, of Philadelphia. With 'Moonshine,' Lucy Furman of the Hindman Settlement completes her series of tales about the Kentucky mountaineers. These *Atlantic* stories are really chapters from a much longer narrative which the *Atlantic Monthly Press* will issue in the spring. To treat of the curious borderland that lies between botany and psychology is the task undertaken by Clifford H. Farr, professor of botany in the University of Iowa, and a pioneer in this investigation. Elizabeth Stanley Trotter is a new contributor. Jean Kenyon Mackenzie is a favorite both in verse and prose with *Atlantic* readers. Edith Kennedy, who is Mrs. A. J. Kennedy of Boston, found the background for her story through many days spent in laundries as Stamps-Saving Visitor for the South End House Settlement.

* * *

Joseph F. Fishman has written the most complete and searching indictment of jail and prison conditions in the United States that we have yet read. For fourteen years, as Inspector of Prisons for the United States Government, Mr. Fishman visited the principal prisons in every state in the union, as well as those in Alaska, Porto Rico, and Hawaii. He is at present conducting a public investigation into the management of the Baltimore Penitentiary. Carol Wight is better fitted than any one we know to trace in imagination the human story which attaches to every old manuscript transmitted through many centuries from classical times to ours. He has been in business, gone to sea, worked as a farmer, and as a practical carpenter with his union card; besides this, he teaches Latin and holds a doctorate in the classics from Johns Hopkins University. For that vast army of amateur bird-students who have hung over the lee rail of an ocean liner and watched the sea gulls swoop and soar, William L. and Irene Finley have written their story.

Mr. Finley is Lecturer and Field Agent for the National Association of Audubon Societies for the protection of wild birds and animals, and the author of several books and scientific papers on birds, in some of which his wife has been collaborator.

* * *

Sisley Huddleston is the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, a position commonly regarded as the premier place in the newspaper world. At the Williamstown Conference on International Relations, this summer, Oscar T. Crosby led the discussion on Interallied debts. His experience with public finance has been wide. He was Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, in charge of fiscal bureaus, in 1917-19, and was in Europe from November 1917 to March 1919 as President of the Interallied Council on War Purchases and Finance. Louis Levine, who told in the November *Atlantic* the difficulties experienced in applying communism to one hundred and fifty million Russian peasants, gives in this number the new agricultural plans of the Soviet government, the present condition of the peasantry, and a glimpse of their future. He was formerly professor of economics at Wellesley and later at the University of Montana. His study is based on eight months' travel and observation in Russia. J. O. P. Bland, a realistic political philosopher, is a veteran student of Oriental affairs. For years he was Secretary to the Municipality for the Foreign Settlements in Shanghai, and representative in China of the British and Chinese Confederation.

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'Casting anchor,' according to Joseph Conrad, whom we quoted in October, marks one a landlubber. But here is a contributor who appeals from Conrad to Paul of Tarsus.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Anent 'casting the anchor,' do you remember the story of the man who was asked by his son, 'Pa, who was Shylock?' and who replied, 'Shylock, Shylock? — What do I send you to Sunday School for! Go read your Bible.'

English speech, especially in New England, does not merely bear traces of Shakespeare, of Bunyan, and of the Bible; these are so firmly

bound and interlaced within this speech that their words, phrases, proverbs, maxims, and commands have become common nouns, recognized as familiar friends, whose original local habitation is forgotten or unknown.

As the people of New England spread toward the West they may have partially lost their salt-water terms, but they carried their Bibles in their packs; and they read of Saint Paul; and they read of his shipwreck. And when they reached the 29th and 30th verses of chapter XXVII of the Acts of the Apostles, they read: —

Then fearing lest we should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day.

And as the shipmen were about to flee out of the ship, when they had let down the boat into the sea, under color as though they would have cast anchor out of the foreship. . . .

And that is where they got it. Myself, I am ready to believe that the phrase, in the days of the shipping glory of New England, though not used on shipboard as a nautical order, was nevertheless employed, after they had gotten on shore, to describe the act, the direction for which they had given in other terms when aboard, by those who themselves went down to the sea in ships from New England homes.

G. W. J.

SALEM, MASS.

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During the past few weeks we have been calling the roster of 'First Readers of the *Atlantic*.' Ever since Professor Herman T. Frueauff related in the September Contributors' Column his own memories of the first issue, in 1857, a goodly company have added their names to the roster. We can select only a few of their letters — the first from a Civil War veteran who carried the *Atlantic* in his knapsack.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am another reader whose memory goes back to the first number, in November 1857. A gawky boy with a keen appetite for reading, I bought this myself. Probably I bought several numbers, but I think your books would show me one of your earliest subscribers. I am quite sure that I had the magazine for a dozen years or more, including the time I was a soldier in the Civil War. What has become of the earlier issues I do not know, but I have bound volumes for 1864, most of the numbers having been received in the service, read, and sent home.

In March 1863, I was, with most of my regiment, captured near Nashville, Tennessee. I had been on picket the night before and had just commenced my breakfast when the long roll sounded. After the little fight was over I ran into my tent, snatched up my haversack, and put into it a few hardtack and a copy of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The camp had been fired and the tents were burning. I could not stop for more crackers from the open boxes.

Two weeks of great hardship and suffering brought us to Richmond where we were searched as we entered Libby Prison. At Tullahoma Farm I had picked up a bowie knife and a roll of bandage. The knife I had put, without a sheath, in the inside pocket of my coat. The roll of bandage and the *Atlantic* were taken away, but the examiner ran his hands down on each side of my pocket, missing the knife, which I carried through but lost some years after my discharge.

H. E. WARNER.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Surely I must be only one of many among your readers who remember clearly when you first stepped upon the stage, with the genial Autocrat smiling upon us and the sweet wisdom of 'Brahma'—puzzling some older heads than ours—lending added dignity to the group of friends around you.

Like an 'army with banners' you took possession of the field, and have held it ever since through all the changes that have come to our dear old city.

R. W. WALKER.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Sixty five years ago, when the *Atlantic Monthly* was established and Lowell woke the world from a kind of literary lethargy, one of my ancestors went out and bought a copy of your magazine, read it, and left it on the library table; and the latest copy of the *Atlantic Monthly* has been on that same table ever since.

Like my ancestors I have literally devoured those wonderfully cheery contributions which Holmes wrote under the pseudonym of 'The Autocrat.'

I still read the *Atlantic*. Maybe I am old-fashioned but I often find myself going back to 'The Autocrat' for dessert.

FRANK LA BAU HILLER.

Of the many letters that have come to us upon James M. Cain's article, 'The Battleground of Coal' in the October *Atlantic*, we print the following, which takes strong issue with Mr. Cain at several points:—

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Frankly, the writer has little sympathy with Mr. Cain's point of view, although perfectly willing to concede his right to his opinion of what he saw. My background in the matter is the fact that I lived in McDowell County, West Virginia, from 1902 to 1920, in the coal business, and have been financially interested in various properties in Mingo County since 1912, and am thoroughly familiar with the entire section.

It is, of course, true that none of the operators in the counties mentioned employ union labor, and they will not tolerate union organizers on property they own or control. Within the last three years indeed, they have signed an agreement with each man employed, that he is not to join the union while in their employment, while they themselves agree to maintain open-shop mines. This is the common form of open-shop agreement, used in many industries throughout the country, and one which is perfectly legal. Certainly those signing it are not compelled to work there; and if they were, is the situation any different from that of the union mines, which agree to employ only members of the union?

The situation about evictions is hard for an outsider to understand. That whole section was originally a heavily forested wilderness, the population was very small and there was not an average of one house per square mile.

Following railroads came the development of coal; it was, and is, necessary for the operator to build houses not only for his employees, but also for preachers, school-teachers, station-agents, doctors, and everyone else associated with a town of from three hundred to several thousand people. Nearly all of that country was owned in large tracts by landowning companies, and at least eighty per cent of the entire territory is leased by them to the operating companies, under definite restrictions as to sale of property, and so forth. If it had not been for these large companies, development would have been long delayed.

In the event of a strike, unless the houses are vacated by the former employees, it is useless for the company to attempt to operate its mine, as it cannot employ any new men, since there are no places for them to live. The writer happens to know that in Mingo County no one was moved out of a house without at least three weeks' notice, and usually much more. The 'battle' at Matewan, mentioned by Mr. Cain, is of the class usually called a massacre, as with the exception of the mayor, all of those killed were the Baldwin-Felts men, who were shot down within a minute or two while all of their guns were wrapped up in their satchels.

The writer has never before seen the number in the tent colonies, at the maximum, stated as

more than four thousand, while at the present time it is only a few hundred, although so far as the mines are concerned, there have been enough men in that field, at all times since January 1921, to produce all of the coal for which orders or cars could be had, and its production last spring was the greatest in its history.

It should be noted that Sid Hatfield and Ed Chambers, mentioned as union sympathizers, were ringleaders in the Matewan affair, and had frequently openly boasted that they would 'get' the men who afterward shot them, and who were tried for manslaughter for this shooting and acquitted.

The comparative figures for operation are probably correct, but why include Georgia for comparison, as it has only one or two coal mines and a yearly output in 1920 of 50,156 tons? Undoubtedly, in 1921, the nonunion mines ran much more than the union ones, because the nonunion men were willing to work more time at a lower rate than the union miners were, and this fact, coupled with the higher quality of coal, enabled them to get the business.

Whatever have been the faults in the management of their labor troubles by the operators in southern West Virginia, and there have been many, it must be remembered that nearly all of them have had experiences with the miners' union and its methods, and know that they will stop at nothing to ultimately unionize, and later, nationalize, all of the mines in the country. Anyone who realizes the power displayed by the head of the union this past summer and who can remember the occurrences at Matewan, Willis Branch, Blair Mountain, and Cliftonville, in West Virginia, and St. Clairsville, Ohio, and Herrin, Illinois, will know that the nonunion operators are not fighting theorists or altruists, but hard-headed men who neglect no means to gain their ends. Those familiar with the territory mentioned know that it contains many of the finest coal plants in this country; that at most of them the housing and working conditions are excellent and, in many of them, not surpassed by any plants in the country; that the roads and schools are being rapidly improved and are much better than the average in such mountainous regions; and that the relations between the operators and their men are on at least as good a basis as in any union mines.

HOWARD N. EAVENSON.

Here is something for Mr. Bok and other
Netherlanders:—

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Mr. Bok might have added several further items to the list of Holland's or rather 'Netherland's' contribution to things American. Brad-

ford states that, on May 12th, 1621, 'was the first marriage in this place (Edward Winslow to Susanna White), which, according to the laudable custom of the Low Countries in which they had lived was thought most requisite to be performed by the magistrate as being a civil thing upon which many questions of inheritance depend with other things most proper to their cognizans and most consonant to the scriptures, RUTH IV, and nowhere found in the gospel to be layed on the ministers as part of their office. This decree or law about marriage was published by the State of the Low-Countries An. 1500.'

It was not until 1692 that Massachusetts law provided that marriages *might* be performed by ministers. Perhaps Mr. Bok would not count that as a lasting contribution, but still the custom was of *seventy* years' duration!

Then the seal of the United States. A cursory examination of Netherlands seals struck, from the year 1578 on, to commemorate the union of the provinces at various epochs or occasions, shows so many resemblances between the Dutch bundle of arrows and that on our seal that it is impossible to ignore a probable intimate knowledge of the former on the part of the designers of the latter. An article called 'The Eagle's Arrows' in the February number of the D. A. R. Magazine contains illustrations of the medals which show features of the United States seal.

A protest of the inhabitants of New Amsterdam to the Burghers of Amsterdam, declaring that their new charter was of no avail as Pieter Stuyvesant continued to exercise 'boss' rule, might also be considered as the original germ of civic troubles on Manhattan—a germ that has never been eradicated.

RUTH PUTNAM.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

At least Mr. Bok's people did n't invent
the 18th Amendment!

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Mr. Edward W. Bok's 'Well, I Did n't Know That' in the October *Atlantic* is delightful. Of course, he has the right to be proud of his little country and its great people, but his admirable enthusiasm has carried him away, made him claim almost everything as of Dutch origin. He even says (page 485) the Americans practically copied the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution from similar state papers which had, long before our Revolution, existed in the archives of the Republic of the United Netherlands. At the same time, it is fair to say, and we note this with pleasure, he lays no claim to any of the Amendments to the Constitution—particularly the Eighteenth!

S. S. P. PATTESON.

